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THE HARBOR

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE

SINCE man first went down to the sea in ships, harbors have been his care, his protection, his delight. Where lonely sea meets barren shore, where the land pushes out a lean finger into the blue or buffets the breakers with a granite fist, the eye may rejoice and the spirit grow lyrical. But it is the sheltered harbor, where the great ships come in to lay their sea-borne burdens at the city's feet, which is the real portal to the ocean road; and at that portal man finds most delight of the deep, because he seems there at once its master and under the spell of its mystery. He sees his patient tugs at work, his long docks laden with freight, his city coming down expectant to the water's edge: and he sees, too, the battered tramps steaming up from under the world rim, the liners going out on their far voyaging. He scents together the odor of the town and the racy salt of the sea. He is aware alike of familiar things and strange. We cease soon enough to greet with fresh wonder the sight of a city, and the unlimited ocean may grow for many of us monotonous or sad. But the harbor is a perpetual wonder and daily a new delight.

There are many harbors intrinsically more beautiful than that of New York, but few more interesting and none more busy. The elderly Southern visitor from Shreveport, La., who refused to utter any expressions of astonishment at the subway crowds, the East River bridges, the electric illuminations on the Rialto, the multitudinous sky-scrapers, but who stood upon the Battery sea-wall for a time watching the harbor, and then exclaimed with deep feeling, "This sure is the Shrevepo't o' the No'th, sah!" aptly expressed the commercial importance of New York Harbor. But he did not express its peculiar acquired beauty; he could not, for he did not know it well enough. You cannot learn to know New York Harbor from the sea-wall of the Battery. You must view it at all times, from all points and angles, before its multitudinous and ever-changing delights grow into an impression of beauty so strong and so memorable that it can never fade, so strong, indeed, that you will love this smudgy bay almost above all others, finding them tame, or even colorless, by comparison.

New York Harbor is divided by The Narrows, that channel passage between Staten Island and Brooklyn, into two bays, the Upper and the Lower, much like a huge dumb-bell, save that the Lower Bay is the larger, extending south from Quarantine to Sandy Hook, west to Raritan Bay, and merging eastward with the open Atlantic. The great volume of the Hudson, pouring past Manhattan Island, through the Upper Bay and The Narrows, deposits its load of soil in this Lower Bay, where red buoys mark the difficult channel and the larger liners sometimes go aground in the fog. It is seventeen miles as the crow flies from the New York City Hall to Sandy Hook Light. It is only six miles to St. George, Staten Island, which marks the head of The Narrows. The Upper Bay, or harbor proper, is thus far removed from the open sea. It is almost a lake, some

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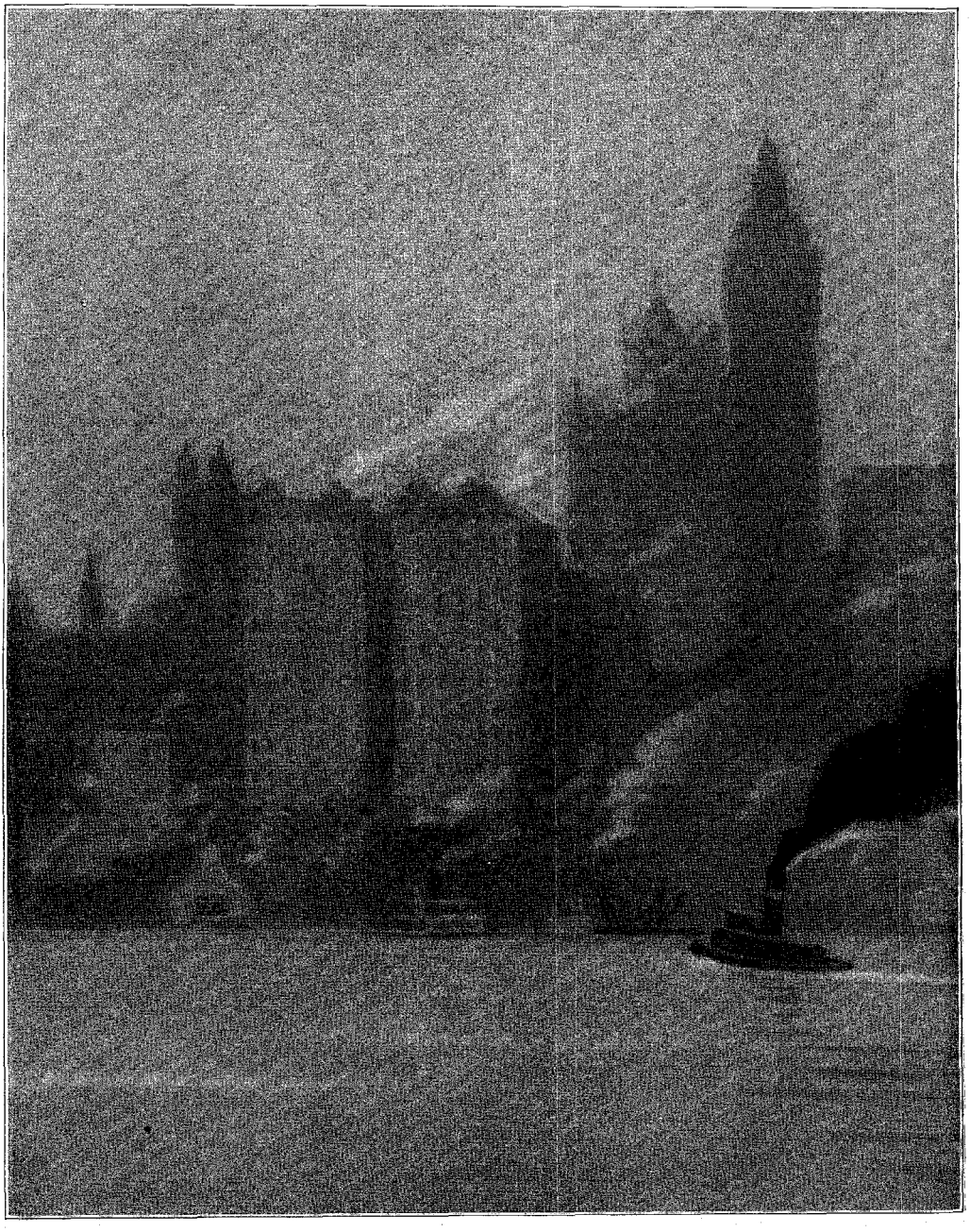

Its dominant note of power is that Andean pile of

five miles on either diameter, made by the confluence of the Hudson and East Rivers. Within its area, and in the rivers on either side of that long, narrow strip of dividing rock called Manhattan Island, half the water commerce of a continent is conducted; and over it on ferry-boats or under it in steel and concrete tubes daily pass so many thousands of people that the head is dizzy reckoning their number. At the head of it rises that Andean range of sky-scrapers on the southern nose of Man-

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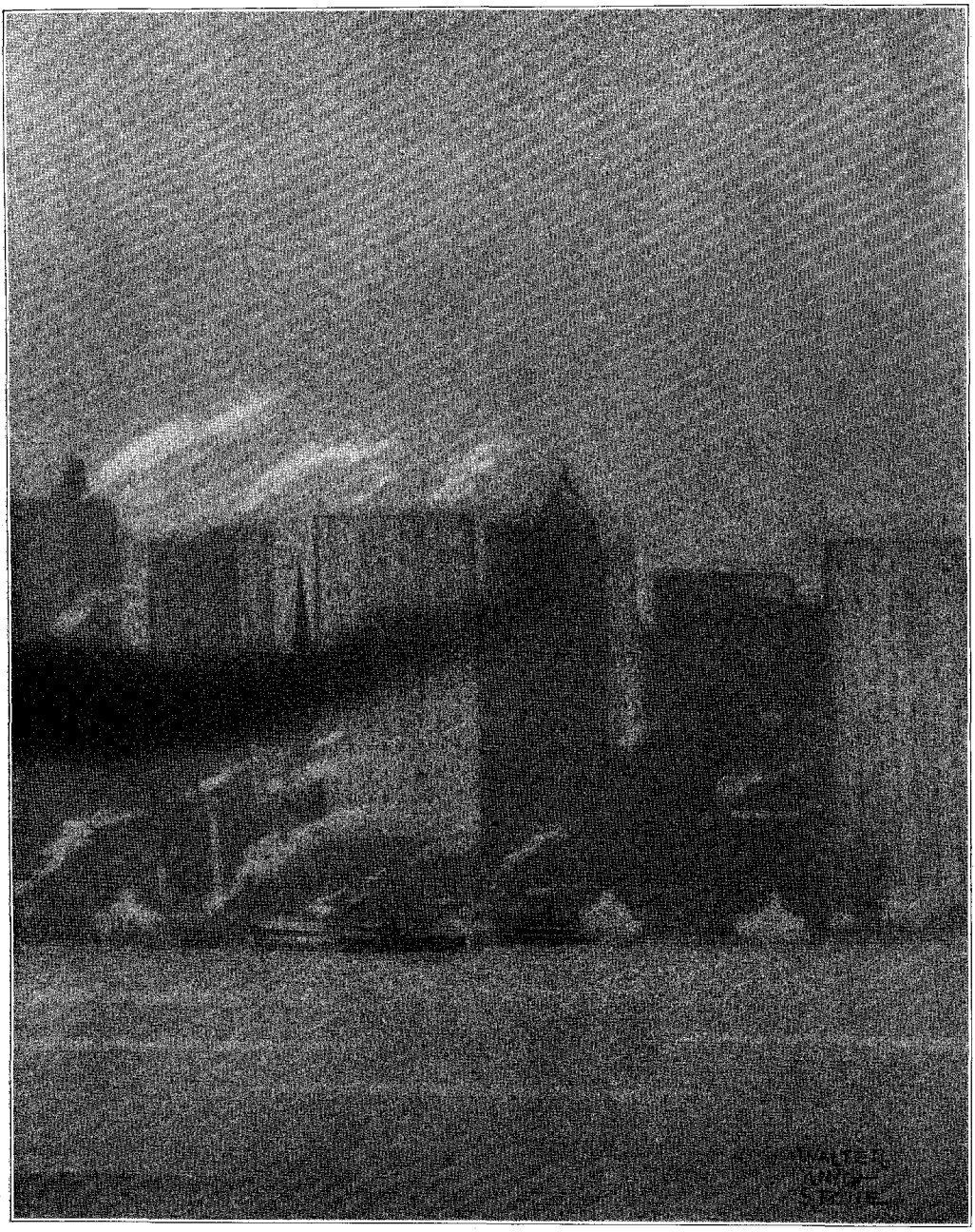

sky-scrapers which rises at its head.—Page 132.

hattan, man's mightiest material accomplishment since the Pyramids. Over it drifts the smoke from a myriad chimneys on the shore, a myriad funnels on the water. Yet the sea fog works up through The Narrows with the smell of brine; a coast schooner beats in under dirty canvas, with a broken wing, perhaps, from some wild gale off Hatteras; the brilliant sun flashes from a gull's breast and the steel-gray, dancing waves—and the call of the deep comes over you. Your eye

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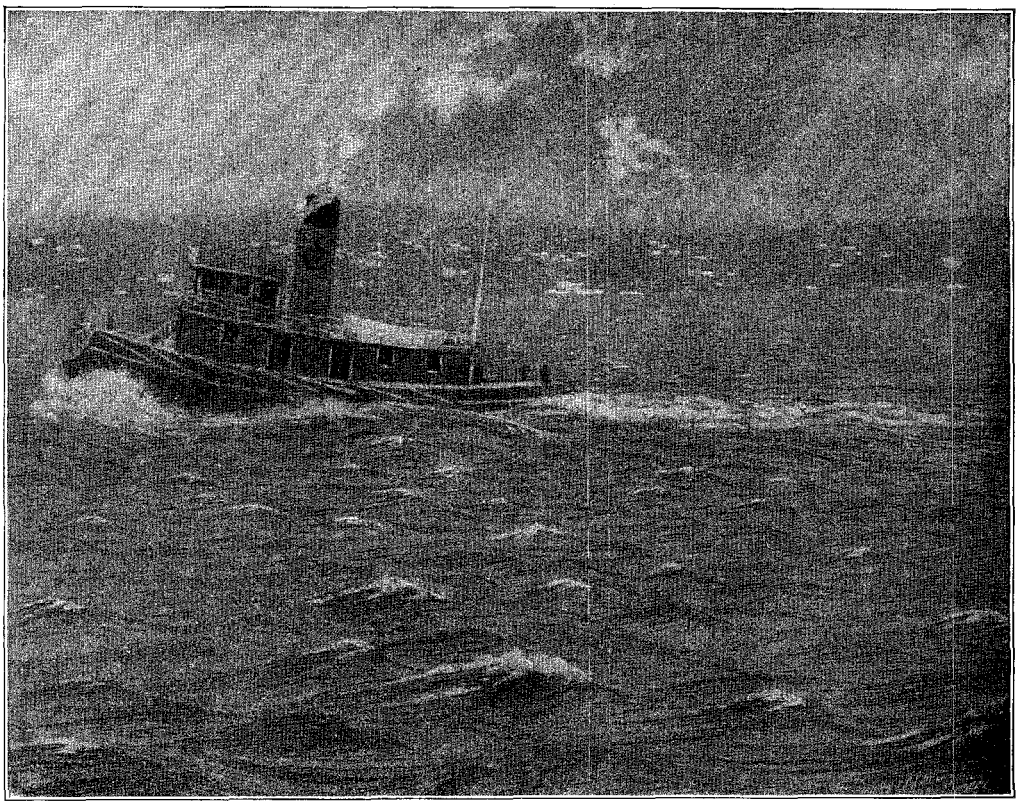

A tug goes past in a keen, off-shore wind, tow-

and your heart follow that steamer dropping down channel with the tide. You feel, as the wash of the liner gently jiggles your ferry-boat, the heave and swing of the long Atlantic rollers. The harbor asks its toll of dreams from those who cross upon it. As little Will o' the Mill stood upon his hill-top and looked down into the plain to the far city, his eyes big with wistfulness, so you may see the army of those who "commute," leaving their day's toil in town, stand on the deck of the ferry-boats at night and look through The Narrows down the ocean road, the ancient call of the sea not yet silent in their hearts, that siren call of freedom and adventure.

What gives to New York Harbor its unique aspect, of course, and its dominant note of power, is that Andean pile of sky-scrapers which rises at its head, crowned by the peak of the Singer Tower and flanked by the leaping spans of two great suspension bridges. To the voyager coming up the bay, after his ship has slipped through The Narrows, past the two forts, and under the green hills of Staten Island, this mountain range seems to rise like mortared Sierras out of the sea, hazed with smoke and blue with distance. As he draws nearer and the buildings take separate form, their tiers of windows proclaiming their incredible height, his first impression of New York, of the New World, is that of an architectural miracle, a Babylonic dream. A first impression is seldom a last; but though the wonder of these buildings soon wears off for those who fly up and down in their elevators or dash about in the canyon slits between them, and their beauty is converted to ugliness when they cannot be viewed as a group, for him who views them from the harbor or the opposite shores their spell of wonder never grows less, their beauty never vanishes. Viewed as a part of the harbor, as its great head wall, as the crown of the picture, they are sometimes of ethereal lightness, sometimes of Dantean strength and massiveness, but always beautiful.

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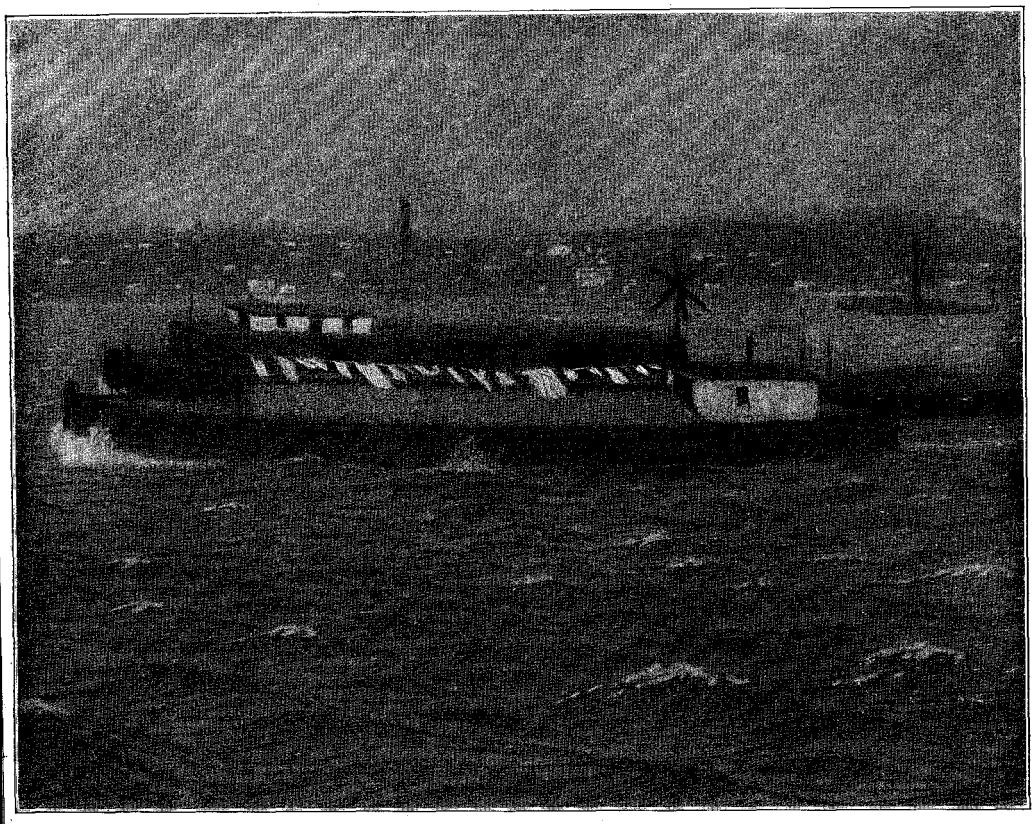

ing a brace of inland canal-boats.—Page 134.

And their aspect over the harbor is never twice the same, from day to day, from hour to hour, nor the same from any two points of sight. If you take a Thirty-ninth Street, Brooklyn, ferry from the Battery, passing through Buttermilk Channel where the long docks face across to Governor's Island, you may look back presently and see the green parade-ground like a lawn at the feet of the sky-scrapers; the intervening water is quite concealed. To one side of you is the Erie Basin, filled with the steamers of all nations, like a corral of strange sea-cattle; to the other side the sailing-ships lie at anchor, between you and the main channel. Behind, leaping up apparently out of a green lawn, are the peaks of lower Manhattan, flying their flags and their white steam-plumes gayly against the blue. That is when the light is clear and sharp. On such a morning you might have stood upon a dock in Jersey City and seen the sun rise behind the long range of towered buildings, transfiguring them. On such a morning they stand in sharp silhouette against the dawn sky, their separate peaks distinct, their bases a blurred mass. They are painted in the flat. Then the sun comes up. Through the cross streets it shoots level rays. Down amid the caves and canyons these rays pierce, touching cornices and windows with gold and bringing out as if by magic the third dimension of the picture. Up against the new-washed sky the smoke plumes grow rosy. Tall building casts shadows upon tall building, mutually supplying the solidity which the isolated steel-frame structure, with its mere shell of stone, cannot suggest: and as the sun itself at last appears above them the whole river seems suddenly to wake to life, and to pour its commerce round the city's feet.

It is seldom, however, save at early morning or on a Sunday, that the atmosphere about these mortared mountains is free from smoke or haze. When once the city and the harbor have awaked, an aerial

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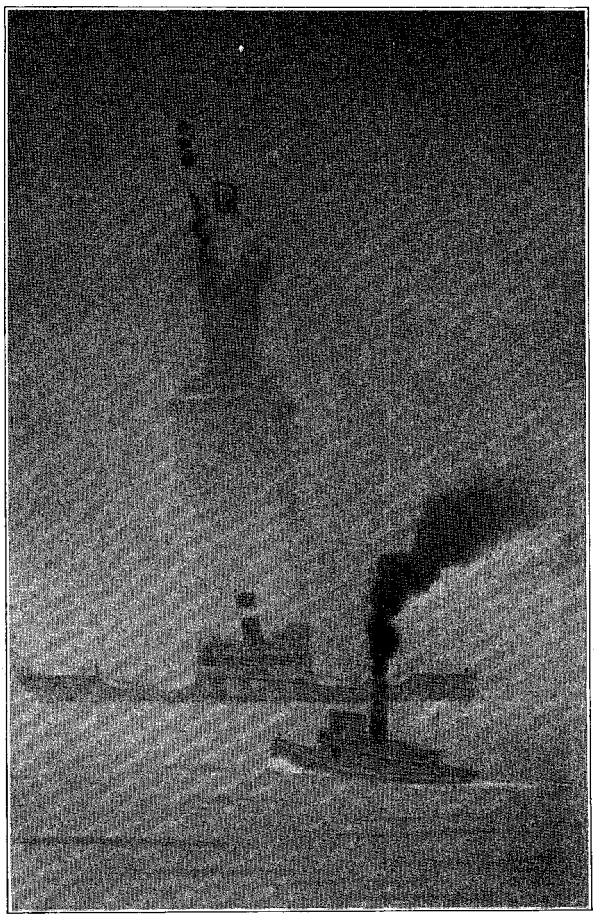
gauze is spread over the lower island and the high buildings but loom the larger through it, with deeper shadows or softer outlines or lovelier colors. There are steel-gray days, when the sun is overcast and a wind is up; and the white-caps on the harbor, the steam plumes from the buildings, the foam-fleck in the wake of tugs and ferry-boats, are spatters of china-white on a monochromatic picture. There are Japanese days, when a thin sea fog is in, though the sun is bright and cheerful. Then the harbor, the sky, and the city are but three delicately differentiated shades of the same blue, and the great buildings loom remote and ethereal, once more painted in two dimensions. On such a day the gay flags whipping out high aloft and the red stacks of the liners at their piers are gaudy spots of color, and usually some tug trails a gigantic feather of velvety black smoke across the picture. There are days of lowering rain and mist, when the Singer Tower goes out of sight in the clouds and the city, from the harbor, becomes almost unbelievable, while the screeching whistles take on a terrifying tone. There are days, too, of copper sunsets over the low-lying Jersey shore, when, from the water, you see tier after tier of windows on Manhattan turn to molten fire, and from up the darkening river come sudden flashes of copper flame from the windows of the ferry-boats.



If the day is foggy . . . Liberty looms large and ghostly behind them.—Page 135.

With the coming of early night in winter, all the tiers of windows up the cliff walls of the sky-scrapers become checks of gold. As darkness deepens and the outlines of the buildings grow more indistinct, the Singer Tower, bathed in the white glow of its invisible searchlights, seems a strange snow-capped peak lording it over the lesser heights, and the wake of your ferry-boat on the water is a purple lane stretching back to the land of wonder. When the outlines of the buildings have completely disappeared, the innumerable window lights are the street lamps of a city running up a great hill, as if New York were builded on a mountain side, and the white tower, instead of appearing suspended in midair, seems to crown this eminence. Now, looking away from the city, you see the ferry-boats, with their rows of windows each with a light twinkling through it, moving over the water like animated birthday cakes.

By day or night, the humble voyage to Staten Island is a perpetual delight. By day, it may be, a tug goes past in a keen, off-shore wind, towing a brace of inland canal-boats. These barges flaunt an independent life of their own under the very

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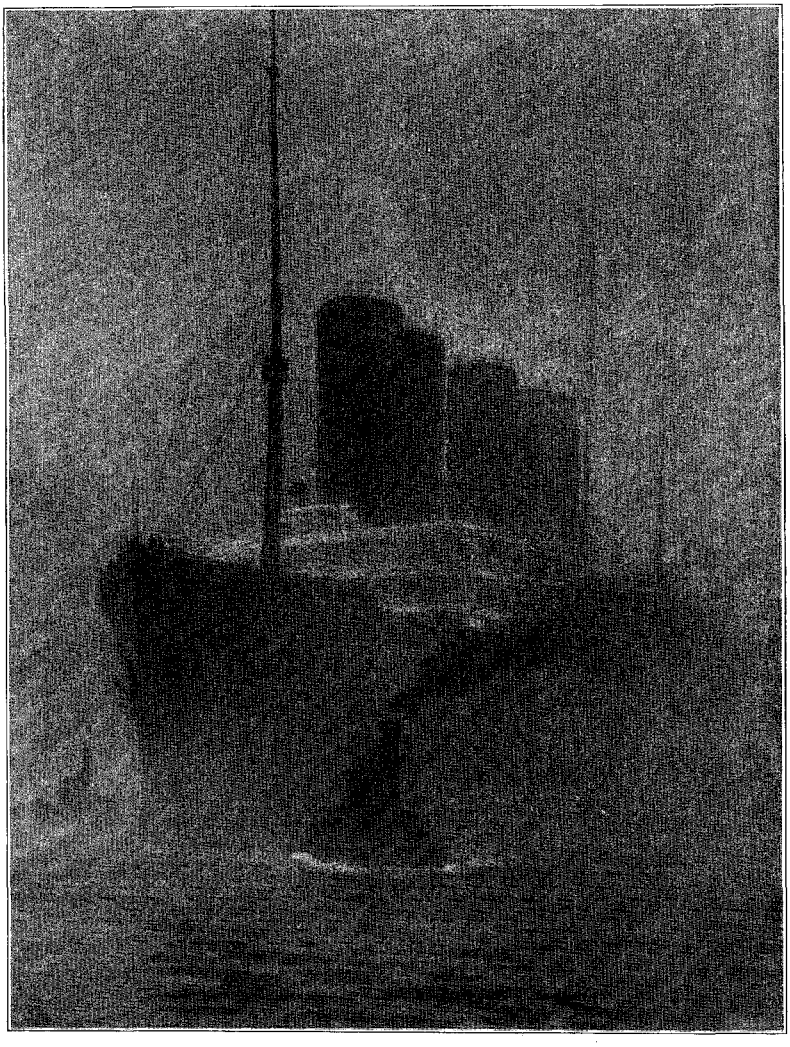
nose of New York. Geraniums bloom by the tiller, the domestic linen is flapping on a line, a face glances up at you from the cabin door with only the mildest interest. What has the slow, peaceful, nerveless life of canals to do with this great town and panting tug and white-capped, racing bay? The tug, almost as if it were aware of the incongruity, as if it were caught associating with a country cousin, pushes on hastily, warned by the hoarse, rattling, bass bellow of a liner coming down the channel. The liner goes past without a sound save the occasional roar of her whistle, her passengers high above you hanging over the rail and looking back at New York. But in the anchorage west of the channel, from the Statue of Liberty on, the rusty tramp ships point into the tide without life or motion, wearily resting. If the day is foggy, they cut black against the vast gray blank of sky and water, the sooty laborers of the deep, and Liberty looms large and ghostly behind them.

On such a day of fog, too, when the city might be a hundred miles away, it often happens that in half the circumference of the horizon nothing will cut against the pale blue or the gray immensity but a single tug, sending up a gigantic mushroom



You may sometimes greet a monster liner coming up from Quarantine. . . . Her towering prow and lofty stacks are visible, her stern is lost in the mystery.—Page 136.

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Behind you the Singer Tower raises its shaft of pale light, and the trains

of smoke which moves along with the boat as if its stem were stuck fast in the funnel, and tones so softly into the mist that the brush of a Corot might have painted it. In the fog, indeed, there is the constant excitement of sudden, unexpected picture, or sharp meetings with sea fellows. Warned in advance by the bellow of her whistle, you may sometimes greet a monster liner coming up from Quarantine, which she was able to reach before the fog bank caught her, to hold her till morning anchored outside the Hook. A pigmy tug runs on ahead, like a little dog, and even when her towering prow and lofty stacks are visible, her stern is lost in the mystery. When all the fabulous length of her has slipped past, her decks crowded with men and women peering cityward, and when the deafening vibration of her whistle has grown fainter, you hear on your own starboard bow the mournful fog-bell off St. George, and see emerge through the mist the humble wharves of Staten Island.

Across the Kill von Kull, at Bayonne, is a smelter chimney several hundred feet tall, which pours out a perpetual stream of pale, yellowish smoke. When the wind is west, this smoke drifts directly over Staten Island. One afternoon, as the ferry-boat approached the slip, I saw the sun piercing down through this haze, carrying the shadow of St. George Hill darkly over the water to the east as far as the government anchorage, and there striking full upon a gray battle-ship and her collier. It was ridiculously as if a spot-light in the second balcony of a smoky theatre were directed upon the star performer on the stage; yet it was all on so vast a scale that you bowed

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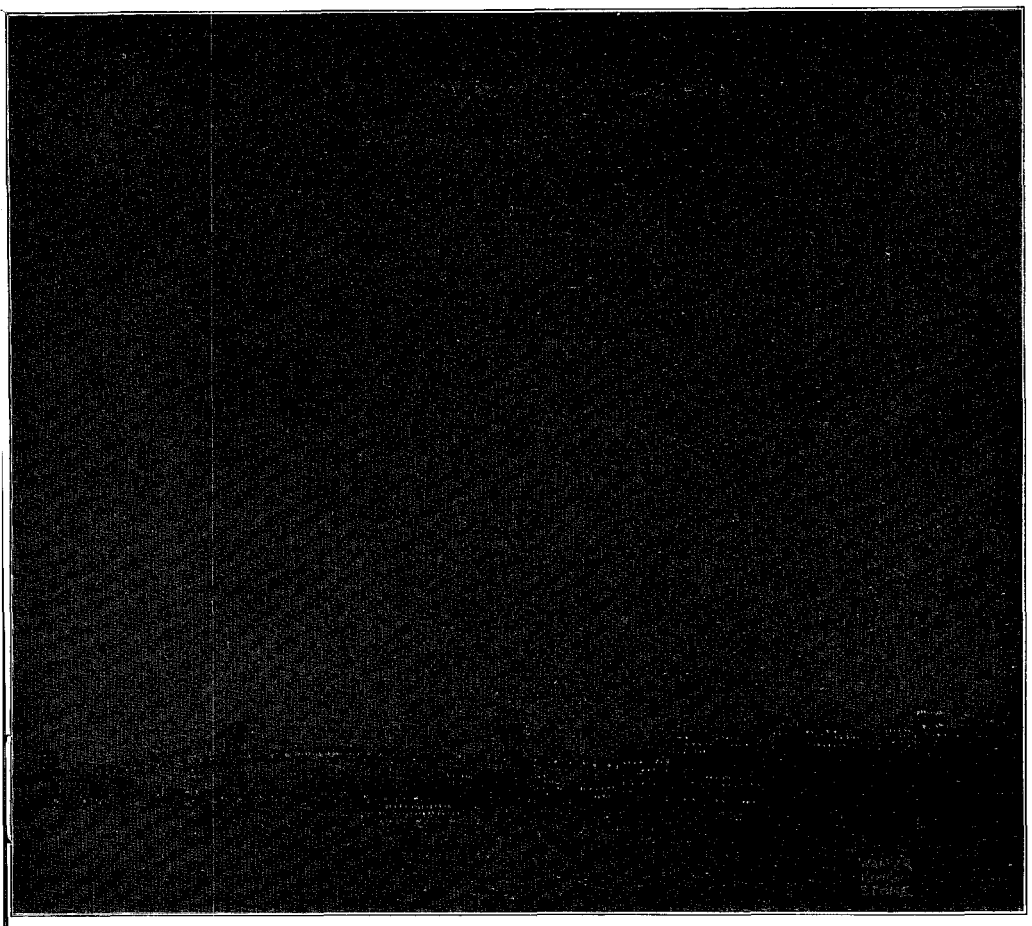

crawl like glow-worms over the high-flung web of Brooklyn Bridge.—Page 140.

in admiration. The grim iron hulk of the fighter seemed almost self-consciously aware of the dramatic effect. There is something a bit theatric about an ironclad always. This one was, for the space of several minutes, the centre of every gaze on the ferry-boat. Here for once, at least, the implication of sex we have placed upon ships seemed amply justified!

Just below Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island is South Beach, and there on a clear day you may look across the yellow sand and the strip of bright blue water in The Narrows to the green shore of Brooklyn, while to your right, beyond the two piles of red brick buildings on the Quarantine islands, the Lower Bay stretches out to open sea. New York is invisible somewhere back to the left, and this narrow strip of vivid blue is the ocean road leading from her gates. As you sit in the warm sand, watching the white yawls skim back and forth or a three-master beat in against wind and tide, you suddenly see a red prow push out from behind the rampart of Fort Wadsworth. Silently, without smoke or churn, as if she were drawn along by an invisible wire, the steamer passes you close by, swings toward the Ambrose Channel, and heads for the open sea. Then another comes, and another. Red stacks or yellow or black, German or British or French flags (and only too infrequently the Stars and Stripes), proclaim the ships of this transatlantic line or that. Some of the smaller vessels are coasters or deep-sea tramps. That great black hulk with four red stacks, which hides half the Brooklyn shore, is the *Mauretania*. The day's exit has begun. The first ship is already a

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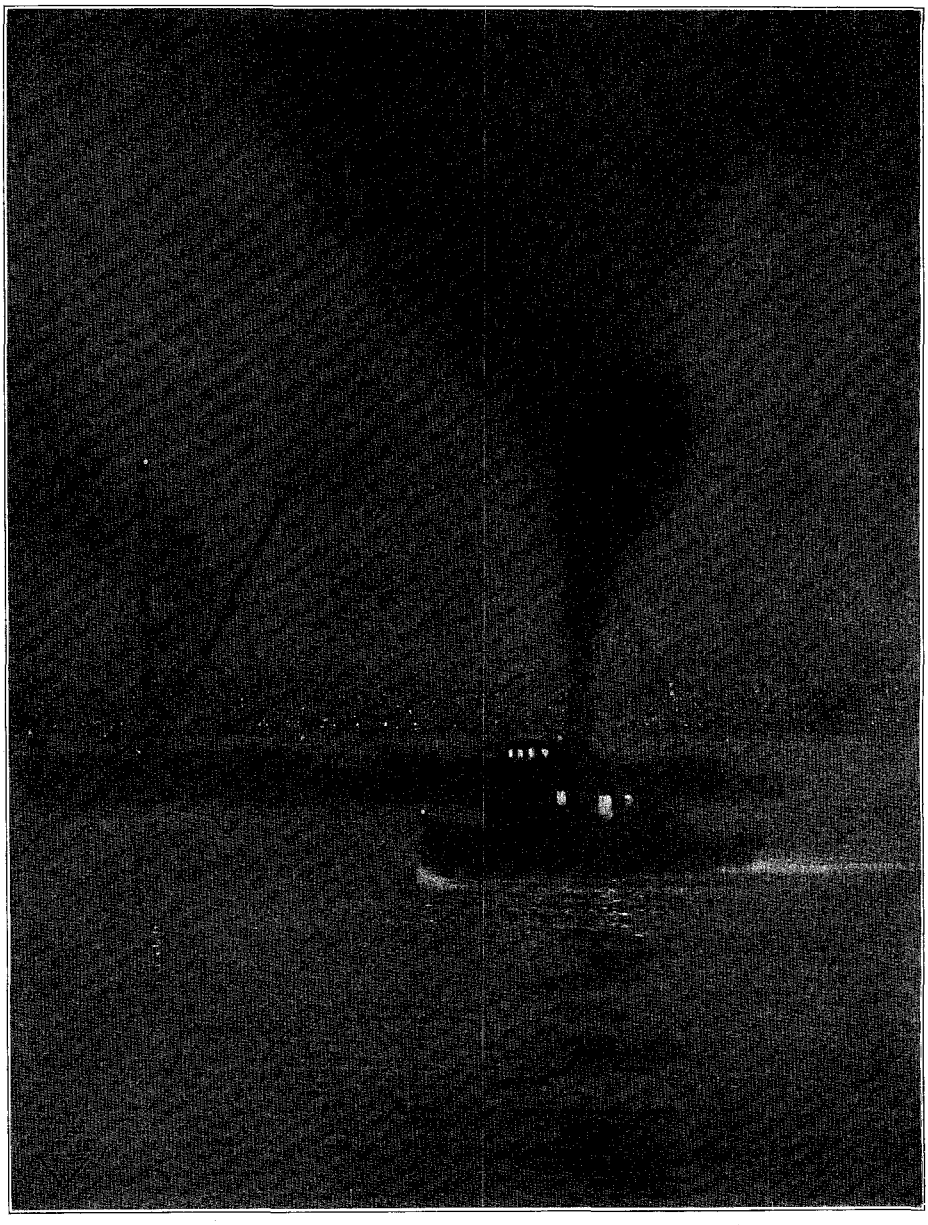

You go past a derrick lighter, too, like a huge inanimate

speck on the horizon. Behind her, down the Lower Bay, follows the procession. To see these great ships coming through The Narrows, one after the other, from the invisible city and standing out to all the ports of the world is to hold a vision of the commercial importance of the town and the harbor more overwhelming, perhaps, than any which a nearer view affords or which any statistics can supply. And you, it may be, are sitting the while in a bathing-suit on the warm sand, basking like a savage in the sun and the clean salt air!

There are certain pleasures permitted to those we pharisaically call "the lower classes" which atone in no small measure for the lack of wealth or a place in the social register. One of these is the pleas-

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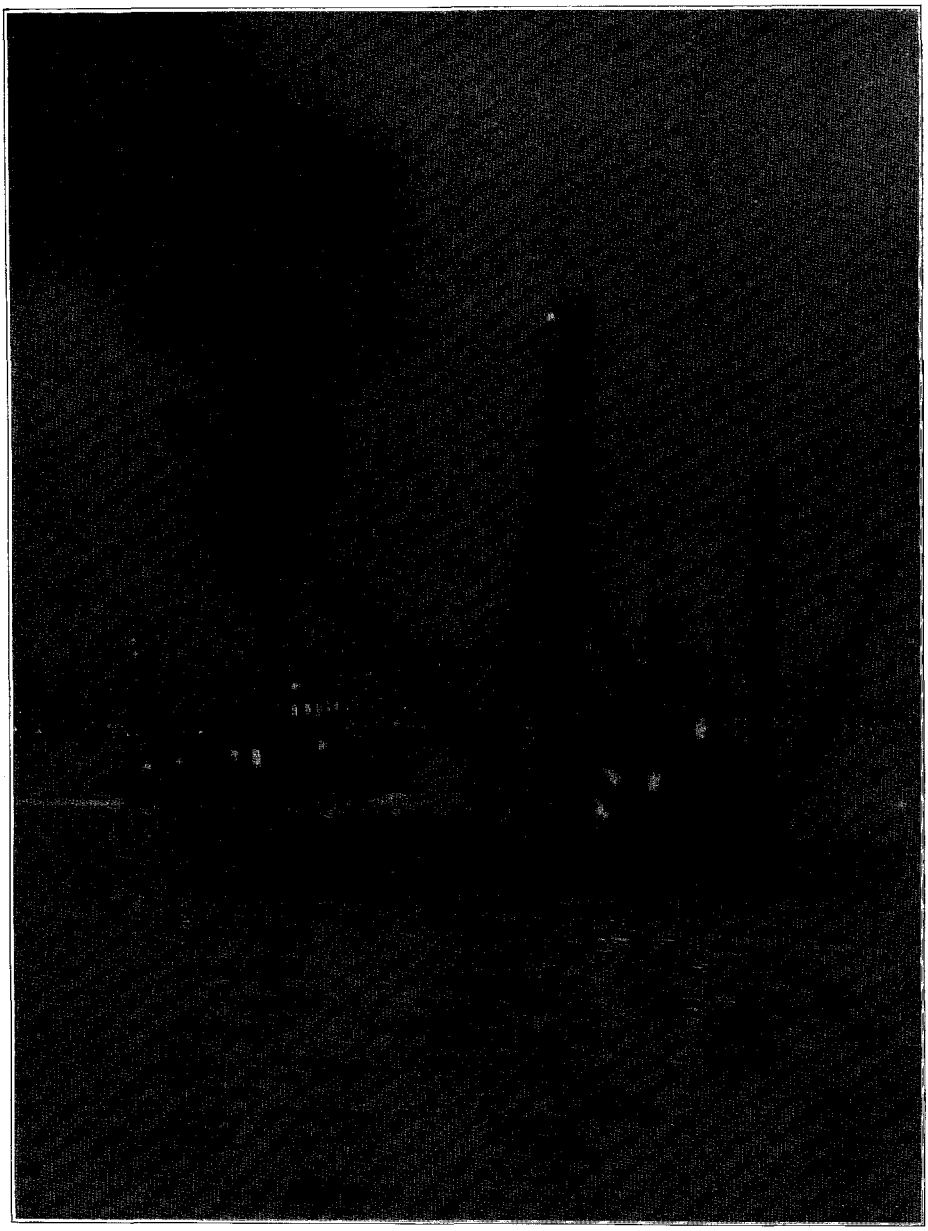

spider on its back towed by a water-bug.—Page 140.

ure of eating fruit or cookies or buns in public places, if you chance to be hungry. Another is the pleasure of going down the harbor by boat to Coney Island on a hot summer night. The boat, an old-fashioned side-wheeler, drops down the Hudson from Harlem, making her last stop at Pier One, at the Battery, where a sweltering mob waits to crowd upon her already crowded decks. You must push and scramble in the approved New York fashion if you would secure a place near the rail, and your nose will be assaulted by the smell of stale "refreshments" and your ears by the inharmonious strains of a band of musicians, sawing out a popular tune. But after the walking-beam is once more in motion and the evening breeze over the

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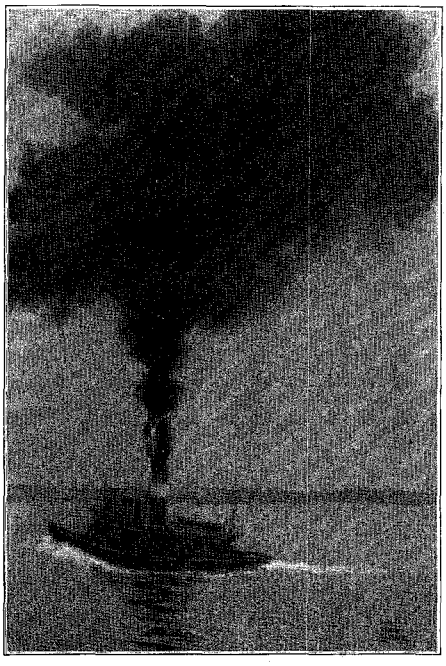
water carries the sound and odor astern, the harbor is spread for your delight.

Perhaps a last hot orange flare of sunset remains in the sky over the low Jersey shore, but night has dusked the Brooklyn bank. Behind you the Singer Tower raises its shaft of pale light, and the trains crawl like glow-worms over the high-flung web of Brooklyn Bridge. As the boat passes down well to the east of the channel, the fiery flare from a blast-furnace reddens the horizon, and against it two stand-pipes on iron stilts are suddenly thrown into silhouette out of the night, like huge daddy-long-legs striding along the top of the docks. You go past a derrick lighter, too, like a huge inanimate spider on its back towed by a water-bug, and slip almost in among the fleet of sailing-ships anchored off Gowanus Bay. How silently, mysteriously, they ride at anchor in the night, their bare spars and faint web of rigging black against the sky, their red and green lights alone giving sign of life! Perhaps another comes to join them even as you pass, her ghostly sails booming suddenly at you out of the dark, or sliding down with a rattle of tackle and the hoarse shouts of the crew.



Some tug trails a gigantic feather of velvety black smoke across the picture.—Page 134.

Through The Narrows the lines of twinkling lamps on either shore run on as far as the dark, ominous battlements of the forts, and then the Lower Bay widens ahead, the great beacon of Sandy Hook Light flashes at regular intervals seemingly out of the limitless water, and the wind freshens, grows more salt, brings to stifled nostrils a breath of brine. A short while, and the excursion boat rounds the end of Sea Gate and rolls on the dying ground swell from the open Atlantic.

And there, directly before you, though for some time you have detected its highest tower over the land, Coney Island pricks its incandescent battlements upon the night and turns to troubled gold the moving waters at its feet. A tinsel, tawdry thing by day, a delirium of shabby make-believe, by night it is a dream mirage rising out of the ocean, a towered city builded all of golden lamps, with splashes here and there of red or green; and the sound of it, coming over the surf as the steamer moves in to the pier, is the vast, happy roar of a carnival.

The Coney Island boat on its return is no less heavily laden, but the crowds are sleepy now and the atrocious band is silent. In the shadows of the stacks, or unashamedly on the open decks, girls lay their heads upon their lovers' shoulders. The children sprawl in slumber, their grimy hands clutching a wooden spade or a half-eaten pop-corn ball. A last look eastward before the boat enters The Narrows shows the Dreamland tower at Coney still illuminated, but the window squares on the Brooklyn bank and the hills of Staten Island are dark now. The shore is sleeping, too. Entering the Upper Bay, you know how late the hour is, because the Singer Tower is invisible. The searchlights which play upon it have been extinguished. Only a faint rosy haze of light, reflected up on the sky from the street-lamps, proclaims the city. Midnight has struck. The boat churns on past the sleeping fleet of sailing-vessels to the right, the long line of deep-sea tramps anchored under the torch of Liberty to the left. There is no sign of life on any of them. A ferry-boat goes past, her decks almost deserted. Around the nose of the

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Battery a tug is creeping with a string of black barges in tow; the harbor night shift are toiling in the dark. Through the trees on Battery Park winds the glow-worm of an L-train. Above the Battery loom the monstrous, indistinct cliff walls of the sky-scrapers, and a slit of night sky between them proclaims the existence of Broadway. As the sleepy crowds on the boat clamber down the gang-plank, this dim, gargantuan pile of brick and mortar seems to swallow them up. They become dehumanized. They vanish into the dark pier-shed like black corn into a hopper. They are converted into mere atoms of the city's swarming life.

The wheels churn again, the boat moves up the river, under the stars, past the endless mountain-range of town outlined on the night sky. The smoke of day has cleared from the harbor now. The everlasting toot of whistles is almost stilled, save when a belated ferry-boat draws out of her slip or a tug labors past with a barge of freight-cars. The black water tosses cool and mysteriously deep, and when a puff of breeze comes over it from the city the sudden smell of street dust is revolting. There, where the long liners sleep beside their iron piers, nosing their prows close up to the first lamps on the shore which twinkle away in endless perspective down the cross streets, is the end of the ocean road. Behind lies the harbor; in front lies the inland river; and between the pleasant country whence the river comes and the wind-swept waters whither the great ships go sits the city, monstrous, stifling, strong, and metallic, and asks its toll of countryside and sea. It asks its toll of us as well, on such a night as this, when we too finally leave the excursion boat and are swallowed up within its walls—its toll of sadness and unsatisfied desire. Northward, under the Palisades, the glimmering Hudson melts into the dark. Southward, washing the base of the mortared mountains, the harbor opens like a gateway of escape. A final glance from the pier before we turn into the choking streets, a final breath of its salt odor—and then the closing of the prison gates!

But, after all, the harbor has borne us for a time on its bosom into another world, and whispered, if all too briefly, of the strangeness of the sea. Even as it brings the commerce to our gates, it lifts our spirits beyond the clutch of commerce. It ministers at once to utility and to beauty. This the harbor will ever do so long as man goes down to the sea in ships.

TRUMPET-CALLS

By C. A. Price

HARK! hark! the summons clear and far and fine!

Now on a hill in Italy I know
The little trumpets of the springtime blow,
Beside the twisted olive and the vine;
Purple and red in the warm rocks they shine
Nursed by the bending skies; and from below
Faint overtones of bells float up that show
Where Arno threads the plain with glancing line.

White drives the sleet and black the tree-trunks stand
Here where I sit and forth the window stare;
The heavens are lead, the earth an iron band
Such as to pierce no tender flower could dare,—
But I know how, in that enchanted land,
The little trumpets call through the still air!

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THE GATEWAY TO INDIA

By Price Collier
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

IT is because they are very sophisticated, or because they know the wonders beyond, that certain travellers tell you that Bombay is only the entrance to India, and not interesting. One can make some very accurate guesses about the people inside the house from the condition of the front steps, the cleanliness of the bell-handle or knocker, and the manners and appearance of the servant who opens the door. At least I am almost unconsciously in the habit of doing so, and one is apt to be more cheerful at the drawing-room entrance if the guardian of the outer door gives you a pleasant greeting. The British front door to India, or Government House Bombay, gave us such a pleasant greeting that we were cheerful throughout the rest of our stay, despite hardships and illness here and there.

First we went to the new hotel, considered the best in India, but we were there for a very short time, for after delivering various letters of introduction we were promptly invited to become the guests of His Excellency the Governor of Bombay. But already at the hotel I saw many things. Along the halls outside the guest-rooms I saw little knots of native servants, in groups of from two to half a dozen, according to the size of the master's family. How little an Indian needs, even with the good pay of a servant, was plainly evident. They had their beds and cooking utensils with them, and at certain hours one saw them eating, or sleeping, huddled together outside their master's door.

Our rooms were large and airy. There was only the necessary furniture, no hangings, and our own bedding was used on the beds. Everybody carries his own bedding in India, and outside the large establishments of the government officials, everywhere it is needed. You are supposed to carry your own bedding with you just as you carry your own tooth-brush. In the trains—and there are very long train journeys, by slow trains, in India—in the guest-houses of the native princes, in camp of course always, and in the hotels and inns, your own bedding is a necessity. Indeed you can scarcely carry too much in India if you wish to be comfortable. All sorts of clothing, from fur coats to the thinnest linen, all sorts of hats from a cap to a pith-helmet, a spirit-lamp, a folding table and chair, a small amount of tinned or bottled food and a supply of mineral water for the train, a large supply of linen and underclothing, for one changes often, and the laundry work is done by beating on flat stones. The changes of temperature from noon till midnight are startling. One must give up cold baths and take to tepid or hot water, and be careful, indeed, what, and how much, one eats and drinks. No alcohol before sunset, and very little then, and the plainest and most nourishing food.

In this land, as large almost as the whole of Europe, there are only a few large cities where one can buy any of the luxuries or comforts of life outside the obvious, and what you need you must carry with you. On a large scale you do what the native does, you carry your household gods and goods about with you.

How differently "pick up your bed and walk" sounds in your ears when you see a whole population of hundreds of millions actually carrying their beds with them whenever they move. Why should one take heed as to what one shall eat, or drink, or wear, when a handful of rice, a thimbleful of water, and a loin-cloth suffice. The

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group of servants in front of their master's door at the hotel, or the hundreds of families I have seen travelling by train, by bullock-cart, or even on foot, have squeezed and sifted life's necessities down to the vanishing-point.

I can see why the gentle Prince of Peace appealed to the Roman, the German, the Scandinavian, the Briton. These heavy-eating, hard-drinking, hard-fighting peoples, who must have skins, and furs, and huts, and fires, or die, saw in Him and His teachings the very antipodes of all they were, or strove to be. Not so the gentle Hindu. These are not miracles to him; indeed along material lines, he and his ancestors, so far as any man can recall history, have lived that way.

India has sixty-two million Muhammadans to-day, and but very few Christians, and most of these Muhammadans are converts. The Muhammadan conquerors brought few women with them, and their direct descendants are few in number to-day compared to their converts. To slay the idolater and the heretic, and to be recompensed in another world of fascinating material, not to say sensual gratifications, for so doing, and in this world to be received at once on conversion into the great Muhammadan brotherhood, where there is no caste and noirremovable inequalities, this has appealed to the Indian far more than the doctrines or promises of Christianity. Muhammadanism is purely democratic. There is no caste even of priests. He who mounts the pulpit and prays, preaches, or reads from the Koran is only an equal among equals, and not set apart or considered above others. It is much like the democratic ways of early Puritan Congregationalism, when the sages would have snorted indeed at the thought that their religious leader was in the least tainted with any such doctrine as the indelibility of the priesthood, or powers of confession or absolution, other than those of any father at his own fireside. Congregational ministers of the old type were leaders in politics, were sent to Congress, and abroad as ambassadors, and took a conspicuous part in town meetings, and would have scoffed at any insinuation that they were priests, or not as other men, in the homely duties and responsibilities of daily life. Alas, as society becomes more complicated, it demands easy and simple classifications and nomenclature, and thus a priest is a priest, a banker a banker, a professor a professor, without much time or thought given to shades and differences.

This feature of the Muhammadan creed strongly appeals to the caste-bound and neglected Hindu, who must be born again, and born again in no metaphorical sense, to move an inch above the social status allotted to him by his own religion. Besides this, the Christian brotherliness and love in India are names, not facts. The low-caste Hindu may become what his abilities lead to amongst the Muhammadans, he may become a great man among them, and marry into the proudest family. Their welcome is a real one. But what Christian missionary even, let alone the layman, offers his daughters or sisters to the Hindu convert? There is not even a Christian club in India of which he can become a member. The proudest native prince in India is not allowed inside the doors of the Bombay Yacht Club, even as a guest.

One often hears Protestantism and Catholicism compared, to the disadvantage of the latter, because the Protestant countries are more prosperous, wealthier, more powerful. This same reasoning is used when comparing Christianity with Brahmanism, Confucianism, Buddhism, but the argument does not lie, as the lawyers say. To the Hindu mind it is no argument at all. His ideal is to get out of the world, not to get what he can out of it, and stay in it. That one's beliefs should be scientifically true, or that they should produce in an individual or a nation powers of wealth-getting or comfort-making, is not only not required of his faith by the Oriental, but he looks upon such tests as preposterous. If plague or famine come to a whole province, or loss or illness come to him individually, or the will of a ruler whom he believes to be divinely guided brings disgrace upon him, all these are accepted as inevitable. It is part of the mysterious and incomprehensible divine plan, and leads to no questioning, criticism, or even complaint of the ways of God with man. We recognize self-sacrifice and unselfishness as spiritual graces to be cultivated, but the great majority of Christians look upon an unsuccessful Christian as lacking in some essential manner the full dower of his faith. If

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the Hindu believed that his faith forbade working on Sunday, or forbade divorce for example, he would sacrifice himself rather than disobey. We on the contrary have allowed laws of economics and laws of health and freedom to over-ride the dicta of the priest.

I am not deciding between the two, though I believe we are right; I am merely noting differences which must be kept in mind by the student of the East if he wishes to gain something more of an understanding of the situation than the mere superficial contempt, and cobwebby experiences, of a self-satisfied traveller.

The conversion of the thousand million brown and yellow men of Asia by the five hundred million Christians is so far away in the distance that no eye, even of the imagination, can see so far down the aisles of time.

Far be it from me, a Christian, to discourage the attempt. On the contrary, Christianity has become so clogged with materialistic misinterpretations of its messages; the tent-making and fishing apostles have been so lost in cardinals and bishops living in palaces with the revenues of princes, that the Christian missionary seems almost the one fine and genuine thing left. Just because there is no hope of visible success for him, he is the more admirable and the more Christian.

It is true that the East moves slowly, but even if we count by centuries, the Muhammadan has much the best of it. One Oriental race, the Jews, who live among us, who have been persecuted in every country of the world save America, have not been converted to Christianity. The Parsis in Bombay—there are some fifty thousand of them out of a total population of some eight hundred thousand—are the most prominent and the most powerful people, financially and politically, there and come most in contact with the British politically and commercially, but they are as much Zoroastrians to-day as when they fled to India from Persia. The Parsis all over India still retain the headgear which was forced upon them as a humiliation in the early days of their coming to India, just as the Chinese retain the pig-tail, which was forced upon them as a mark of bondage, by their conquerors the Tartars, two hundred and fifty years ago. The Parsis, rich and poor alike,—though like the Jews there are few poor amongst them—maintain their religious tenets amongst this mass of Hindus and Muhammadans, and despite the influence of their friends the Christian British.

The towers of silence are one of the sights of Bombay. The Parsis will not defile the three elements, water, fire, and earth, with the remains of their dead. They refuse to dispose of bodies after death in the water, in the ground, or by burning.

It happened that we arrived at the towers of silence on Malabar Hill just as a funeral procession was marching in. Shortly after we were escorted to the top by a courteous attendant, whose brother was the chief official. Once there he explained in detail the procedure. In the midst of our talk another procession wended its way up the hill, and we saw at close quarters what was at the moment being described.

The corpse is borne up the hill, followed by relatives and friends in white, walking two by two, and hand in hand, the joining of hands symbolizing the perpetual prayer between the two thus linked together. The procession halts, and the body is then carried to a raised platform where the covering is taken off. A swarm of vultures from the surrounding trees flop heavily down, and soon nothing is left but the bones. The bones of all alike are then thrown into a common pit, where they are converted to ashes by chemicals.

The mourners sit about in the quiet grove provided with seats and flowers and fountains, saying their prayers, while the filthy birds have their orgies. Tales are told of a finger, or some other portion of a body, being dropped upon the passers-by in the street below by the gorged and greedy birds. It is a grewsome spectacle to those unaccustomed to it, but the Parsis I saw there seemed serene and peaceful mourners, quite undisturbed by the quarrelling birds flapping their wings lazily in over-fed contentment.

Here was a notable example indeed of difference of custom and its results. My friend the Parsi could hardly refrain from the expression of disgust at our method of delivering our dead to the earth and the worms. Because we of the West have succeeded beyond measure in material things, as compared with the East, we are apt to assume that our methods in spiritual things

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are for that reason superior. As I have said elsewhere, this is faulty reasoning. I doubt if we have any right to assert ourselves along these lines. These Parsis are as confident in their faith, their creed, their methods, horrible though this particular rite seems to us, as are we. It is this hands-off policy in such matters on the part of the British which deserves the highest encomiums for their rule. It is pity that in matters of education they have not adopted the same policy, pity too that they are playing into the hands of a minute minority both in India and in Egypt by pushing to the front the theory of representative government, which the vast majority, at any rate in India, do not understand, cannot reconcile with their traditions, and do not want. I should be sorry to appear bumptious in making this categorical statement. It is true that I have not talked with all these three hundred millions of people—nor has any one else—but I venture to say, modestly, that I have talked with a greater variety than most travellers, and a far greater variety than most officials, whose work precludes the possibility of much travel, and the consensus of those I met bears me out in this statement.

It is not, and this is the crux of the confusion in most Western minds, that they are not ready for representative government, and for Christianity, but that they have no wish to get ready. They do not want them at all. We Westerners are exaggeratedly impressed with the superiority of our institutions, both secular and ecclesiastical. We believe that if only other peoples understood them they would adopt them. We spend millions, and many lives, in making them understand, and my personal opinion is that the more they understand, the further they are from adopting our institutions. Our points of view, our traditions, our moral and mental freezing and boiling points, are worlds apart. The Indians who have seen most of England and the English appreciate them least, and have no overpowering wish to copy their institutions, or to become English. The Parsis of Bombay, with no caste prejudices, who are on the friendliest footing with the English, who are an intelligent and intellectually superior people, are as much Zoroastrians to-day as though the New Testament were non-existent. The ideals of Christianity do not appeal to the great mass of the Eastern races, or not to be too didactic, have not appealed to them thus far successfully.

With the complaint and criticism of the traveller from the West that everything moves too slowly in the East, from missionary enterprise to the means of locomotion, I have no sympathy. I have ridden ponies, elephants, and camels, and driven in ox-carts and camel-carriages, and travelled nearly fifty-five thousand miles during the last year, in trains and ships, and I find them all too rapid. Even the eight miles an hour on General Kuroki's old military railway through Manchuria was too fast. There is so much to see on every hand that even an ox-cart may go too fast. When I think that this whole volume contains about two words for every mile I have travelled, I realize that I am right in saying that one goes too fast, rather than too slow, in the East.

The Strand, Broadway, and even the boulevards of Paris, with the grotesque eccentricities of the male attire, and the present-day unbifurcated trouser gowns of the women, are tame, and brown, and dull, compared with the kaleidoscope of moving color in the streets of Bombay.

At the races one day I turned my back on the horses and counted fifty-eight different kinds of head-gear amongst the men in the grandstand, and no doubt there were others I did not see. The Parsi, with his lacquered cow's hoof, the Arab, the Persian, the Hindu, from north, south, east, and west, were there, and how many more I know not, and when it is remembered that the Maharajah of Gwalior's head-gear is as different from that of his neighbor at Indore as is the cowboy's sombrero from the tile of a Beau Brummel, and that these differences exist all over the East, it is easy to realize that the streets of Bombay, to a newcomer, seem to be a waving, moving mass of form and color.

The British in India in spite of the universal dislike of ostentation amongst the best of them, either here or at home, have been obliged to assume, officially at least, an air of state and ceremony. The crimson and gold liveries of the Viceroy, and of the Governors of Bombay and Madras; the splendid body-guard of mounted Sikhs, well horsed, proud in bearing, all of them over six feet in height, with their turbans

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and lances; the crimson-lined state carriages, with two men in scarlet and gold on the box, and two standing on the foot-board behind, and always splendidly horsed, all this makes for the dignity and splendor that the Asiatic demands of his ruler. It may be absurd to the American, but there is no doubt whatever that a Viceroy in a cloth cap, on a bicycle, would ruin India in a month. We have prejudices the Oriental thinks silly; they have prejudices that we had best in charity and for safety's sake let alone.

The administration of India in England is in the hands of a Secretary of State for India, assisted by a council of not less than ten members appointed for ten years by the Secretary of State.

The executive authority in India itself is vested in the Governor-General in Council. The Governor-General, or, as he is more generally called, the Viceroy, is appointed by the Crown, and holds office for five years, this term is sometimes extended. The salary of the Viceroy is 250,800 rupees a year. The rupee is now worth one shilling and fourpence, or roughly thirty-four cents; the salary amounts therefore to about $84,000 a year; but I should be sorry to undertake the job and to pay my expenses out of that sum.

The Council of the Viceroy consists of six ordinary members besides the Commander-in-chief of the army, and they are appointed by the Crown and hold office for five years. This Council is enlarged into a legislative council by the addition of sixteen other members appointed by the Viceroy under certain restrictions.

Further, India is divided into nine provinces: Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Eastern Bengal, United Provinces, The Punjab, Central Provinces, North West Frontier Provinces, and Burmah. The Governors of Bombay and Madras are the most important officials after the Viceroy, and are appointed by the Crown, and each carries a salary of $40,000 a year. The Governors of Bombay and Madras have an executive council of two members of the Indian Civil Service appointed by the Crown. The Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, Eastern Bengal, United Provinces, The Punjab, and Burmah are appointed by the Viceroy with the approval of the Crown; the Chief Commissioners of the Central Provinces and the Agent to the Governor-General who governs the North West Frontier Provinces are appointed by the Viceroy in Council. Of these divisions I visited seven, and in each I was impressed by the enormous amount of work being done, by the conscientious—often I thought too conscientious—way in which it was done, and by the dignity and fearlessness of the men who were doing it. If it were not for the interferences from the India Office, and the criticism from ignorant politicians, who shamelessly play India off for votes at home, it would be the most ideally managed, as it is the most successfully administered, dependency in the world.

It is curious to note that an agnostic is apt to be more sentimental in his dealings with men than the believer. As an avowed heretic he may wish to prove that he is even more merciful than the orthodox; or he may salve his conscience by assuming an exaggerated love for humanity as his love of God dwindles. To worship the God of the multitude must be a hard thing for the intelligent man, either in the West or the East; but to turn from that to the flattery and adulation of the multitude itself is to proclaim one's self to all intelligent men, no matter what rewards and prizes are gained thereby, as a scoffer among scoffers, as scornful in the seats of the scorners. Conscience is so pitiless that even to be a prince in an ochlocracy can hardly recompense the intellectual traitor, and surely a trained mind, laughing in its sleeve, will find a peculiarly painful punishment awaiting it somewhere.

The misfortune of a dangerous illness brought us the good fortune to spend some two weeks as the guest of the Governor of Bombay. Here we saw housekeeping, as I saw it again later as the guest of the Viceroy at Calcutta, on the magnificent and dignified scale made necessary by the climate, the social demands, the high position of the host, and his unceasing and unending procession of guests. Very few of them are of his choosing or inviting, few of them indeed his personal friends, but Bombay is the door to India, and England has many friends all over the world, and for reasons of state, or courtesy, or as frank hospitality, Government House Bombay receives them all, some to stay a night or two, and all to lunch or to dine. Dinners of a dozen, or of

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twenty, or of seventy, night after night, and the dinner of seventy as well and as noiselessly served as the tête-à-tête dinner in our own sitting-room. At the head of this establishment the Governor of Bombay, with a besetting sin of toiling when he should be at play, at exercise, or in bed.

The steward or manager of an establishment as well managed as this must be a housewifeic jewel of the Koh-i-noor variety. But that is behind the scenes. I can only speak of the results.

A man who has a province of 75,000 square miles and a population of over 15,000,000 to govern, including a city the size of Bombay, must have his hands full, and can spare little time for his guests and their entertainment.

I had heard of the institution called an aide-de-camp before, and I have met them in other parts of the world; but just as there are peaches outside of Jersey, strawberries elsewhere than in Maryland, clambakes elsewhere than in Fair Haven, Massachusetts, soft-shell crabs, oysters, terrapin, canvas-back ducks elsewhere than in America, but none quite so good, so if you would know the fine flower of aide-de-campship you must needs go to India.

A man with as many strings to his bow as a governor of one of these great provinces must have many servants, capable, willing, and efficient, or the business would soon be in a tangle. Besides capability, willingness, and efficiency, these men must be loyal, and if in addition they like their chief, you have a corps of assistants approaching perfection. There is the Military Secretary, the Private Secretary, the Physician, and others, each with his duties. But besides their specific duties they are the hosts by proxy of their chief, and everywhere and at all times they are there to save him trouble and to make his work easy. Every day in your dressing-room before dinner you find a type-written list of the guests you are to meet that night, and the name of the lady assigned to you to take in to dinner. Austrian and Polish nobles, Russian and French princes, German diplomats, members of Parliament, officials, British and Indian, Royal Highnesses, all must be properly placed, and all must know their neighbors, and as a result what subjects of conversation may cause friction and are to be avoided. When all are assembled in the drawing-room, the aide on duty for that day appears with the Governor, whom he announces: His Excellency! That gentleman makes the round of the room, shaking hands with each, offers his arm to the lady entitled to that honor, and we go in to dinner, where a score or more of turbaned servants, in crimson and gold liveries and barefooted, serve the meal.

It is noticeable that the other Europeans are impressed by the stately and dignified way things are done by the British officials in India. The Governor is easily king, no matter who is there, and during my stay he entertained all sorts, including royalty and high diplomacy, renowned travellers, sportsmen, journalists, and statesmen. One gets an impression of the sturdy self-control, of the patient mental power, which are the driving force behind the handful of Englishmen who hold this country. They have it in their blood, the best of these people, and these highly placed Englishmen almost without exception—I only met one exception, and the harm he does, although negatively, makes one gasp to think what would happen were there more like him—take the throne with an air of authority and a lack of self-consciousness, as of men sitting down for a chat with a friend.

In these democratic days much ceremony and formality, a semblance of pomp, makes the observer uneasy very often lest something, so to speak, should come unstarched, or go wrong, lest the procession should be marred by a sense of unreality, and tempt one to titter. Not so here. Even after the novelity wears off, one is not impressed by the artificiality so much as more and more impressed by a growing feeling that this is not the simulacrum, but the reality of power. But it takes a big man to carry it off—England, by one of her blunders, still has a knot of them here in India.

I have always thought that if I were not myself, or as Mr. Choate gallantly and wittily phrased it, could not be my wife's next husband, I should like above all things to have been the secretary to a great man, Cromwell, Hampden, Washington, Lincoln, Bismarck, and had a hand in the chosen doings of the picked giants of earth.

It must be some such feeling as this which stirs in the breast of the ideal aide-de-camp. The aides of the Viceroy, of the Governor of Bombay, and of the Governor of Madras

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who in distinction from other officials in India receive their commissions from the Crown, and wear their aiguillettes of gold over the right shoulder, as representatives of royalty; other A. D. C.'s wear them over the left shoulder. A witty gentleman eating honey in the country turned from the dish and remarked meditatively: "If I lived in the country I should certainly keep a bee!" If I lived in officialdom I would make any sacrifice to keep an aide-de-camp!

An aide-de-camp is a person whose business it is to be agreeable. His task is one requiring unceasing vigilance, good health, good looks, a kindly disposition, and not only manners, but what is the fine flower of manners, manner. His duties are so multifarious, his accomplishments necessarily so varied, that it seems at first glance a preposterous joke to propose to any one mortal that he should perform them, combine them, conceal them deftly, and not die of megalomania.

He begins his day, let us say, at Government House, by taking a guest to ride at 7 A. M.—it is too hot to ride at any other hour. He cares no more for that particular guest than for the grandsire of the horse he is riding, but he is a very clever and a very observant guest if he discovers it. As the clock strikes seven he appears, smiling, shaven, clean, with a "I hope I have not kept you waiting!" He is full of such phrases as that by the way. Indeed he is an anthology of colorless and comforting phrases, not quite flattering, not quite humble, but partaking of both, which steep the unsuspecting in an aroma of superiority and security. He has listened to your banalities about horses and horseflesh, in the smoking-room the night before, with a certain worshipful awe in his eyes, and you now find that he rides as though he were in a cradle, and you perhaps as though you were on a ship's deck. He modestly defers to you as to whether we trot, or walk, or canter, and he is ready to go on or stop, as best pleases you. He has a thousand things to do that day, and you nothing, but he is positively reckless as to time if only you are happy. If you will only waste his time, nothing apparently will give him greater pleasure. He leaves you at the door of your bungalow on your return with thanks for your company, and hope in his eyes, and on his tongue, that you will favor him with your company again. You make what you consider a remarkably quick change and arrive at the breakfast-room. Apparently he has been there for hours. All in white, booted and spurred, with aiguillettes over his shoulder, ribbons on his breast—for he is on duty to-day—no heat, no wilted collar, no single hair in disarray, he awaits you, and even his smile is cool and inviting. If there are many guests at breakfast or at luncheon he gently insinuates you into the room, but by his manner alone he transforms you into feeling like a whole procession, and you swell with satisfaction as he hands you to the best place vacant. He takes a chair, with an expression, conveyed wholly by his corporeal attitude, as though to say: "As for me, what matters it where I sit!" He succeeds by some curious personal magnetism, born I suppose of long practice, in giving you the impression that you are riding upon a very tall elephant, magnificently caparisoned, while he is standing in the street admiring you.

After he has seen that you have your cigar or cigarette, and asked solicitously if you have seen the last Reuter telegrams and the newspaper, he leaves you, but he leaves you in a delicious atmosphere not of mere comfort, but of comfort that you begin to feel you have deserved by some effort of your own. There is a marked difference between common or garden comfort, and A. D. C. comfort. The latter is lighted and scented with a certain subtle something that makes you feel that your state of languorous ease has been won by you after long and arduous toil; while as a matter of scientific fact, it is only the A. D. C. wand which has played upon your egotism, and made it seem for the nonce noble.

If you wish to do an errand in the town before luncheon, he will either accompany you himself, or provide you with a companion. If he goes himself he instals you in the right-hand corner of the carriage or motor, in the place of honor, and you sail away, soldiers and policemen saluting, and others salaaming as you pass. He does not say it, but his air implies that these marks of respect are due to your imposing personality, and not to the royal liveries.

If a member of your party is ill, he never forgets to send her flowers, to inquire for her health, and to suggest other comforts.

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He has done an hour's work before the morning ride, and despite the air of idleness and the apparent contempt for time, he has done two hours' more work before the drive.

This almost feminine regard for your comfort, and the sight of him modestly curled up on a sofa at tea-time, like a stretching house cat, may lead you astray. Take him on at billiards, at racquets, at real tennis or lawn tennis, at polo or cricket or a day's shooting, or go through a day's hard ride in camp or at manœuvres with him, and you find that he plays all the games you know and many more, and he beats you at all of them easily and apologetically. Among this knot of embroidered and decorative young gentlemen you may find a distinguished performer upon the piano-forte, who will play you his own compositions; another who publishes fugitive poems; another who could easily make his living as a caricaturist; but none of these accomplishments is foisted upon you, rather are they dragged forth, or discovered by accident. None of them will speak of himself, or his doings, experiences, or successes, and one and all abhor lime-light upon themselves or their deeds. What an education a little of their companionship would be for many of my countrymen, who after half an hour's acquaintance seem to fill the atmosphere with exclamation points, and repetitions of the ninth letter of the alphabet.

On all official occasions, after dinner, or at dances, the A. D. C.'s attentions to the forlorn, the scraggy, the three-cornered, the convex-backed, the concave-chested, the self-conscious, the awkward, the acidulous of the opposite sex, would put the most fanatical Salvation Army captain to shame.

I have grown to look upon A. D. Cship at its best, as one of the healing professions. It ministers to the social soul diseased. It deals with the more hidden maladies of vanity, self-consciousness, social awkwardness, non-appreciated virtues, hypothetical prowesses, and soothes them unobtrusively, gently, and successfully. Chatterton, and Byron, and Poe might all have been saved by the ministrations of an accomplished A. D. C.

As for his relations with his chief, he surrounds him with a purring adulation which soothes irritation, and lays the dust of the small attritions and futilities of the daily task. He gives spiritual subcutaneous injections of confidence and courage; waves aside the phantoms of discouragement; lights up the dark places of dull duties; and helps to fulfil the deeds in hours of insight willed, which must be done, like most severe tasks, in hours of gloom.

If he really likes and respects his chief, his voice and mien are a veritable pæan and hallelujah of praise, when he appears before the guests and announces: His Excellency! You are at once prejudiced in the great man's favor, prone to believe that he is indeed Excellent.

There is nothing mawkish about this loyalty, nothing effeminate. It is like the tenderness with which an engineer oils his great ship-propelling machinery, or the gentleness and care of a sportsman for his guns.

In a climate where the greatest discomforts come from the heat, and the etymological offspring of the heat, the houses are built for coolness and for shade. At Government House Bombay, there is a large central bungalow containing the drawing-rooms, dining-room, billiard-room, ball-room, smoking-room, the entertaining-rooms in short, and surrounding it are the bungalows containing the living apartments of the Governor, his staff, and his guests. We were royally housed in a bungalow overlooking the bay, with reception-hall, sitting-rooms, bath-rooms, and bedrooms, and with separate entrances and outer halls. The service is at first uncanny, so noiseless are the barefooted attendants. You wash your hands in your dressing-room, and almost before you are out of the room a silent brown man has slipped in to change the water.

Servants are of course cheap as measured by our standards, though by no means as cheap as they were twenty-five years ago; but they are also so bound, partly by caste rules, partly by lethargy, partly by centuries of habit, that it requires many of them to keep the household machine going, even when it is of modest proportions. In the case of the Governor of a great province or more particularly in the case of the Viceroy, the number required is legion. No one of them will undertake another's task, and the social and religious differences between them are so great that there are no illustrations from American life that will serve to mark them. Between the low-

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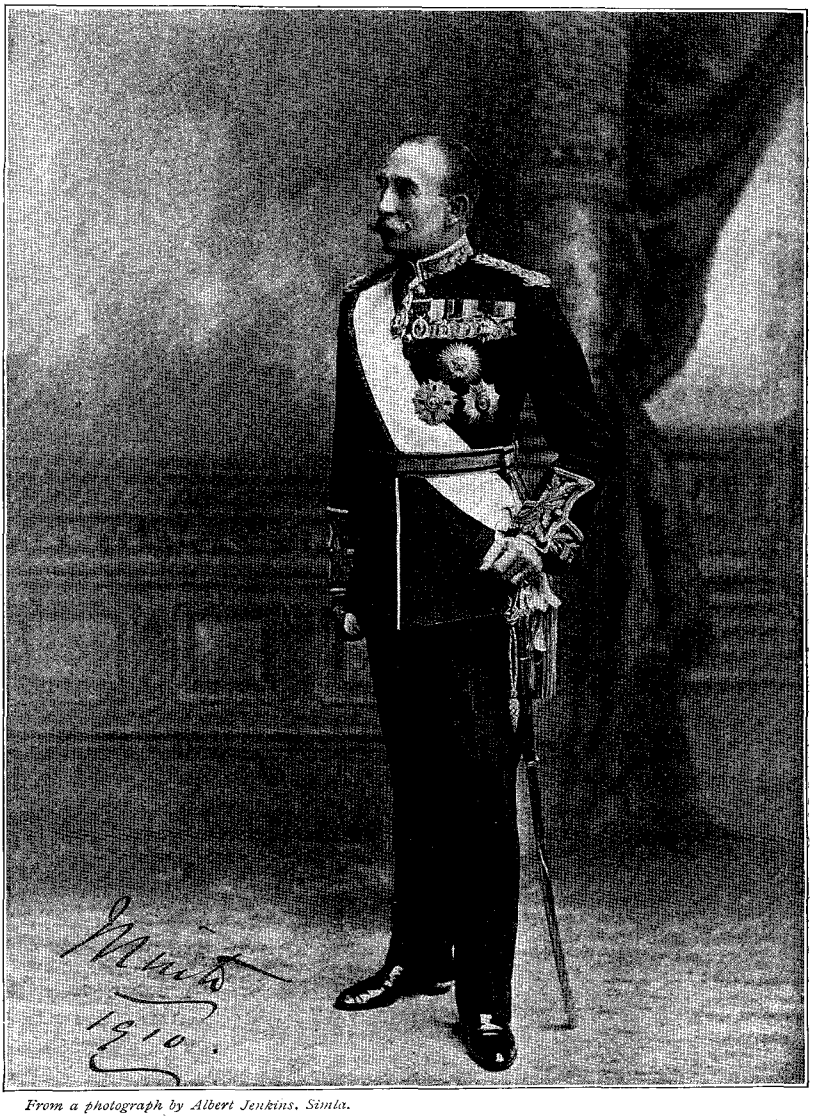

From a photograph by Albert Jenkins, Simla.

The Earl of Minto, Viceroy of India.

caste sweeper of the garden walks and the Sikh soldier on guard at the front door, for example, there is a social difference not of degrees but of latitudes. It is criminal to think of associating together. We must not forget that we are among people here who though starving will throw away the meal with contempt upon which even the shadow of a low-caste man has fallen. We should remember too that these peculiarities of caste are not uncommon even amongst ourselves. The writer of Genesis recalls that the custom existed in Egypt "because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians." When Joseph entertained his brethren in the house of Pharaoh the Egyptians ate apart, the Hebrews ate apart, and Joseph ate apart, much as the Maharana of Udaipur would do to-day did he entertain strangers and inferiors. I know more than one continental Catholic who has never to his knowledge sat at table with a Jew; and we all of us eat, and drink, and are friendly with people whom we do not ask to break bread with us at our own

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From a photograph by Albert Jenkins, Simla.

Lady Minto.

tables. These Indians have their caste prejudices, so have we, and when analyzed the differences are of degree rather than fundamental, and so likewise are the eccentricities of housekeeping in the East or the West; there are difficulties to contend with on both sides of the world.

Bells and mechanical appliances are not necessary, for at any hour of the day or night you clap your hands, and there glides noiselessly into your presence a brown phantom to do your bidding. All the work of every kind is done by men, except the sweeping of the leaves by one or two women in the garden. They all seem, if one may judge from appearances, not only contented but proud. Good behavior means fixity of tenure, and ultimately a pension. The same justice, and honesty, and impartiality which hold all India, holds even more effectively here, because in the case of servants they come into closer contact with their masters, and in many cases like them as well as respect them. John Nicholson was not only a hero among his white fellows but a hero, too, to his soldiers and servants. His great

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height, his flowing beard, his dignity of bearing, and audacious courage so delighted the Sikhs that a sect of them called themselves by his name, and established him as their *Guru*, or priest.

Amongst other letters, I had a letter to a distinguished Hindu, who has won high rank in the judiciary of India. I spent a long day in the courts with him, and on one occasion I sat through a scene which I shall never forget. The buildings used by the court in Bombay are larger and finer than those in New York, and the judges better paid than even our judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was one of appeal from a decision of the lower court condemning two Hindus to death for murder. It was a disgusting story, and most of the evidence was circumstantial, except that of a lad of sixteen, a decadent, who claimed that he had been forced by the others to take part in the crime. There sat a Hindu judge, and beside him an English colleague; the case was argued for the appeal by an English barrister. Many hours, much money, much investigation and sifting of evidence had gone into this dull matter of the guilt or innocence of these three Hindus of the very lowest caste. The British machine was working as carefully, as minutely, as though great personages, or important matters of state, were at stake. It was an object-lesson of the slow ponderous English way of being just. It was a sledge-hammer to crack an egg, but it was justice for those cow-herds, who possibly earned two or three cents a day, and justice as nice, and careful, and impartial as for a prince. In the old days their ruler would have had their heads off, or their brains and bellies crushed to a jelly beneath an elephant's feet and knees, or sent them about their business in five minutes, and nor the victims, nor their friends, nor any one else would have thought anything more about it.

In a country where lying and deceiving are looked upon as an intellectual employment, as worthy as any other; in a country where a man will murder his own child and bury it in his neighbor's garden to fasten suspicion upon him, it is easy to realize how difficult is justice, and how experience alone can weigh evidence and get the truth from witnesses. It is sciolism worse confounded to write letters and pamphlets from cosey chambers in London or New York on the subject of justice in India, the tyranny of the police, the haughty English official, and kindred criticisms. I have visited courts and prisons, I have sat in the highest court, and also in front of the deputy-commissioner's tent pitched on the plains of the Punjab, on a hot day, and thus seen justice meted out to the high and low, and to all conditions of men and women, and now that I am far away from it all, I marvel even more than I did then at the patience, forbearance, kindliness, and impartiality that I saw.

My distinguished Hindu friend was of the Brahman class, who had been educated in England and thereby—by crossing the black water—outcasted. He belonged to the intellectuals of his creed, and told me he was what we should call a Unitarian. He praised the virtues of the Hindus, said they were peaceable, gentle, mild, but also suspicious, envious, and jealous, and easily excited by playing upon their religious fears, when they lost all sense of the justice and honesty of their rulers, or of anybody else, and became cruel. The Hindus, he said, have as a rule but one wife, taking another only in case the first one bears no children, or, amongst the lower classes, that there may be more people to work the land, and this in spite of the fact that their religion does not forbid polygamy.

He maintained, as did every Indian of the scores I talked with, that caste is the curse of the country, keeping people apart, setting them against one another, and that so long as caste exists there is no hope of self-government.

He thought the British did not see enough of the people, were socially exclusive, and thereby barred from understanding the people they lived amongst. I said that all Englishmen made the same remark, that the Indians are inscrutable, mysterious. He denied this, and said that they were quite understandable, and would talk freely and frankly, but that they were not allowed to be on such terms with the English as permitted freedom and frankness of intercourse, and that therefore they were dubbed inscrutable. He said the feeling between Hindus and Muhammadans was as strong, and in some places as bitter, as ever.

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He thought some protection would be good for India, for of course with free-trade India was at the mercy of Lancashire.

He was in favor of as much participation in the government by natives as was possible, and held that education was agreed upon one thing, that the subtleties of British compromise were beyond us.

I quote this gentleman, as I shall quote others, not because I agree or disagree with all their views, but that my readers may grind each his own axe. As for me, I beg

From a photograph by Bourne & Shepherd, India.

Sir George Sydenham Clarke, Governor of Bombay.

making progress even among the women. He showed the same feeling, though very guardedly expressed, that other intelligent Indians show wherever one meets them, that much of the distrust and dread of the Indian for the English are due in great part to the unsympathetic attitude of the majority of the English, and claimed that confidence and sympathy would be repaid by loyalty and frankness.

We discussed the curious contradictoriness of the English, who insist upon the unearned increment theory as applicable to land in India, though they fight it at home; and who support the theory of native princes in India, with their patriarchal influence and methods of government, while denouncing dukes and great landlords at home. We to emphasize the fact that I have no axe to grind other than to call the attention of my countrymen to problems and situations, that they are marching toward, and rapidly.

At a dinner given for me by the Chief-Justice, we dined at a new club where both Indians and British meet. Indeed it was formed for that purpose, and certain already hard-worked Englishmen whom I met make it a point to go there. At the dinner in question only men were present, and there were as many Indians present as Europeans, and it seemed to me that problems of government and politics were discussed as freely as they would have been in New York or in London.

But when one leaves this atmosphere of the high-placed, to spend many hours in the

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part of the town inhabited by the Indians themselves, the practical situation seems to swamp the theory completely. What sympathy, what kindliness, what understanding of their needs or of their defects, can permeate this mass? Even my Hindu friend, when pressed for an opinion, admitted that he saw no solution except British domination for centuries to come. Just what your eyes see, just what your ears hear, make one almost contemptuous of the most intelligent man's opinion who has not actually been in India. These streets swarming with people; these shops, which are merely large-sized goods boxes with one end taken off, in which are huddled merchants and their families, and their wares, in a cubic space perhaps twice that occupied by a deer-hound when travelling in his huge basket to a show; the variety of costumes, head-gear, and physiognomy—I was told that forty different dialects are spoken in the bazaars of Bombay—distinctions of class apparent even to my untutored eyes, from the man in a loin-cloth to some petty rajah in a gilded coach, with servants swarming over it and around it, or dainty Parsi women taking their airing in well-turned-out carriages, with footmen clearing the way for them; beggars covered with dust and ashes; Arabs and students, what a mixture it is!

Nor democracy, nor any other form of government, has done away with social differences, for the form of government is yet to be even dreamt of that can endow men with equal patience, equal industry, equal good judgment, and until that time comes, society will be as little level, as the troughs and crests of the ocean. Even in the West, where religion and politics have assumed the livery of Equality, little has been done; but in the East religion and politics for thousands of years have insisted that justice demands inequality, and from Quetta to Calcutta, and from Madras to the Khaibar Pass, there is no sign that the old ways are passing.

A journalist whom I met in Bombay, who, though he was not an anarchist, was none the less voluble in his criticisms of the British methods of rule, was discussing the recent visit of Mr. Keir Hardie to India, and I remarked that he was a curious leader for a Brahman to follow. "We do not follow him," he replied, "we are only using him as we should use anybody else who will follow us! The men he influences," he continued, "are of little use to us, but they are a nuisance to the British."

There are over a thousand newspapers published in the vernacular in India in over twenty-two dialects or languages. In the large cities like Bombay, and to some extent in the outlying districts, they have a certain influence, not always, I fear, for good.

But if the East is buried deep in its own superstitions, we are obsessed by ours. Education and teaching are two of ours. The misty talk about teaching people to respect themselves is a very loose phrase. To teach Lincoln to respect himself was to increase his respect for patience, for humility for good-humor; to teach John Nicholson to respect himself was to increase his respect for truth, courage, and duty; on the other hand, to teach a forger to respect himself is to make his next forgery more daring; to teach a thief to respect himself is to make his next loot larger; to teach certain firebrand politicians to respect themselves, either in India or in England, is to increase their respect for jaunty omniscience, for second-hand scholarship, and for the sly sedition of the bomb, the pistol, and the vernacular press.

To teach a man to read, or to write, or to count does not teach him to think, or to know. We tried teaching our Indians; England teaches in India—under the ægis, by the way, of the most absurd Macaulayan and antiquated system, the system of a man as contemptuous and ignorant of Eastern literature, religions, and philosophy as he was accomplished as a maker of historical phrases and literary antitheses—but to little avail, for the reason that few of us as yet realize the limitations of education. The Indian senior wrangler is no more morally an Englishman than he was before he knew the English alphabet. You cannot teach character, no matter how much else you teach, and character is the only thing worth while. Men are only of the same class, of the same moral aristocracy, when their blood boils and freezes at the same moral temperature, and in all the world there is no text-book on that subject, and but few teachers.

Much of the confusion in this matter arises from the fact that we confound training and education. The majority of men

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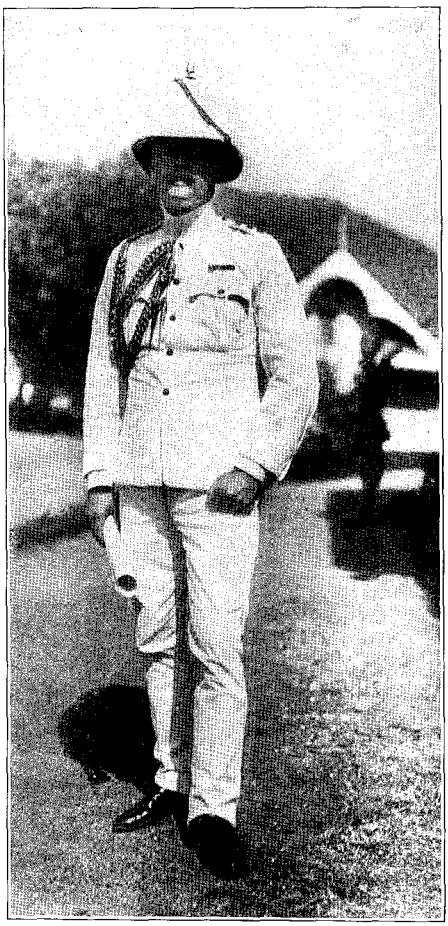
who go through schools and universities get no training at all, and fail and are forgotten; the men who do get the training in schools and universities make it appear that it was altogether due to school and college, which is not the case at all. It was training that produced Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Lee, and not education in any academic sense, though Hamilton, Jackson, and Lee were students. It is not the learning that makes the man, but the man who uses his learning as a gymnasium in which to train his powers. We go on crowding men into state and philanthropy-supported institutions of learning as though they were magical receptacles for the production of trained men. Years of failure have taught us nothing.



Aide-de-camp to the Governor of Bombay.

I agree that the state ought to supply the opportunity for elementary study, and that it is wise and generous charity which offers opportunity for high and costly experiment and investigation, but only those who earn their way ought to have the path beyond made easy. Luther, and Erasmus, and Bacon, and the lesser breed of intellect, will blaze their own path through the forest of difficulties; the others should not be pampered into intellectual dawdling, but left, and even forced if necessary, to fell the forest and plough the plain.

America has had free education from the beginning, an unequalled test, and yet the men who have made America are without university degrees, with such few exceptions that the academically educated are lost in the overwhelming majority who have trained themselves. Even those who have academic degrees owe their places in the world to other training than the training received from books and professors.

The world wonders at the decadence of school-beridden France, where the boys are effeminatized, the youths secularized, and the men sterilized, morally and patriotically; France with its police without power, its army without patriotism, and its people without influence; disorderly at home and cringing abroad; a nation owing its autonomy even to the fact that it is serviceable as a buffer-state. When I write "disorderly at home," it is not the off-hand rhetoric of the hasty writer. Monsieur Emile Massard made a report to the Paris Municipal Council on the subject of the encumberment of the Paris streets. He says there are nearly half a million vehicles of all kinds in Paris to-day, with twenty thousand handcarts and nine thousand barrows. In 1909, sixty-five thousand eight hundred and seventy accidents were caused in the Paris streets by eighty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight vehicles, or about three accidents for every four vehicles, and there was one summons for every seventy-seven motor taxi-cabs. I am unorthodox, I might even be dubbed a heretic by the narrow, but I am bound to confess if ever a nation suffered from physical and moral dry-rot,

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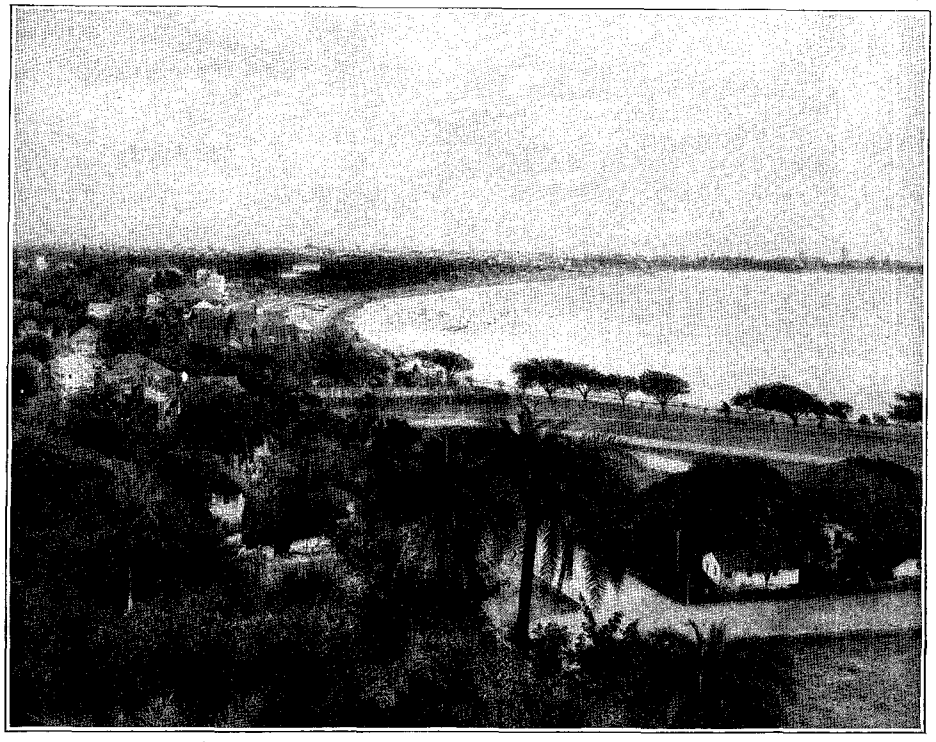

From a photograph by Clifton & Co.

View of Bombay from Malabar Hill.

as a direct result of secular education, it is France.

America and Germany have been saved from this by faith and reverence. In France reverence has been knocked on the head and faith smothered in ridicule, and she has produced a school-bred hooligan, in Paris at any rate, whose lack of the human traits of decency, honesty, gentleness, and manliness are unequalled outside of a menagerie. Heretic I may be, but I would rather suffer a Mass even, than mock at my mother. Education without moral training is simply a diabolical misfortune. But the fallacy remains, and with it a terrible waste of human material, and an increase of that uneasy unhappiness, which is the curse of modern society, for men and women are naturally discontented who feel dimly that they are developed along wrong lines, and yet are loath to admit that they should exchange the black coat for the blouse, the pen for the plough, and the ænemia of mediocre mental accomplishment for the health of rude toil. There is a multitude of failures at these Indian examinations. It takes twenty-four thousand candidates for matriculation to secure eleven thousand passes, and of these eleven thousand only one thousand nine hundred survive to take the B. A. degree. At Oxford, for example, and as a means of comparison, the number of those who fail to matriculate is negligible, and of the nine hundred who annually matriculate, about six hundred and fifty proceed to their degree. In the long run, God himself readjusts matters. Development along false lines ends in disgrace and failure. We to-day may see Turks and Italians, the descendants of the Mughals and the Cæsars, working as day-laborers in the far-off West of the Argentine Republic, and five hundred years hence a Chinese official will ponder over the fact that the descendants of English lords and American millionnaires are tilling his fields. By instinct we say "Mother Earth" and "Mother Nature," and we are right; all the others are stepmothers, or mothers-in-law.

It is curious that England, which has won so great an empire, and which has been

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ruled and served by an uneducated but trained aristocracy, should of all nations turn to books and professors to solve its Indian problems. In the House of Commons, July, 1910, there were one hundred and eleven Etonians, the great majority of whom are far better fitted to lead a squadron of cavalry, or to govern a foreign province, than to pass an examination in competition with Frenchmen or Germans of their own age. I hope I am not assuming too much when I say that these same Etonians would agree with me.

India needs engineers, agricultural chemists, archæologists, mining engineers, architects, statisticians, students of hygiene, political economists, scientific farmers, but how many such men have her schools and colleges produced—practically none. All this work is done by Europeans, while the Indian student has but one aim, to become an employee of the government, a cog in the wheel of bureaucracy, with a little power over his fellows, and a pension in store for him. The supply of these is exceeding the demand, and those left over are like badly cooked food, neither good as a fertilizer nor to eat; they are spoiled for the fields and too feeble for useful mental labor. I mean no insult. I am saying of the East what I have first said of the West. England has transferred the Western fetich of secular education to India, with the result that might have been expected. The Indian seditionist is no worse than the Parisian hooligan, and both, with certain differences, are the result of the same system.

The sun is blazing down on the garden in which lives a saint, so-called, whom I visited one day in Bombay. He has not spoken for twenty-three years, and his neighbors look upon him with awe. He permits me to take his photograph, and I wonder whether it is for peace or as a penance that he has made this law for himself. We question him, and he by signs tells us that he is quite happy, quite indifferent whether he lives or dies, and quite sure that all is for the best in the world, if one only takes a perspective of, say, a thousand years or so. We are too close to things to know much about them, he maintains, and gets as far away as he can.

Some months later, I visit at Davos Platz a man who for nearly thirty years has been studying drops of blood under a microscope. He is getting as close to life as he can, but admits that he knows little more than the sage in his hot garden at Bombay. Both the Western scientist and the Eastern sage smile indulgently at the fussiness of modern life. My own experience of men in many lands has taught me that the most active are the least valuable. It is a notable survival of the simian in man that so many people think that constant mental and physical activity is a measure of value. Busy people seldom accomplish anything. The statue, the poem, the painting, the solution of the economic, financial, or social problem, the courage and steadfastness for war even, are all born in seclusion and appear mysteriously from nowhere. Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes all appear from nowhere, and promptly take command of the busybodies. What a crowd of men we all recall who were so busy making themselves remembered that they are already forgotten! It is said that some ninety-five per cent of business men, brokers, and bankers fail. It is busyness that does it. We must give the Eastern philosophy its due. We are none of us infallible, not even the most modern of us, and I am not sure that the proud flesh of the social sore is not as visible in the Tweed Ring, in the State-House scandals in Pennsylvania, in the Sugar scales of certain millionnaire merchants, in the Poplar Union revelations in England, or in the crowd at a race-meeting in Paris, as anywhere in India or in China.

I regret, for the sake of my Western readers who are accustomed to the proclamatory cocksureness of irritable activity, that I am leaving Bombay with so little ability to provide them with any essence of omniscience of my own manufacture. Having no claims social, political, or financial to make upon my fellow-countrymen, I am satisfied to serve them with food for thought rather than to denounce them for the benefit of their enemies, or to flatter them for their own undoing, that I may have their approval.

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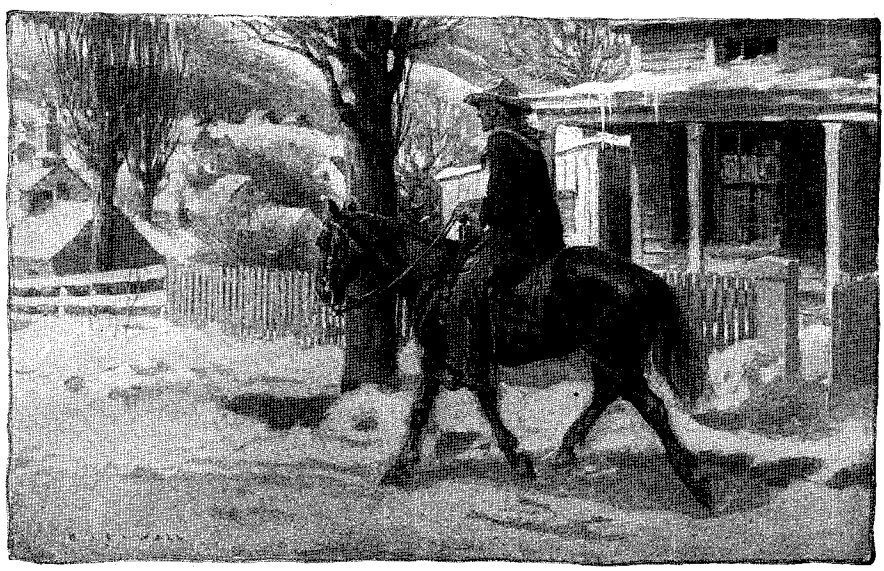

THE WESTERNER

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. WALL

JOANNA'S resentment at being sent East at the end of her freshman year in the State University was not altogether due to her disappointment at missing the very considerable gayety of that co-educational institution. A suspicion that culture and polished manners were thought to be more easily acquired near the Atlantic coast than in the Mississippi valley aroused passionately the heat of her generous local patriotism. She traversed the continent, therefore, in a high state of belligerent opposition to everything Eastern, especially to the supercilious Eastern notion that there was any difference between the two sections of the country.

No sooner was she settled in her new dormitory than she began her crusade. "You think all Western men are long-haired cowpunchers!" she cried to her room-mate, who had committed the crime of being born in Maine. "Let me tell you that they are not, but a great deal better-dressed, and more up-to-date and—and cultivated than these silly Eastern boys!"

She got small satisfaction out of the girl from Maine, who, being a hopeless grind and working for honors, spent very little time in comparing different brands of young men; but she promised herself a fine opportunity for combating narrow-minded Eastern notions in her projected visit to her cousins in Vermont. Her mother's family had come originally from the Green Mountain State and there was still left in a small village in the more mountainous part of the State quite a settlement of Perkinses and Hadleys, who, hearing that one of the Kansas branch of the family was in New England, invited her to Hillsboro' for her Christmas vacation.

She found that place a singularly remote and isolated little cluster of houses, lost in a forgotten valley of the Green Mountains and immensely far removed from any sort of main current. Her new relatives were very simple-minded, elderly village folk who certainly would not have thought of claiming for themselves either culture or polished manners, much less a monopoly of those advantages; but Joanna's nervous young hand had held the bowstring taut for

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too long a time to alter her purpose. With a noisy twanging she let fly all the arguments she had feathered and stored up for a quite different collection of people. As soon as she landed in the snow-bound little village, clinging, rather forlornly it seemed to her, to the great sloping flank of Hemlock Mountain, she began her campaign, which consisted of many-times reiterated statements that their ideas about the West were all wrong. There was no difference at all, she told them, between Vermont and Kansas except that Kansas was sophisticated and advanced and modern while Vermont was provincial, narrow, and behind the times.

"Ah, we are not like most Yankees," they told her unexpectedly. "We know about the West. A Westerner lives here and has for years—a man from Nebraska."

Joanna was stupefied. "A Westerner *live* here!" she cried. "What in the world does he do *that* for?" A plausible excuse striking her, she answered herself before her cousins could recover from the rich insult of her question, "Oh, perhaps he has business interests." Like all American girls she had been trained to understand that "business interests" formed an adequate explanation for the most bizarre actions. "No, he's not in business," they told her, "he's poor, like everybody else around here. He farms it."

Joanna was smitten into silence. Emerging from this with a long breath of utter wonder, "Well, I never heard of anything like that in my life!" she averred. "To leave Nebraska for Vermont!"

She felt very much irritated that such a *lusus naturæ* should have obtruded itself into her triumphal celebration of the superiorities of the West. His mere existence was bad enough, but as she began to hear more of him, her exasperation grew. He, too, it seemed from her cousins' talk, loved the West and, like Joanna, was much given to describing it to all who would listen; but "Why I never *heard* of such things. *Never!*" the girl cried out again and again, as his stories were repeated. She was driven from the offensive to the defensive at once by those preposterous stories of broncho-busting, cattle-brandings, Indian dances, coyote hunting, and cow-punching. It must be admitted that it was through no fault of her cousins that she felt her native region disgraced by this account of its main industries. To do them justice, they evidently admired the West immeasurably as a land of fascinating, wild, and abandoned freedom, and thought themselves very commonplace persons compared with inhabitants of that part of the country.

No attitude they could have taken would have more inflamed the fury of their Western relative. In vain she told them of expensive school-houses, "*much* better equipped and more modern than those of the East," of trolley-cars and theatres and Maeterlinck clubs and paved streets and art associations and city water-works and country clubs and brick office-buildings and smart sets only differing from those of the East in that they were "a thousand times smarter in every way." The concensus of opinion among the Perkinses and Hadleys continued to be, as far as she could determine, that she must live in a very queer section of the West, quite unlike the rest of it. She chafed fumingly under this assumption of these kindly, elderly country-folk who seemed to think of her as a little girl. It was all very different from what she had planned.

On the fourth day of her visit, as they sat at the noonday dinner-table, the noise of hoofs, beating rapidly on the hard-trodden snow, made itself audible. Her cousins looked at her and smiled, "That's the Nebraskan," they said. "He's the only person around here that goes a-horseback."

She rushed to the window and voiced the first and second wave of astonishment which overwhelmed her in two exclamations, "Why, he's *old!*" and, "What *has* he got on!" They protested, "Oh no, he's not at all old! He can't be a day over fifty-five." And, "He always dresses like that. You see for yourself. He got used to it in the West, I suppose."

Joanna returned to the table swelling with wrath. "Well, I've lived in the West all my life and I never saw anybody so rigged up outside a circus-tent!" As her astonishment and indignation grew, "He's a fake!" she broke out a little later, "I bet you my bottom dollar that man's a fake!"

Her cousins ignored her thesis and pounced on its expression with delighted exclamations, "There! That's the way *he* talks, with those picturesque expressions. That's the first really Western thing you've said."

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Joanna colored over her slip and kept her further sceptical surmises to herself.

"Here he comes back," said her great-aunt at the window, "I'm going to ask him in to meet you. You'll find him a *real* nice man. And he thinks as much of the West as you."

He proved to be a tall, lean elderly mountaineer, precisely like every one else in Hillsboro' except that he wore his gray hair long on his shoulders. His voice was nasal and he spoke with a pronounced Yankee twang. He looked at Joanna kindly, shifted his wide-brimmed sombrero with the rattle-snake band into his left hand, pulled off the deep-cuffed gauntlet glove from the other and shook hands heartily with her. "A little girl from Kansas, eh? Well, that's fine! It does my eyes good to see anybody from God's country. You must come up and see m'wife and me at our ranch. Tain't much to look at compared to the payrayra (he pronounced prairie as Joanna had heard "old settlers" in Kansas say the word), but we'd be almighty glad to see you. We Westerners ought to have quite something to talk about."

Joanna surveyed him in silence from his sombrero to his wide-fringed chaps and tinkling spurs. She made no objection to the acceptance for her of his invitation by her great-aunt. She was suppressing a great laugh. She thought to herself that she had never seen anything in her life more ridiculous than this spare old Yankee farmer tricked out in his absurd costume.

"Yes, I'll go to see him," she told herself that night, "and I bet I'll find out a thing or two about him before I get through! He can't run any bluff on *me!*" Joanna observed in her conversations with herself, none of the finicky restrictions which she put on her audible speech in this country of critical Easterners.

The vehicle in which she made the journey to the other end of the dark and narrow valley struck her, like so many other things in this much-vaunted East, as very poor and mean. It was an unpainted wooden box on runners (she had overheard some one give it the strange name of "pung") filled with straw which was supposed to keep her feet warm as she perched on a springless seat. She was so triumphantly full of her prospective exposure of her pseudo-compatriot that she let slip the opportunity to point out that if Westerners had been living there they would have had long ago a trolley-line running up the valley with warmed and lighted cars upholstered in plush. As a matter of fact, since none of of her elderly relatives ventured out on such a long drive in mid-winter, she had only a hired boy to whom to make this observation if she had thought of it; a boy so swathed in wrappings that only a pair of contemplative eyes was to be seen, a boy who preserved a penetrating silence.

It was a gray day, very cold, with occasional flurries of snow. Joanna thought that no one could dream of anything more utterly dreary than this tiny strip of frozen land, shut in by the huge, unbroken wall of sombre, cloud-veiled mountains. The few houses they passed, small, plain buildings, planned apparently with a sole aim to economy, gazing blankly at her with frost-whitened little windows, seemed, against the desolate height of the mountains on which they clung, like the veriest cabins.

The silence, the piercing cold, the gray gloom, the suffocating nearness of the mountains worked on the impressionable girl like an evil spell. She thought of the dazzling sunlight of the plains, of the spacious farm-houses, like luxurious country residences, which she knew in her own State, steam-heated, with electric lights, close by trolley-lines, surrounded by a prosperous company of huge barns and stables; and she felt her heart contract with a pitying horror of the lives that must be lived here.

By the time the horse had plodded to the end of the journey, which proved to be a small, poor old house like all the others, the girl's sensitive nerves were quivering like fiddle-strings. "Oh, how do you *stand* it here, you Easterners!" she cried as soon as her wraps were unloosened enough for speech. "I should think you would smother with those horrible great mountains shutting out all the air. I can't breathe!"

Her hostess, a small woman, mild-eyed and smiling, said with a cheerful literalness, "Oh, there's plenty of air here. That's just your imagination, I guess."

Her host, arrayed in a red shirt with a gay neckerchief around his corded old neck, said nothing. He was seated in a splint-bottomed chair with a bright tidy on the

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"It does my eyes good to see anybody from God's country."—Page 160.

back, his eyes bent on the operation of sorting beans. Close on the other side of the window where he sat rose the first slope of the foot-hill, its outcropping granite ledges within reach of his hand. The mistress of the house turned to put away the girl's wraps and paused, saying with a quaint shyness, "Would you like to come and see the house? Your aunt said she wanted you should see a real old-fashioned Vermont farm-house such as your folks come from. The boy says you can't stay very long so maybe you'd better do it now."

Joanna in an unwonted silence followed her about her tiny domain, looking at the low, slanting ceilings of the bedrooms, at the clumsy, old-fashioned "conveniences" of the kitchen, at the darkened, musty "best room," at the steep stairs, at the bare, worn boards of the floors, covered with home-woven rag rugs and bearing, in deep grooves, the impress of the many generations before the present owners, whose feet had trodden the narrow round of their daily life. She could make no comment because of the knot in her throat, and when her hostess paused again in the dining-room and remarked with a little air of pride, "It took quite a while to fix things just the way he wanted them, but *we* think we got a nice little home," Joanna found something unendurably touching in the speech.

Her host rose now and slipping on a coat said, "Now, Mother, you go git her things again. You've showed her all your belongings. And I want she should see the barn." His wife protested that young ladies have no interest in barns, but succumbed to his statement that "she'd ought to see where her grandfather come from as much as her grandmother."

It was with little enthusiasm that Joanna saw herself thus provided with the opportunity for cross-examining questions that she had come to seek. Her mood had

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quite changed. She was not so much militantly disposed to defend her home region, as heart-sick with longing for it, for its cheerful, wide-margined prosperity, for its young, thriftless, confident affluence. This barren old country, overshadowed sadly by a past as poor and pinched as its present, filled her with an outraged compassion.

Her heart swelling with this vague and painful emotion, she followed her host about the little barn, seeing but not noting the herd of three cows, the one horse who thrust a good-natured face out from his stall, the adjoining shed where a few matronly hens stood shiveringly about, lifting up first one foot and then the other to warm it in their fluffed-up feathers. There was a pause after this and she was aware that the farmer had asked her some question. She had not heard it, and, looking inquiringly at him, suddenly observed the signs of excitement in his weather-beaten face. She said, "I didn't catch what you said, please," but he answered only by a long stare. He seemed to be struggling with a great indecision which he finally cast off with a gesture of resolution, and beckoned her to follow him up the steep, ladder-like stairs. They crossed the hay-mow in silence, treading softly on the masses of short, fine, sweet-smelling grasses. Joanna noticed that a corner of this second floor was roughly partitioned off with unplaned boards to form a small room.

"It took quite a while to fix things just the way he wanted them."—Page 161.

Into this her companion introduced her, saying with a tremor in his voice, "You're the first person but me that's ever be'n here." He added, apparently as explanation, "They don't many folks from the West git back to Hillsboro' and you're the only one that *ever* got as far as this end of the valley."

Joanna looked about her uncomprehendingly. The place was like nothing she had ever seen. It was very small, a rough bunk covered with skins stretched along one side, a few tin cooking-dishes hung on the walls, and a little sheet-iron cooking-stove, oddly new and unused-looking, thrust its pipe out of a hole in the window. The walls were almost covered with pictures stuck up with pins and nails.

Their character gave her the first, faint, anticipatory glimmering of the meaning of the ugly little room. They were of all sorts, rough, line drawings cut from newspapers, colored illustrations from the magazines, but they all represented Western scenes, the sort of Western scene that Joanna was always repudiating in her description of her Kansas home—cattle-stampedes, cow-punchers, Indians, sod-houses, lines of prairie schooners making their way through sage-brush, cow-boys galloping along over vast, sunlit plains where nothing broke the per-

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"Say, it's a great country, ain't it?"—Page 164.

fect circle of the sky-line—Joanna clasped her hands! Ah, at least the horizon was right, that ample horizon encircling the friendly fertile, useful land! That was home!

"I *knew* you'd like it! I *knew* you'd understand!" cried the old farmer at the sight of her kindling eyes. His tone denoted an immense relief. Even through Joanna's impervious youth there struck the conviction that he had *not* known she would like it, that she had been in danger of striking a false note, of destroying something cherished. She turned to him and saw almost with terror that his gaunt old face was very white and that his chin trembled. "It seems so good to see somebody that can understand," he said in simple apology for his emotion.

Joanna sat down on the edge of the bunk and looked earnestly at him. Her intense hope that he would say something to give her a clew as to her attitude was fulfilled by his continuing as though he were in the middle of a story she knew quite well. "You see, my being out there such a short time—'twas only three months from start to finish—I was afraid I'd forget about it some. So as soon 's I could I fixed this up like the little shack I had out there, and I keep puttin'

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She drove away into the quick-falling, sombre winter twilight.—Page 165.

up all the pictures I can git a-hold of, so's to keep me reminded—" His nasal explanatory voice changed to the note, startling and thrilling, of a man speaking openly of a great passion. "*Say, it's a great country, ain't it?*" he said.

Joanna had never before in her girl-life heard that note, but her inexperience was no barrier to her recognition of it. She felt that she too was probably very pale.

"Seems like," went on the farmer, always with this new voice that transfigured his words, "seems like I'd *never* lived—not what you could call *live!*—but just them three months. There wan't no chance here then any more than now, but just to pick stone and pick stone and pick stone and scratch enough off'n your stone-heap to keep from starving to death. But 'twan't that so much. I'd always felt sort of cramped and cooped up here, as if there'd been folks living here so long they'd breathed up all the air. And when I went West I see what I'd been looking for. I took to it! First time I opened my eyes onto a payrayra I felt as if I'd been stone-blind till then. I remember how I breathed—how I could breathe! I knew, when you come in and said you felt smothered—when I first come back, I used to lift every one of the mountains every time I drawed a breath."

Joanna ventured a question. "How long have you been back?" she asked.

He meditated. "I'm fifty-eight, and I was twenty-three then. That makes thirty-five years. Its quite a spell, but I ain't forgot I'm a Westerner. I've tried to keep as young-minded and high-hearted as they all were out there. Its been something to try *for!*"

Thirty-five years. Joanna tried to take it in. Of the asphalt street and comfortable tree-shaded houses of her home town, there could have been no trace but a few sod-cabins on the prairies. It was almost twice her life-time. And he had spent it here.

"I had an awful good claim staked out," the farmer went on, "with a creek running right through the middle, and I was saving all the money I earned cow-punching to buy farm tools. I expect I could have made quite some money if I'd have stayed—and maybe *been* somebody."

Something about the tone with which he uttered this conjecture struck oddly on his listener's ear. It was not the accent of bitter unresignation which would have suited his words, but a sort of affectionate and unregretful reminiscence, quite different from the throbbing note of passion with which he had spoken of his love for his distant foster-fatherland.

"Why didn't you stay?" she burst out.

"Oh, I *couldn't!*" he said quickly, as though pointing out a quite apparent obstacle. "Good land! she'd have died, she was so homesick for the mountains and the old ways."

Joanna gathered that he was speaking of his wife. She recalled that faded insignifi-

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cant little woman with an effort. She had forgotten her existence. She stared at the farmer. Whatever answer she had expected, it was not that.

He took her stare apparently as a question, for he went on to explain, "She was a nice little orphan girl that the family next to me had brought along as a sort of bound girl, and she was scared to death of everything out there. That was how I happened to notice her the first time. Everybody but me had gone to a dance and she was washing dishes when a burro that somebody'd brought there that day began to hee-haw in the corral. You've heard burros all your life so 'tain't likely you can re'lize how like the devil they sound when you don't know what 'tis. Anyhow, first thing I knew, this poor little girl was hanging onto me, looking like—looking like—well, if you'd seen her you wouldn't ha' forgotten it—and begging me to kill her before they could get her. She thought 'twas Indians. It sounds funny but 'twan't funny to her. She thought everything was Indians. And she didn't have any family to look after her and take her back. She was all alone."

He drew a long breath of utter satisfaction. "I tell you *what*, its a sight of comfort to me to look at her now and think she ain't ever looked like that since. There are some things worth living to do."

Joanna was shaken with that sense, so terrible to the young, of unnecessary tragedy, of avertable loss. "Why, she'd have got used to things if she'd stayed!" she broke out.

The farmer shook his head. "She wan't that kind. She'd ha' died before she got used. Lots *did*, you know. It was the men that took to the country, *reealy*."

"Why, I love it! I love it," cried Joanna.

"Well, you were born there," said the old man reasonably. He looked away and said in an altered voice, "you see, we ain't never had any children to take her mind up. There wan't much I *could* have given her but things the way she wanted 'em."

Joanna found nothing to say.

The agitation with which he had begun the conversation had now passed into a ruminative pleasure in her company. He sat down beside her on the bunk, explaining humorously, "Them skins are wood-chuck. There don't many coyotes grow in Vermont and I had to take next best if I was to have things look the way they did in my little sod-house out there."

After this, clasping his great, gnarled, farmer's hands about his upraised knee, he talked for some time with a reminiscent gusto of things Joanna had heard much of in the speeches on the annual "Settlers' Day" at home. She could not force an attention to his rambling talk. She looked about the poor rough room like a child's make-believe play-house, and tried to think of the meaning of what she had been hearing. She was like a person who has been too near to a great explosion. There was nothing in her ears but a vast, vague reverberation, whose solemn significance she could not as yet conceive.

When the hired boy came stamping and calling into the lower part of the barn to say that they must start back, she went with him docilely. She took the cookies which her hostess gave her in a paper bag to eat on the way home, and she shook hands with her host in perfect silence. "Come again," he told her heartily; "its done us a sight of good to have you." Joanna noticed that he said nothing before his wife of the subject of his talk in the barn.

The two stood side by side in the low door, smiling and waving good-by to her as she drove away into the quick-falling, sombre winter twilight.

They asked her on her return if she hadn't found him after all quite a Westerner, and she broke into a quick storm of tears.

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NINFA

By Rennell Rodd

WHERE the steep Volscian ridge leans down
To the low Pontine shore
We found a little silent town
In which men dwell no more.
Mid-spring had strewn with lavish hands
That wilderness with flowers,
Where mirrored in her mere she stands
A wreck of broken towers,
A fortress of the border feud
In long-forgotten years,
That consecrates to solitude
Her triumphs and her tears.

Dark ivy shrouds her girdling walls
A hundred summers deep,
And stillness like a spell enthralls
Her everlasting sleep;
A sleep no jarring voices break,—
The faint sob from her stream,
The sway of rush beds in the lake
Accord with her long dream.
The marsh bird comes to hide her nest
Here in a safe retreat;
The silver nettles have possessed
Wide square and trackless street;
The arches of her palace courts
Are tapestried with vine;
Tall thistles close her battle-ports
And bar the unroofed shrine,
Where frescoed choir and moss-green nave
Are choked with bramble-rose,
And through the creviced apse a wave
Of honeysuckle flows;
Where wild valerian's crimson fires
Light altars long grown dim,
And jasmine's heavy scent inspires
The insect's drowsy hymn.

Beyond, toward the waning day,
The fens stretched rank and wide,
In all their reckless pomp of May,
To the blue Tuscan tide.

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The poppied fields were one red flare,
And banks of golden broom
Made all the languid lowland air
Oppressive with perfume.

What bandit clan of lawless days,
What brood of outcast men
Dwelt here to watch the southward ways
That cross the ill-famed fen!
What hands for good or evil wrought!
What fervent hearts grew cold!
What thinkers here untimely thought
In that grim world of old?
What stricken captives fronted fate?
What penitents cried woe?
How did they fare in love and hate
Who died here long ago?
Alike on belfry tower and keep
Impartial ivy waves,
And wheresoe'er her dead folk sleep
The poppies hide their graves.

Lo while we dream the skies turn gold,
The evening draws to end,
Dark over Ninfa's ruined hold
The purple shadows blend;
And gabled fane and fortress tower,
And lake and winding stream
Grow conscious of the passing hour,
And catch the transient gleam.
The rose flush fades from Norba's height
And Circe's cape afar;
Now Cori shows a single light
Beneath a single star.
Now myriad swarms of flitting fires
Light up the path we climb
Between dark banks of scented briars
With feet that bruise the thyme;
The heart's quick pulse is almost pain
In this tense mood of May;
And as we leave the shadowy plain
And make the mountain way,
We turn and see, where swift night falls,
The marsh land's misty breath
Wind like a shroud round those gray walls
Long dedicate to death.

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CONQUERING THE SIERRAS

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

AT the launching of a battleship some fair maid, after a trying ordeal at the costumer's, must stand becomingly on a high staging, must be photographed by the newspapers, and gracefully break a bottle of champagne tied with long ribbons. Similarly, on or just previous to the opening of a great railway to regular passenger service, some promising youth is given the distinction of being the first passenger over the line. In the present case of the new Western Pacific from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, I was the innocent and enthusiastic victim; and the fact of my being rather premature, so that the directors' car had to be replaced by a little bob-tail gasoline motor running on the rails, and the champagne was eliminated altogether, had not dampened my enthusiasm in the least.

But now, stalled at the end of all creation with the driver flat on his back under the car and the Great American Desert stretching gray and limitless as the sea with nothing but detached barren mountains floating in it—with one stick of chocolate for four healthy men and no water whatever—I began to wonder if I had not ventured on a very foolhardy undertaking. Now that I had time to think it over, I remembered where other adventurers had come to grief in just this way—automobiling into a desert, and trying to walk out again. The remaining three of us got out of the car and, none caring to look squarely at the others, each chose a different segment of the quivering horizon and stared at it. I slyly felt the chocolate-stick in my pocket to see how big it was. The driver, noticing a slight drip from the condenser, produced a greasy tin can and placed it beneath. The water was very hot and dirty, but yes, it might be well worth saving.

However, the gasoline engine is only the second most fickle and second least dependable thing known to man, and after a bit of diplomatic coaxing, she began to bark again with regularity. And as we sped along once more through the hot singing breeze I felt glad that the break-down had occurred, for, with nothing but smooth sailing, the desert might have bored me as it does through passengers from the East with last week's papers to read; but one brief moment of standing a little motionless black speck in a gray infinity, sweeping so far and so wide, had sufficed to crowd overwhelmingly upon me the haunting, almost fearful, charm of the desert. The gaunt, austere features of its old countenance, drawn as with a hard needle upon a burnished plate, made it more than just a landscape now. Each bold headland, manœuvring into position ahead of us, rose with an individual, almost personified, dignity of its own, disclosed its lean long flanks out of the quivering heat, and sank again buried in centuries of meditation. Then the changeful sage-brush—now olive-green, now deathly gray—began to spread like faded tapestries upon the hard hills; and presently out of this seemingly eternal stillness came motion—flying bands of wild horses with arching necks and flowing manes galloped up like charging cavalry, satisfied their curiosity, wheeled and galloped off again. A troop of whirlwinds followed, springing out of nothing to right and left, lifting their lithe, curving white bodies hundreds of feet in air, rushed across the levels like ghosts of Greek dances with arms uplifted and draperies whirled about them; and having run their dizzy course, dissolved again in air.

But lastly, far away under the slanting sun, arose a long ragged wall unlike the detached ranges of Nevada—the barrier wall of the Sierras. Old John Muir, who loves them better than any man, calls them the Mountains of Light. So they appeared now, a streaming cobalt ribbon along the horizon. But he also remarks, after having prowled them over for a good part of his

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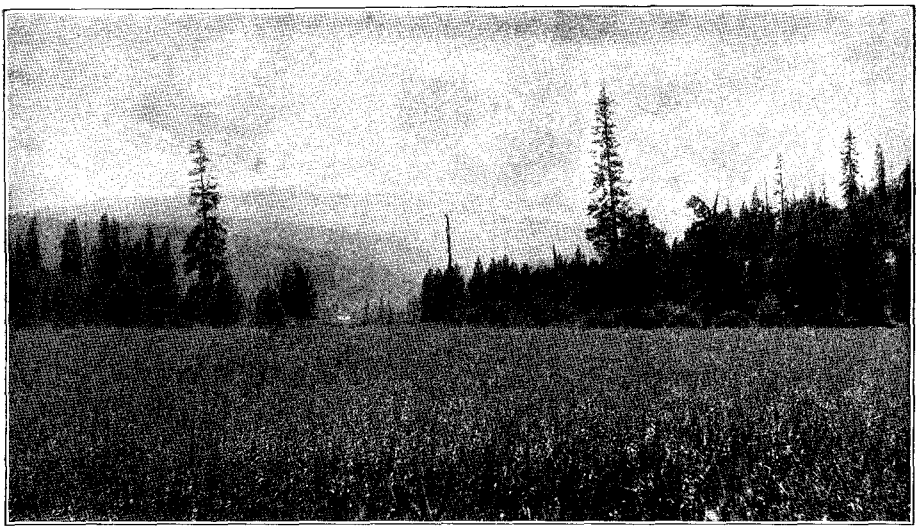

In the lap of a broad valley lay the town of Quincy.—Page 172.

life, that they are the most uninterrupted high wall of mountains in the world. Other higher peaks and clusters there are; but for an unbroken thousand-mile wall they are not to be equalled; and the old trails over them are among the highest regularly travelled highways of the world.

I knew a little of the Sierras myself—as much as one may learn by sitting astride of their giant backbone fourteen thousand feet above the sea, sliding down snow-banks at forty-five degrees, and peering over ledges into valleys five thousand feet deep. Therefore I looked long and dubiously at this approaching barrier; for, if the motor continued on its good behavior, my business was to be the first passenger to cross these mountains clear down to the sea on a one per cent grade. A one per cent grade means that instead of requiring three or even four locomotives to hoist your long lines of Pullmans over the heights, you twine in and out through a lot more scenery, and finally attain about the same elevation with a single engine, but without ever rising or falling more than one foot in a hundred, or 52.8 feet in a mile.

And now, while I still continued to doubt its possibility, we began to do it. Sweeping around the last headland, we started on a long southward flank movement up the wall of the Sierras. The desert sank beneath us and spread wider and wider, lying like an inland ocean. The sage-brush surrendered to faint green slopes. The slanting sun made state-house domes of the bare round foothills. Chill winds blew from the thinly timbered heights. Another circumstance caused us to shiver a little; for although we were presumably scheduled as an extra with certain time-table, and meeting-points with freight-trains, we had done about as we pleased, stopped for a picture here, a break-down there, until now a little black streak creeping below us on the gray desert assumed the proportions of a pursuing stock-train. It is never etiquette to stop a stock-train, but when it is loaded with five hundred bleaters which the Interstate Commerce Law declares must be unloaded, fed, and watered at a certain time, you positively must not stop it. So I continued to look apprehensively over my shoulder each time we entered a cut and to peer ahead at each curve out and over a bare brown country for all the world like the Urals. And what was that faint road-like marking paralleling us on the hillsides, heading with us for a certain bleak depression in the wall? Why, none other than the old, old Transcontinental Trail whereon prairie schooners sailed and stage-coaches raced with Indians or were halted by highwaymen.

Do you imagine it is the work of one man in one lifetime to locate a way through the Sierras? Far from it. When old Jim Beckwourth in the emigrant days trekked

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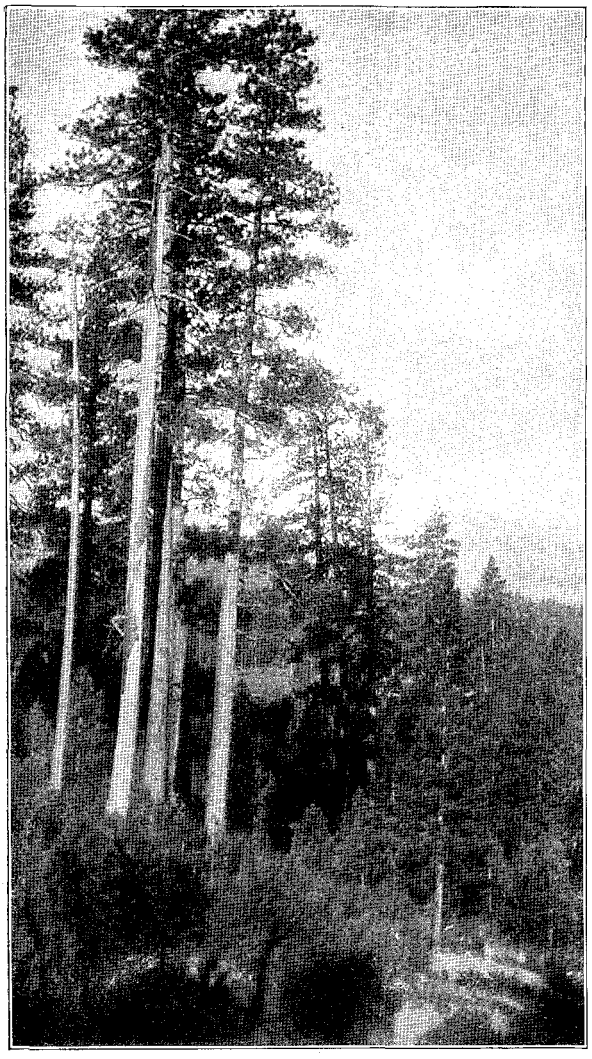

Red-barked bull pines.—Page 171.

back and forth between God's Country and the Desert he trekked through this Beckwourth Pass (though they spell it differently now) and after him came this faint road creeping over the hills; and after that came surveyors and engineers for the Central Pacific, the Union Pacific 'way back in the eighties, and the Denver and Rio Grande. But all these men met with the same obstacle:—they could very easily get up to the backbone of the Sierras, as we are doing now, but they could not get down. They all kept their eyes on the North Fork of the Feather River, as the only possible route, trudged it, measured it, and abandoned it as too steep. The secret of the Sierras was not yet to be disclosed, and Henry Clay was still incontrovertible in his assertion that the Pacific Coast never would amount to much because you couldn't get a railroad into it.

Meanwhile, thinking of these things and listening for the approach of the five hundred bleaters, we arrived at the top of the world; and casting an apprehensive glance behind and a dubious one at the driver, we lighted a flaring red torch and plunged into six thousand feet of damp, echoing tunnel. Nothing could be more remarkably different than the opposite ends of this tunnel—the east portal looking out upon the barrenness of the Urals, the west portal opening to beautiful mile-high mountain meadows fringed with purple and copper-colored walls. Safe on a siding in the midst of these, we waited, idly enjoying their rare young beauty after the gray desert, while the five hundred bleaters rumbled by and went into pasture for the night. Then, shivering in the cool dusk and blinking at the red sky, we alighted in the town of Portola, wherein I was delighted to observe that the genuine old early days in California are still going on. The metropolis of Portola is located just behind two giant bull pines "at the top of the one per cent" where the locomotives stop to get their breath. It is as innocent of lamp-posts, telephones, water-pipes, gas-jets, and paint as an Ingersoll watch, and has yet to achieve its first birthday. Four June weddings had just been chronicled in Portola; but nobody has ever died there. The climate is large and crisp, and having eaten ravenously from a rough-pine table at the clean little rough-pine restaurant, I left the bronzed division engineers who had ridden with me all day, engaged in a most intricate game of

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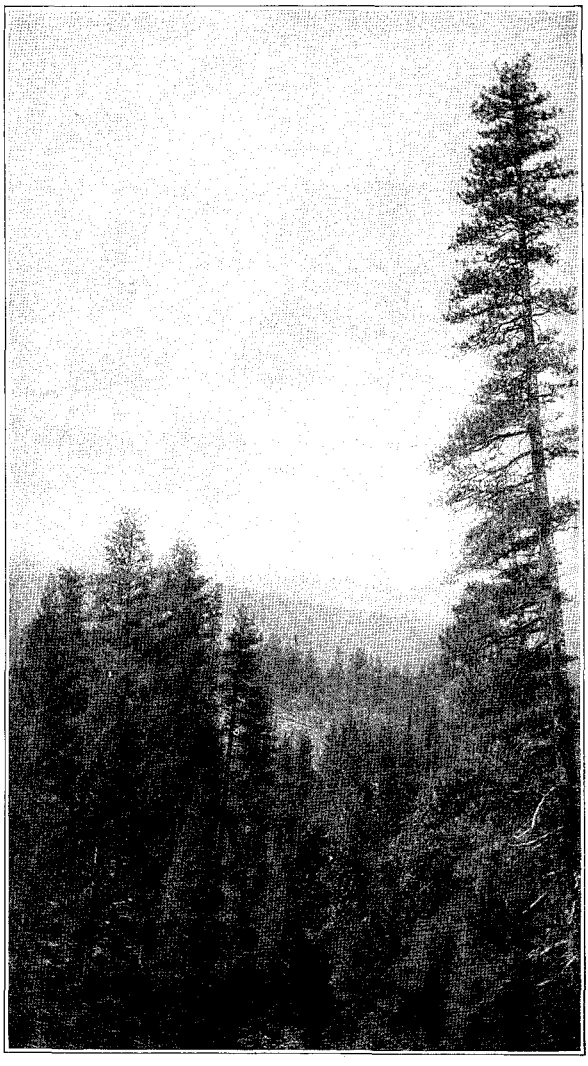
chess involving one hundred moves with one hundred gravel-cars among one dozen sidings without interfering with lambs in rapid transit—and retiring to one of the four beds in the three rooms over the barber shop which served as hotel, I pried the sash out of the window and slept a big sleep with the delicious mountain air streaming over me.

Having observed next morning that the sun was preparing to rise, I hastened to the water-barrel in the front yard and was luxuriously pouring cold water over myself when the town alarm-clock, in overalls and cap, came over from the railway station, call-book in hand, to arouse me. The June frost still lay on the ties as we tipped over the one per cent and started on our long serpentine journey down to sea-level. How indefatigably the engineers had stuck to that one per cent! In one place they dug below the bed of a stream and walled it off just to save fudging a paltry ten feet. In other places they had spent tens of thousands on high spider-legged trestles, and each time we came to one of them I said some prayers and stiffened into dentist-chair rigidity; for to ride at train speed on the solid earth in a bob-tail motor is exciting enough, but to be hurled unexpectedly a hundred feet in cold morning air with nothing but a translucent film of ties apparent below was a thing perhaps finally to discipline one's mind to expect, but never to accustom one's "innards" to. As we sailed along, now touching the earth, now flying in air, there began to appear below us a most beautiful succession of mountain meadows, each a shining little green gem set deep in the hazy blue mantle of the surrounding heights and guarded by a dense army of shaggy bull pines with trunks as thick as tall brick chimneys and bark as red, with weather-beaten limbs spreading, not upward pertly as the lesser trees do, but outward and downward as if they stood with arms outstretched saying with great dignity and sadness "Here have I stood faithfully these many centuries against the warring elements."



Overlooking a mountain meadow.—Page 170.

Presently, out of these jewel meadows sprung a young little stream gaining breadth and confidence as it ran—the Middle Fork of the Feather River—and we began to follow it. This was the same stream that all the other railroads had followed with rod and instrument only to abandon in despair, and we would finally have to

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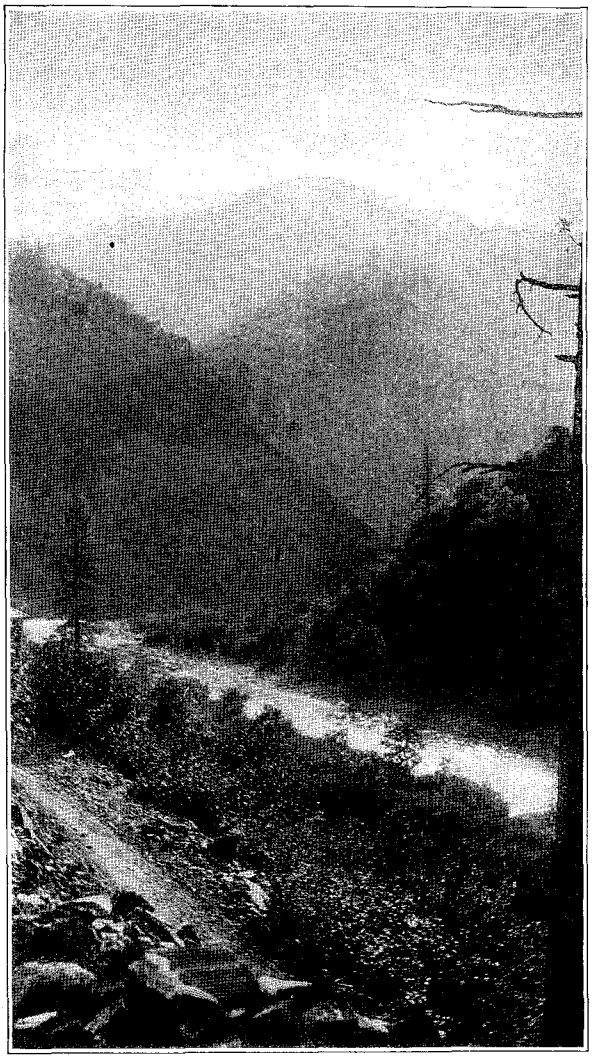

The most romantic land I had ever traversed.—Page 176.

abandon it too, for in all the length of the Sierras there is not one stream so far discovered that flows from its source down to the plains on an easy grade. Some there are like this that flow tranquilly along through high meadows only to leap into impossible chasms farther below, while others fall white and precipitously from their sources to enter the lower levels at a slackened pace. A lifetime of searching has not disclosed one well-behaved streamlet in the range. We sat drawing pictures in the sand—the bronzed division engineer and I—discussing this peculiar perverseness of geography at the very point where our abandonment of the Middle Fork was to occur—the mouth of the Spring Garden Tunnel. The newly pierced mountain lay heavily on this tunnel and the neighborhood was strewn with crushed and splintered timbers as big as a man's body. Gangs were working in it now, day and night, taking out old and putting in new; but important as this work was, I had been so many times delayed by work-trains on my journeys, I felt a fiendish delight in having the big double-deck "jumbos" pushed out of the tunnel along with their muddy gangs and smoky lanterns to let me through.

Having emerged blinking into the daylight, we next used up an entire meadow with a bold round turn for the sole purpose of gaining forty feet and passed out under our own tracks, as the St. Gothard is so fond of doing in an emergency. Another stream greeted us now, and far down in the lap of a broad valley lay the dear little town of Quincy (this is genuine affection, and at first sight, for I had never heard of Quincy any more than you). But I decided to sidetrack and run down into it even though it required that the general superintendent, roadmaster, telegraph operator, station agent, and conductor of the Quincy Western Railway (these being all the same man) should boost their one and only day-coach out of our way with their one and only locomotive and give us right of way over the entire system—which consisted of three miles of rails of the vintage of 1867 laid down on the soft green grass. For at Quincy was a real discoverer. I had met many engineers by the way, but a discoverer was something more than that and not to be passed by.

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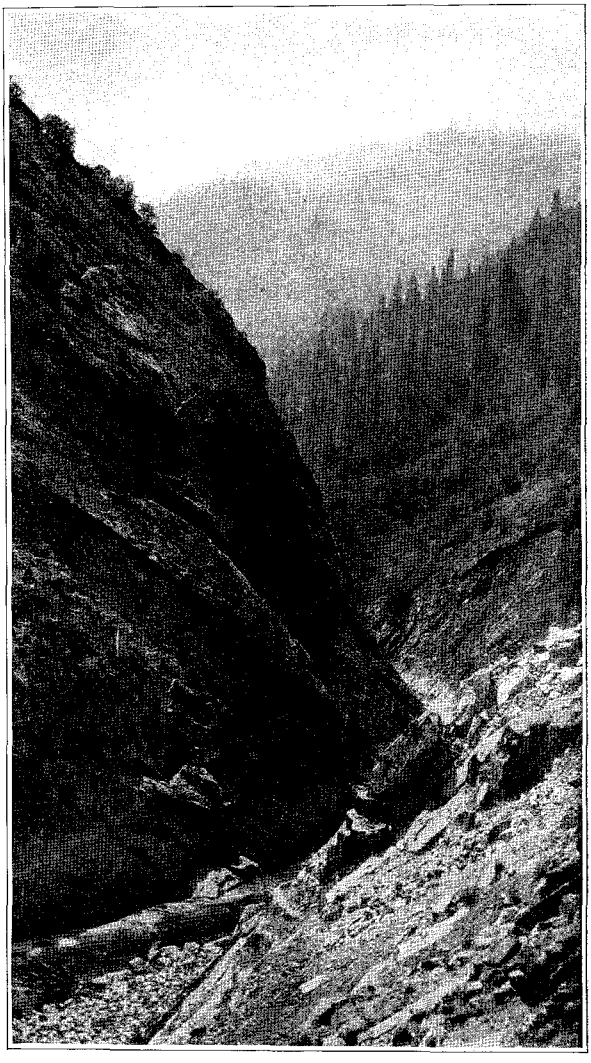

Where the river was about to pour down through the middle of the earth.—Page 176.

Quincy, as towns go in California, is an old town with a quiet, shady main street, a white Doric court-house standing in a prim green common exactly as if it had been cut out of a picture of a New England town and pasted onto a background of misty blue California forest; with an old brick stable where the stage-coaches still change horses for Reno and the great unknown exactly as they have for a generation; with, also, a cool hotel whose bar, decorated with mounted grizzly bears' heads and the quaint faded photographs of actresses long since dead, savored of the good old times. On this main street also is the office of A. W. Keddie, engineer; and when I had discovered him among his drawing-tables and wall-maps he turned out to be a tall, straight, old-fashioned Scotchman with iron-gray hair slanting defiantly upward, a keen dark eye—"Ah, but it was the nose that did it!" said I to myself as he reached out like a steam-shovel and grasped my hand. "Any one following that long, straight vulpine nose would surely arrive at something worth while." And noting a characteristic abruptness about him, I came immediately to the main point and asked him to tell me about how he discovered the way to conquer the Sierras. It was in 1864 that Keddie dropped into Quincy and, having once seen it, concluded he'd stay. In 1867 a group of people in a neighboring valley, realizing that they could never compete with the world and pay the enormous expense of freighting their goods in over the snow, engaged him to explore the Sierras for a wagon-road that should lie below the snow line.

"Here is the North Fork basin," explained Keddie, spreading his rugged hand over an entire country on the map of his own making, "and here is the Middle Fork country. The Middle Fork was well enough from here up, but from here down she's bad, very bad. That's where they lost poor Rogers and could not even recover his body. But the North Fork nobody knew about. I asked old guides. They didn't know. I hunted up old Indians and they didn't know. An old friend of mine said, 'You're daft, mon! A crow couldna fly through there!' So I resolved to explore it myself." When did a real discoverer ever take anybody's word for anything?

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Old Ironside on account of its armored and warlike appearance.—Page 176.

And to explore it he began, starting with an Indian packer, a barometer, a compass, a note-book, and a large trust in Providence; and after travelling for weeks at the discouraging rate of four miles a day he came out again to civilization and reported that, contrary to every one's supposition, the Middle Fork followed a very easy grade and could be used. But that was not all: phenomenally good fortune attended him, for, journeying as he did during the month of February, a great storm arose while he was on the way and for three days and nights he lay in camp waiting. At the end of that time came a clear quiet morning, and, rising at dawn, he beheld the whole upper mass of the mountains a glistening wilderness of snow; but the lower edge of it, clearly traced along the canyon side, ran three or four hundred feet above him, and where he stood not an unmelted flake had fallen. His delight can be better imagined than expressed. It would have been one thing to discover gold as his contemporaries were doing—gold to be quickly dug up and unwisely spent; but here was an imperishable discovery of benefit to a great region of beauty and fertility for all time to come.

So, while the railway engineers were sadly abandoning Beckwourth Pass, the knowledge that would have made the pass available was in the head and in the note-books of this keen Scotchman, but he knew nothing of them, and they knew nothing of him; so for years after, the white Sierras laughed over it and enjoyed their solitude.

But in 1892 another engineer strode into Quincy. He was engaged by a public-spirited body of San Franciscans to hunt, not for a low wagon-road, but a low-grade railway over the Sierras, and he had looked into every nook and cranny of them from San Jacinto up. His name was W. H. Kennedy, of Oregon, and when he asked Keddie what he knew about the Feather River, Keddie replied in his characteristic manner that he knew all about it and would show him. So down the North Fork they crept once more, and by the time they had come out again Kennedy had hit upon the possibility of joining all these independent explorations together by the simple but costly expedient of driving a tunnel from the upper Middle Fork to the lower North Fork and locating a 1.3 per cent grade from the desert to the sea. Such was the Spring Garden Tunnel I had traversed an hour

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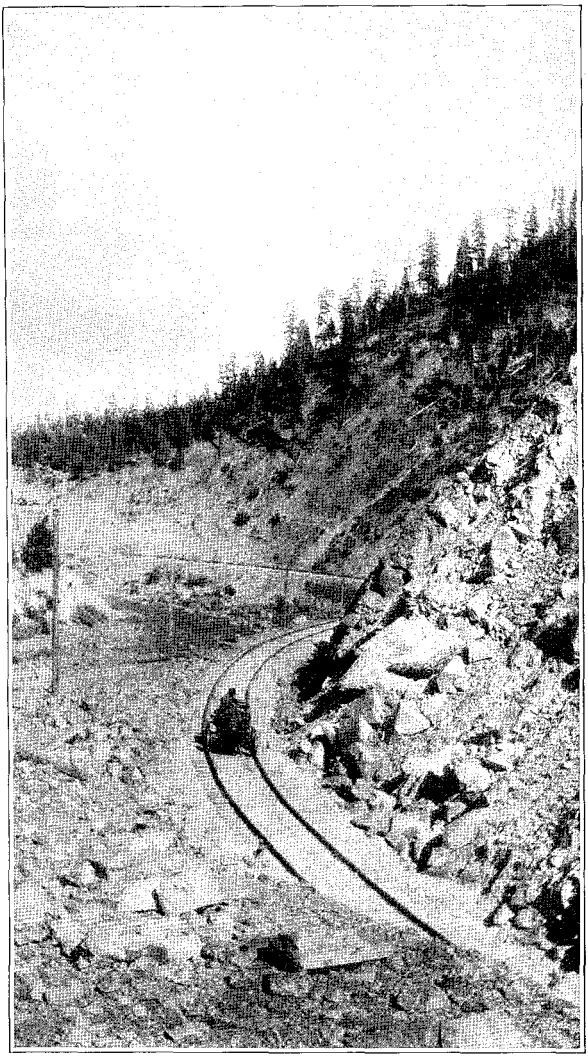
before, and such was the breaching of the Chinese Wall, the conquering of the Sierras.

I shall long remember my afternoon's ride. As we proceeded down the canyon the Sierras showed little sign of having been conquered, but rose in ever-increasing height and magnificence about us. All along the way lay upturned cars, splintered timbers, huge bits of steel formerly part of Herculean steam-shovels but now twisted and abandoned junk. Blunted steel teeth a yard long and thick as an arm lay cast about, and their long marks where they had bitten into the granite cliffs remained to indicate the Cyclopean warfare carried on by the big construction companies of Ogden, who, well seasoned to desert and the wilderness, dragged their great shovels and compressors after them over hill and down dale on a trail of their own making, to attack the mountains at many points at once.



Our bob-tail gasoline motor on the approach to Oroville.—Page 176.

I could well imagine by the quantity of powder cans, the wrecked compressors, the broken drill steel, how for these five years past the thunder of dynamite had reverberated continuously through the canyon, how the tons of granite had splintered and roared down to the foaming river beneath, how men and mules had sweated in summer, frozen in winter, and had been isolated almost to the point of starvation by the slides, only to keep resolutely on storming the heights.

Having accustomed myself to being hurled in air, I was now to grow used to racing with a swollen green river roaring with white plumes over granite; to charging down tangents laid on a narrow ledge, onto a curve, the outside rail of which was the only visible guard between me and the abyss; to plunging into tunnels —not such conventionally timbered tunnels as one usually meets, but ragged black holes blasted out of the living rock. As we entered one of these—red torch flaring, rain pelting from the roof, echoes from the motor exhaust drubbing at our ears, siren whistle screaming like a banshee—we met a band of turbanned Hindoos with black skins and shining teeth, and ear-rings in their ears. They jumped panic-stricken from their hand-car, yelling wildly, and crouched in the rock crevices with gleaming eyes. I was well aware that they were only laborers on the road; but, if ever I am called upon to furnish stage setting for an am-

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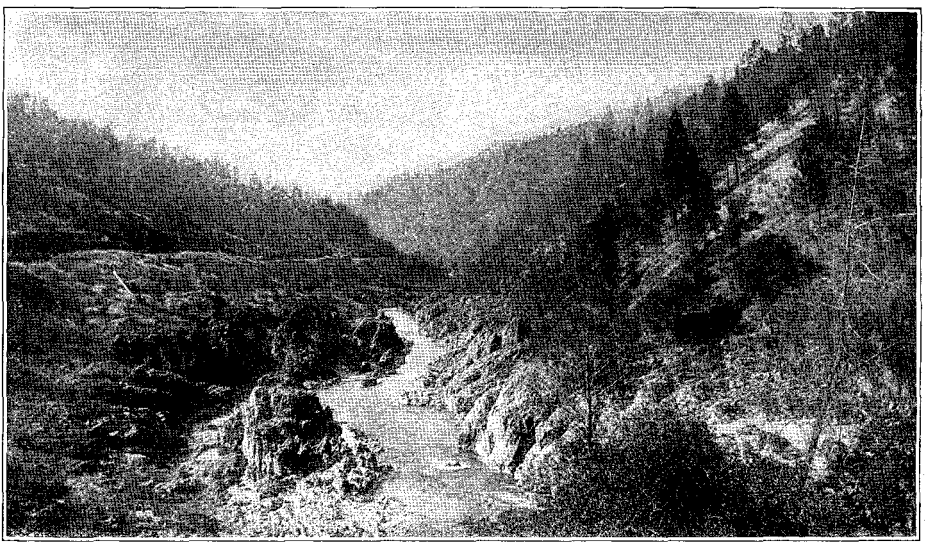

Approaching Oroville.

ateur performance of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, I know how to do it. Good brakes on the bob-tail motor prevented a collision, but I never fully regained my composure that day, for the pace grew swifter and swifter, the river whiter and whiter, the cliffs straighter and straighter. The Sierras, far from surrendering, rose thousands upon thousands of feet above me, a troop of menacing giants—gilded battlements on their heads where the afternoon sun still shone, mile-long shadows of inconceivable mistiness and depth flanking them, and at their feet caverns and darkness. Travellers who have beheld the grandeur of Rome, the beauty of Florence, yet hold that Edinburgh is the most romantic city in the world. So I, with the magnificence of the Yosemite all unforgotten, and in my mind's eye the picture of the Grand Canyon so far beyond all human comprehension, still felt that this was the most romantic land I had ever traversed. What an opportunity had the Crusaders missed! Why, the imagination of a mollusk sufficed to people it with armored knights filing down the declivities with banners waving. The spindling pine-tops were a thicket of storming lances. And there were dragons in it too—huge green roaring dragons with foaming white manes.

Many times I stopped the chugging motor, jumped, camera in hand, from the car, and, having flung out my arms as a signal to a pursuing locomotive kindly not to run over us, attempted to get one of these black-and-gold fortresses in the finder, but it was no use; that landscape had grown beyond the possibilities of amateur photography. At last, when we reached the place where I knew the river was about to pour down through a hole to the middle of the earth, leaving us balked and surrounded by the Sierras, we whipped around the base of a steep, smooth promontory and began to see possibility of escape. This was the last portal, and learning that it was nameless and in imminent danger of being called either the Devil's Slide or Lovers' Leap, I took the liberty of christening it Old Ironsides, on account of its armored and warlike appearance.

It was night when we chugged into the busy town of Oroville—Oroville of the roaring mining days that Bret Harte knew. But now how different! Instead of the throng of mining men with pick and pan, organized capital, with a troop of sixty dredgers, each in its own little duck-pond, digs up the landscape, washes the gold out of it, and piles it in barren heaps to be sold for crushed stone or railway ballast or levelled off for town lots; and instead of striding in, booted and pistolled, to merrily shoot up the town, we now arrive on swift interurban trolleys; and with well-groomed whiskers or fluffy dimity, as the case may be, we seek the nickel picture-shows and enjoy

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grand opera from a tin horn. The only member of the community who has not changed is the conservative, gold-digging, frugal-living heathen Chinee, who for ways that are dark and tricks that are queer appears to be as peculiar as in the days when he was sung by California's youthful bard.

Sunrise on the third day found us speeding southward along a strangely straight and level track, with the mountains lying low and misty under the pale sky. They looked as solid and impenetrable as ever; but I smiled almost exultantly at the thought that they were no longer so. Attacked in the early day by an old negro guide upon the east, stalked by a long-legged adventure-seeking Scotch Don Quixote with an Indian Sancho Panza on the west, and pierced in the middle by the man of science, it remained only for the present-day builders to change old locations here and there, to throw in a loop or two and lengthen the tunnels, to tame them down to one per cent; so that in the year 1910 an idle passenger with a puny six-horse motor and no effort at all might run the whole gamut from desert to sea-coast, from snowy crag to broad plain. This broad plain continued the entire day, smiling a fertile yellow smile of cultivated fields or checkerboarded with orchards, presided over by a tall State capitol dome showing blue and faint in the distance like Pisa from afar, and divided in the middle by the muddy Sacramento.

Toward evening, wrapping blankets about our heads to escape the flying gravel and clinging to our seats, we climbed over the low Coast Range hills against a tearing gale from the sea, and ran down to the wide salt marshes on the other side. Night overtook us as we clattered past a lot of switches and came to the last of our wonderful and various journey at the end of a long pier. Across a broad stretch of turbulent black water a fine glistening dew of electric lights lay upon the opposite shore, marking the site of a happy-go-lucky city named after a jolly old saint, erstwhile paradise of muckrakers, but now, rising tall and phœnix-like from the ashes of her former self, looking with courage toward a brighter future, with a world-famous harbor at her feet, and behind her—if she but rises to the occasion—all that alluring wealth-laden old continent that Columbus set out for but never found.

IN A LIBRARY

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Dim bindings, gray with shadows which the years
Have slowly drawn across your penciled gold—
Dear pages, now a little worn and old
With dust and sunlight, and perhaps with tears
That may have fallen as the joys and fears
Of living hearts beheld your hearts unfold,—
O magic hearts whose fire is never cold,
Immortal with the passion of your seers!—

A little wistfully I come to where,
Amid the shadows of your treasured place,
You stand removed, in solemn quiet row. . . .
Almost I seem a shadow, whom the air
Drifts to you,—whom some twilight will efface,
Looking back sadly on you as I go.

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THE TEACHING OF ART

By John La Farge

THE usual habit of mind of the artist leads him into manners of consideration which are less direct than those of some other professions. It is a very true instinct which has made Mr. Whistler, the American painter in England, use the butterfly as his signature. It is not that the butterfly's flight is really wayward and capricious, but that his mode of search is not conducted on the same lines as ours. I am not apologizing, but merely stating this tendency of the average artistic thinking. Naturally, also, the man who has done things in which his personality largely enters, and who knows how inadequate is all effort that is guided by an ideal, that man will be timid in deciding to express himself otherwise than through his accustomed forms. He will have believed and followed out certain principles, and the more he respects these principles and ideas, the more unwilling he must be to have his personal equation, his own shortcomings, become confused with the principles which have guided him. That is the only objection which I can see to the artists' talking much about art, and it is often the reason for their wise silence upon the subject. If this scruple is well understood by those to whom he speaks—if his attempt to disengage ideas from the contradictions of practice is felt by those addressed, the artist, I hope, can safely trust to his hearers.

While detained by such considerations, I happened to read some statements of Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall in a number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, which treated of the teaching of art in universities. On that theme, I have woven the expression of certain contemplations affected more or less by former ideas which had at first presented themselves. I asked myself, if, after all, such a storehouse of intellectual thought as a university must be, would not be the best sounding-board, if I may so say, for the assertion and diffusion of reasonable appeals to higher thought and higher practice in art.

We are impressed to-day by the enormous power of commerce. We see unfolded on a larger scale the necessities of trade and the principles that govern it. For the first time since the date of the Roman Empire, we see all known nations affected by these exigencies, and that, to their knowledge. For, of course, these laws must always have existed, and have been the basis of much of the history of the world, but at no time has this been so clear, and at no time before could such questions have been openly considered before an entire world.

Now, then, as far as is possible in human affairs, the opposite energies to those of trade are the pursuits of truth by Science and by Art. These are both disinterested and not momentary. The university is a stable support for these balancing desires of man. Here the contemplation of the past may be reasonably and rightly of more importance than any management of the present. Here experiences can be stored up, which will affect the future only. Here the one can hold out against the many, and that without entanglement and without friction. So that what there may be of persistent law can be kept alive and serve for outside guidance. The enthusiasm for what is apparently useless, will feed the practical usefulness of the outside world. The very fact that this tree of knowledge grows apart, and so grows that it cannot be directly made use of—cannot be cut down for common purposes of trade—may allow it to grow in such liberty, in such health, as to afford shelter to those who need shade and protection from the outside world. Its apparent uselessness is its real virtue. I use the words "usefulness" and "uselessness" in a momentary manner, because there must come a time when they are interchangeable, and what has been abstract study or contemplation or accumulation of forgotten fact, often accompanied by an attitude of mind too lofty for the moment, becomes the source of the power for all usefulness. The breadth of mind fostered by the study of opposites, when well directed,

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allows the use of partial truths for their proper place, which is the moment, and the occasion. So that the study of past art, the appreciation of what has been best, has helped the momentary development of the artist in what seemed new lines. Never, perhaps, has the admiration of the past been more intense than during that individual flowering, which we call the Renaissance. The flowering of Greek art was attended by continual inquiries as to the limits of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

Remember Socrates, remember Euripides. With the latter, a previous training in pictorial art might easily pass into the free and open handling of the great problems of life: his "modernity," as it is called, is entangled with pictorial feeling, and that lyric quality so distinct in the Greek poets is a manner of representing sentiment and feeling by images, the nearest of all artistic expression, the expression of painting, which uses things for thoughts.

I can imagine that I recognize the distinctive artistic habit and training in the platonic Socrates. In the use of images of daily life for semi-arguments, in the appeal to description as a method of enforcing or rather instigating reasoning, and, finally, in that marvellous use of irony, which is especially the position natural to the artist—that is to say, a form of balance and of measure, and not carrying things into extremities, which is also a type of the Greek mind, and its glory. That is to say, the constant view of a possible other side so presented as to oblige one to choose by one's own decision.

Surely, we can see that in such cases the abstract contemplation of art has not apparently limited its free play. There is, on the contrary, something in all Greek work, which even in the poorer examples testifies to a higher culture above the maker. More probably intellectual struggle and philosophical contemplation served as a helping of the higher ideas of art against the very commercial development of Greek civilization. And so, perhaps, with Mr. Marshall, one might be tempted to place in learned institutions disconnected with the forms of trade, a certain power of keeping up tradition. And, by tradition, I do not mean the tradition of practice—that might or might not be—but the tradition of what is known and can be known. There is enough of science, enough of history, necessary to the serious teaching of art, necessary to its practice—to supply certainly a form of education. And it is not only for the practitioner that such accumulation of knowledge would be valuable; the public to be appealed to by the practitioner would, in its best examples, have been informed by such a training. The history of art might form as good a historical training as any other history, and could not be pursued without such an acquaintance with the developments of human thought as would amount to a certain study of philosophy.

Roughly, let us instance the fact that the developments of architecture in France, as we call the land to-day, are dependent upon the divisions of former times and their slow delivery from outside influences and gradual but not complete agglutination.

I am thus thinking, apparently, as Mr. Marshall has thought, of a university teaching as being quite different from the school teaching of such great institutions as the French Schools for Art. These are Government concerns which train their pupils for usefulness, and especially usefulness for the Government; prizes, medals, etc., give even civil exemptions, as the second-class medal shortens military service; hence, contradictory studies cannot coexist there. The student is not presented with views that might make him choose some other path than the one ordained for him. The scientific studies in art, which might weaken his belief in certain rules, are more or less neglected. Those studies which will hold him in the narrow and straight path, are strongly encouraged. Now this I take to be the opposite of the contradictory pursuits which a university could encourage; and in so far, the university could give the highest teaching possible, apart from that great teaching, the influence of persons. Such a teaching as this latter might or might not coexist with the contradictory teachings of a university. Of course for the arrival on the stage of certain individuals who are to give their stamp to already known thought, no university can provide. No one has ever sowed the seed of genius. But no teaching either, has ever broken the force of that power of the individual, which we know as genius. Though a great number of the greater minds in art as well as in science and literature have not had the full

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academic training of some of their inferiors, can we in any way suppose that they would have refused it, since they have laboriously replaced whatever want of training they felt in themselves?

We know the enormous influence of Leonardo throughout Italy, and how he might be said to be a university in himself. The anxiety to know, the last interest that remains of human interests, according to Virgil, so devoured Leonardo that his production as a painter exists more largely in the works of other men than in his own. The persistence of his mind through the Italian artists is like the persistence of his thought in the great painting of "The Last Supper," which carries its meaning to us though most of it no longer exists. But we have built it up out of tradition, out of copies and descriptions and analogy. The different minds affected by Leonardo received these impressions and these teachings according to their natural bent, and perhaps have remained as original as they could have been without the greater mind inciting them. Surely we can see how full of life the study of art, in connection with the entire reach of science, has proved to be with these men.

Take another illustrious name, that of Michael Angelo, we can see how rich the supply of thought and of study must have been with which he fed what we know of him, the plastic representation of the human form divine. Traditionally, we know of him, as of the other, that they were earnest and early workers in the study of that necessary anatomy which was to give them the power of expression.

No, all that can be supplied is knowledge and a chance for using it. And with that knowledge, the noblest of all the gifts of the great institutions of learning is a certain fostering of elevation of mind. It is not so much by what he knows that the man brought under the trainings of the great academies is marked; it is by his acquaintance with the size of knowledge; with, if I may say so, the impossibility of completing its full circle; with the acquaintance of the manners of enlarging his own boundaries; with the respect of other knowledge than his own; with a certain relative humility, as compared with the narrower pride of him who knows not the size of the spaces of the world of knowledge. And such an attitude of mind; such an exaltation above petty prides; such a belief in something larger than one's self; such an openness to the world, is the privilege of a full artistic development. The true artist is a man of culture insomuch as he is an artist; he is a personification of culture, even if he be a peasant like Giotto and like Millet.

Here, in fact, the peasant—that is, the peasant of certain lands—may be more capable of great culture than the little bourgeois above him who is already the result of some narrow form of civilization, and whose ideas are already secondary and not based on the simplest of human experiences.

Moreover, whether we wish it or not, we shall be obliged to know more of the ways of thinking of other nations, as the whole world becomes more and more a single nation, divided by varying traditions and habits. In art, it will be impossible to avoid the influence of the further East. China and Japan, for instance, will have a great deal to say to us. We shall not be able to shut them out from the knowledge of our artists. As travel becomes more and more extended, more and more habitual to both rich and poor, as the photograph brings any fact from anywhere to us, we shall not be able to train our young minds in the only belief and faith of the *Orders*. Whatever we especially believe in or think best, we shall have to defend with a full knowledge of the other side. Therefore, we shall have to appeal to principles, to the development of history. And this previous "vaccination" will prevent the students, will prevent the younger minds from the influence of fashion, which is another form of commerce. There will be nothing any more strange and queer and quaint which can be copied and imitated, as unknown, and made a transient fad. The copy will have to be a copy of the qualities, not of the programme. All the more reason for hastening that day, as an acquaintance with the real things places the cheap imitations where they belong, not as anything wicked, not as anything immoral—but as something cheap, meaning something whose essence is mean. One of the great causes of much of modern mediocrity in art has been this sudden invasion of novelty. Today there is no time to perfect the theory of any new special mode of art by bringing it into high forms of practice before

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another is presented. A distinguished English architect said to me: "After 1851, the year of the great Exposition, which brought samples of all kinds of architectural features from various parts of the world, it was impossible to get in London a decent classical moulding of the average kind." It was easier to make new designs, based on new patterns, whose incorrectness would be covered by their novelty. While, as long as only a few models were before the workman artist, his only chance of excellence was in the greater *refinement* of his work; that is to say, and it is worth noticing, in the more accurate pursuit of the *ideal* of *that* pattern or form. When forms and modes of arrangement and types of beauty are well apprehended in principle, then *only* comes the triumph of execution. So that it is the very fact of the apprehension of the ideal which allows the practical to triumph.

For example, let us say that we shall take an ornamented Greek moulding of which a small fragment may remain; such a fragment as some detail of the Pandrosiom. The teaching that would be given by the university, removed from all desire of practice, would be the nearest to that given in the actual Greek work-shop where the moulding was made. And I regret to say that it would necessarily be contradictory to the usual teaching in the schools and museums; and to the usual practice of the architect. To go on and explain this anomaly by insistence, I have actually seen, in a museum, such a fragment cast and *repeated* as if to show merely what the pattern was, from which the workman had worked, and produced something of his own; for, of course, the workman being a Greek, and anyhow an artist, his pattern was simply a pattern, not more scared than a round or a square or a general direction, and it was in the make, in the actual feeling for the special curves, for the special lights and darks produced by these curves, that the beauty of the Greek ornament, the superiority of the Greek workman have left behind even the best, if there be any best, of similar modern work. Have I made this understood? Commercially, fashionably, it would be foolish to do this particular ornament all fresh and new created as if never done by man before. But intellectually and artistically, the only excuse for a pattern of ornament is to give a chance to the person who makes it, or rather works *from* it, to express himself; that is to say, to express his appreciation of, and delight in, the *ideal* of that pattern. As when the Japanese artist draws a twig, a branch—the pattern of that branch he knows, the pattern of that willow, the pattern of that oak—but, as he says, when you draw a branch, you must feel as though you were that branch yourself. That cannot be taught in the ordinary teaching. It can only be taught from the two extremes: from one hand to the other of the artisan teacher and the artisan pupil, or from the thinking man who expounds it in the higher teachings regardless of usefulness. And what I say is so simple that minds accustomed to thought will hardly realize that in the practise of modern art such a statement would appear as novel as once did the explanations of Copernicus.

By "ideal," therefore, I do not mean a certain difference of pattern. I do not mean a particular pattern or what is called a "standard" carefully chosen out. Of course, in commerce, the handsome young man with the red hair, who spells art with a big A, is sure to say, "Oh, yes, madam, the ideal is this. Our No. 327," and he reaches it down from the shelf. No, I don't mean that. The ideal of that pattern must vary according to the race who carried it out, and the place and end it was for. It is no longer on the Pandrosiom as on the Parthenon—nor is it the same in Sicily, nor again in Asiatic Greece, nor again in Buddhistic India, nor in further Japan. According to each mode of thought and civilization must it be different. It must vary according to the light, and according to the height, and according to whether it is to cut in or break more or less, to stop or to correct, to soothe, to sparkle, to distinguish or to pass over. It will be made to increase the effect of horizontal, or of perpendicular. The *pattern* will be the same, the *thing* will be different. So that the Greek could go on and copy that pattern over and over again, and make it perpetually new indefinitely for centuries. Yes, and though in white marble or in gray stone, it had more light and shade and more color than a whole French *salon*, and more artistic expression than a mass of sentimental modern English paintings put together. Try!

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Look at it when you are tired of having been through a modern show. It has carried the soul of some individual to you as well as the taste of his race; it is as if you heard the voice of the singer with the music that he followed.

But one may say, we have not got the men who are men enough to do this. Yes, we have; I can think of a dozen of them. Could not Mr. Saint Gaudens, Mr. Adams, Mr. French cut a good moulding? But remember that we do not *ask* for the expression of an ideal in our modern art. We *ask* for the *careful copying of a pattern*. So that millions of dollars are spent on ornamentation upon which hundreds of thousands of men are employed; all of which together are not worth a square inch of the good old work which reproduced carelessly sometimes, loosely perhaps, but reproduced an ideal. This goes so far that even the *casting* made by a Greek or a Japanese has more feeling than the original handwork of many of us moderns. That is to say again, that they followed not the accuracy of the *pattern*, but the accuracy of the *ideal*. If this idea has more or less deserted the teaching of modern art, on account of commerce, why should it not find a place in the university? There are no objections to it there. There are no economic reasons why the ideal must *not* be sought for, there are no reasons in the university for being on time with the fashion or keeping up with the patterns that fashion places before us. In fact, the fashionable would be as ridiculous in the university as to be out of the fashion must be to the passing world that moves for the day only. Therefore, the art that stays would naturally belong to the teaching of the university; that is to say, as long as it confined itself to ideals and not to patterns.

For patterns again, are just as much the disease of the more ambitious expressions of art, as they are injurious to such modest divisions of artistic work (as we have been thinking of) when *they* were imitated, and not the ideal they, the patterns, were invented to express. Take, for instance, the choice of the types of human form necessary, apparently, in the history of religious art. As the type, that is to say, the pattern, becomes more distinct, we are warned in some way or other that the intention, that is to say, the ideal, has departed. The ends of the different great schools, tail each time into such examples. You can recall the persistent simper of the last Gothic prettiness—the wooden classicality of the late Italians, the blowziness of the great Flemish deities and saints. And to-day in the decorative work liked in commercial England, and hence fashionable with us, the feminine types looked at with the eye of experienced life, recall the ladies so much admired by the sensuous gentlemen who inaugurated what has been called the "fleshly school" of art and literature; the great eye and gross jaw and the heavy voluptuous lips dear to the painters who began with Mr. Maddox-Brown and ended with Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The dear ladies of modern English church work keep to this general moral view, remaining when most innocent, nice golf adepts, sometimes healthy, and when attenuated, more affected by amorous passion than ascetic life. So that the professional beauty and the ladies of the music halls are typified, and used as the pattern for Blessed Mary and Elizabeth. Do not misunderstand me, it is not the using of these persons themselves in representations that I object to, even if they be nasty (which I am far from saying), because in them the divine soul can be followed. It is the working out of their pattern and their type. In the old work, far back, the artists also used the people around them. But somehow or other, they seem to have been usually impressed with a notion that out of those persons they must draw the possibilities, the highest human graces which could be lifted and informed by divine grace. According to the persons whom they had about them and whose type or pattern they had to adopt, they sought out in these various human compounds what they could give that was beautiful spiritually. According to the type or pattern, it might be more or less one kind of thing. It might be dignity, steadfastness, innocence, purity, tenderness, kindness, mercy, devotion. But it was not the *pattern*. It was a thing the pattern could help one to. So, there are big eyes and little eyes, and long noses and short noses, and thin faces and full faces, red hair, black hair, and brown hair, and paleness or color, and strength or weakness; in each and all of these things, the artist looked underneath for what there

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might be, and did not allow the contradiction of the pattern to crush out these ideals within. You will see, therefore, that this is absolutely in contradiction to what is called "fashion," and it represents the pursuit of the ideal through all the momentary changes which fashion may like or not like.

And so, not trusting to the ideal, our age has been afflicted with the belief in the patterns that men call "a style." It has sought for dignity, for monumental splendor, for what has been called "religious expression," now in pattern of the "Gothic," now in pattern of the "round arch," now in the horizontals and perpendiculars of the "classics." Forgetful of the ideal which exists in all of them, forgetful of the special ideals which exist in each one of them, we have again trusted to sets of patterns. In the prevalence of these patterns was to be found the thing that would save one. Within no very distant memory most of us have gone through this experience—and is it not time that we should be taught thereby? Certainly, the proper teaching of a university (necessarily contradictory to any one single development, because the study of history serves as a balance wheel)—certainly the teaching of a university could free us in the future by preventing our being surprised at the excellency of new patterns. They could all be classified and their motives explained, their technique separated from their intention, and be admired for the good contained in them. I was saying that our own personal experience covers these changes of the fashion pattern in art. Nearly fifty years ago I was introduced to the reading of Ruskin, and the merits of the pointed styles. My mentor was an English clergyman steeped in the Oxford movement, and he directed me to the study of art from a point of view of admiration for mediæval thought and a belief that therein was detained (I mean within certain patterns was detained) the living germ of religious art. You will see that I did not come from art to the church, but from the church to art. I lived long enough in a few years to realize that however necessary to understanding the history of art in the West such sympathies might be, they still narrowed the field of the application of man's yearning for expression as connected with religion—I mean, if these patterns that we admired so much were supposed to give all possible chance for religious sympathies and likings. Still, I never felt it necessary to abandon the thread of general intention that guided us, the teacher and the admiring pupil, in those early days of boyish enthusiasm. It is the time of life that delights in exaggeration, and perhaps it should be supplied with occasional overstatements and with opportunities for letting the heart take a great share in the discussion of intellectual matters. Youth is beautiful, and the longer it can last the better for the man himself, even if the older man growing up within him realizes that he has responsibilities in thought which change the boundaries about which the youthful mind played freely. Even my good friends in Japan, my Buddhists, who told me also what to think about art as connected with religion, never really disturbed these first likings, though they helped me to change the form of my judgment. The ordinary world during this last half-century, came to see that religious art had existed before the flowering of mediævalism. Again, I have been the witness of theories limiting the best expression of religious art to moments preceding the great Christian life of what used to be called the Dark Ages. In France, for instance, the architect, the decorator of churches, abandoning the "Gothic," went back to the "Romanesque" patterns. The "round arch" began to have a sanctity similar to that which my first friend saw in the pattern of the pointed arch—a mystic meaning, a perfection of religious expression as complete and more easily apprehended than that of pointed architecture. Perhaps to-day they may be going back as far as the forms of Byzantine civilization, which precedes and properly includes the beginnings of the Romanesque. Then it will be considered that the patterns belonging to these first established churches of Christianity show that external policy and too rapid crystallization of thought deteriorated the simplicity of early Christian art. And as early Christian art used the pagan symbols, which it found ready to its hand, I should not be surprised if it were asserted that within these pagan symbols we might find enough to touch us with the association of the very beginning of the preaching of the New Light. You will see that we have gone back a far

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way from the ecclesiasticism of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as we follow out the patterns that I sketch roughly. It might be interesting in connection with what I have just said of a vital principle and ideal filling with life a pattern apparently antagonistic, to see what has happened in the monuments of a great religion—a religion which has curious analogies to Christianity, however different its theological theory may be. I refer to the singular late discoveries which show that Greek forms are the first under which are depicted the doctrine and the life of Buddha, Sakyamuni. A form was necessary, and the Greek patterns, antagonistic as their origin might be, were ready to hand. Hence, the Buddha, draped like a Greek god, with ornaments and architectural details borrowed from a religion essentially different in its manifestations; so that the most joyous and clearest and narrowest of artistic expressions was used for the most abstruse, pessimistic, and least joyous of all manners of religion. From that origin, these patterns of representation and of form have persisted in the East and are continued yet in the Buddhistic art of Japan, the only country, with China, in which Buddhism has flourished to this day in free intercourse with human life. In the evolution of art as "hand-maid of religion" under Buddhistic ecclesiasticism, as for example, in Thibetan art, we see the gradual formalizing which separates art from life. Little by little, formulas are established and patterns approved of by the clergy, which are less and less sympathetic to the layman and gradually not understood by him, however full of meaning they really are. The images of the gods, so-called, or more correctly, of the attributes of the divinity as they come from the Thibetan work-shop or have been derived from Mongol influence, seem to us horrible, disagreeable, monstrous, and heartless; and they are so; that is to say, they are *pure patterns* apart from human life, they are records in plastic art of an attempt at representing pure thought. The Eastern holy man who makes them or worships them, as we call it, is fully satisfied with these queer and complicated assemblages of forms, each detail of which establishes some theological statement. He has attained further than we have—in the dissociation of art from its natural birthplace and home: the Heart of Man, and is obliged to continue without change or progress, because the human element of sympathy has been eliminated by the *pure worship of the pattern.*

We might see, then, that the consideration of such a detail as an ornamental pattern would involve so many issues as to touch all the special deposits of knowledge; in short, to be a little epitome of a university training. It might be hoped that just within the university such disinterested study could be carried out, because it would have no commercial end, and be merely valuable for the development of the mind. And I take it that the training of universities is not to prepare merely for some special function in the world, but to allow the mind to understand what these functions are. I could see no harm if the enthusiastic youthful minds discovered that the practise of the plastic arts was not the pursuit that a great many of them were meant for. In every case, however, both for those who practised, and for those who did not, a larger human development would be possible—would be natural. The work of art which is final in itself and disinterested is not only a collection of signs which indicate the psychology of its maker; the work of art is a collection of signs which shall reveal the soul of its admirers, to themselves certainly—and later, in a mode of history, to us who can thus partake in the past without being entangled in all its notions. Our own notions, which belong to our own time, can be purified and exalted by this contact. The teaching of the classics in all nations which have classics, has continued on that account. I have lightly touched upon the possible development of a study of architecture, and, consequently, of decoration, which should be freed from daily necessity, from obligations of economy, from the yoke of administrative use that crushes, for instance, the so-called French School, which would prevent the narrower mind from its habit of dictation, and at the same time would strengthen the man born for greater things, by assuring him that the voice of the spirit which he hears within him is the same voice that has spoken to the Fathers. You will consider all that I am saying as a mere meditation, not an attempt at the orderly proving of some proposition. It would be

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for minds more competent to judge of systems, to lay out the possible geography which I dream of. But it is singular that in all the departments of art we still need larger teaching. Take, for instance, a form of art which has interested me personally, and of which there are eminent representatives, already in universities, engaged in the very work of preparing the young mind to understand the possible development of painting. It was brought to me but a few months ago that we still had no codified history of painting. A Japanese gentleman wrote to me in the name of the head of an Imperial School of Art, asking me in what work I would find an explanation of the European art of painting. And I had to tell him that there was no such work; that, perhaps, after all, it would have to be written by a Japanese. I explained that we were entangled, practically as artists, in many conflicting traditions for which a general solution had not been formulated.

That, in the first place, as he knew, European art had at a certain moment actually undertaken scientific study as necessary to its own development; that one of its great leaders had abandoned art for a scientific view of the world. I meant Leonardo. That many of the early students of anatomy were among the artists. That our art of painting had involved gradually the use of everything that the sight could employ—things which the Japanese had done without. That modern art, for instance, was now entangled with scientific studies of light and color, the laws which of course must have always been at the basis of all painting. We had, I told him, no adequate account of these developments. I told him that for each transition in our art of painting there had been necessarily special technical developments, even down to the different uses of paints, of canvases or surfaces to paint on, or brushes to paint with, and that from his own special Japanese knowledge he would know that an appreciation of these details was inseparable from the results. We had, it is true, certain historic accounts of the use of pigments and materials, but that they were especially unknown to painters; and also, that these accounts were in the form of chronicles—if one might say so—and not based on any general theory of the necessities implied in each case. We had, as they had in Japan, histories of certain painters, and that of late (as in Japan) attention was being paid to the methods of certain painters, so that the manner of their expression by the use of their hands and the use of their materials was being classified. But that only a very little had been done this way. Also, that we were only beginning now to connect the artist with his surroundings in the accounts of him; and also that we were very slowly recognizing the opposite side; that is, the intimate personality of each prominent artist, which had determined, after all, the particular appeal to our soul made by each one. That some of the most illustrious were only beginning to be understood; that the most famous of all, Michael Angelo, was only just beginning to be disentangled from the use made of him; that the next greatest one, Rembrandt, was also merely beginning to be understood; that so little were the necessities of art understood, that only a little while ago I had seen remarked in the catalogue of the great Rembrandt show in London, that he, Rembrandt, had made special use in his pictures of the people who surrounded him, and even, strange to say, had used his own portrait; and this as if it were some special personal trait and not the history of every artist in all countries and all times. That, therefore, there was no general history of the development of painting as caused by the necessities of the time, the use of materials, and the mental and physical make-up of the artist. Therefore, I urged him to incite some Japanese to do such a thing: all the more that they were disinterested and had not to undertake the defence or the praise of anything, because of outside reasons. I said to him, also, that the appreciation of *quality*, which was the great factor in the artistic criticism of Japan, had become less and less important to us, and that even we cared little for the lasting of our work, and more yet, that in decorative work the commercial spirit had so taken hold of us, that we prepared it so that it might not last long. I told him how regardless architects were of the quality of materials used, and that few, if any, would prefer a wall painted by Titian to a wall painted by any commercial firm, provided it cost enough; and again, I urged him to send the Japanese to our rescue.

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Now, these epigrams, these short-hand statements of facts, were built of the solid truth. Comprehensive study of one of the arts of which we know the most, has yet to be made. What more splendid object could there be for the great net of university teaching! The mere scheming-out of such a system of study would encourage special students to take up each successive detail in a logical connection. It might be, as it were, a psychological history, a scientific, a sociological one, and *necessarily* touch the most practical points of the most mechanical of all the arts. As it has been in Japan, even the ordinary house-painter and paper stainer could not escape the result of better general teaching.

Perhaps I am but dreaming, but our dreams often come true when we are much interested, and certainly no one can be injured by dreams that tend to elevate our intentions and make us sympathize with the life of a greater part of the world. The ordinary necessities dull us enough and force us to see more meanly. That side has always taken care of itself. Perhaps, also, there may be some special excuses for indulging in the ideas of a greater synthesis, as I have hinted before. The world is to be more and more connected, and the great oceans will not divide the minds of men as much as did formerly an ordinary stream or a mountain chain. Indeed, they are the pathways of that very commerce whose bad sides the university as a type of disinterestedness can abate, diminish, turn aside. That very commerce is to be a help to larger ideas and better understandings. It is only necessary, I think, to cultivate distinctly the differences between choice and necessity—between the pursuit of an ideal and the pursuit of momentary advantage which is based, of course, on momentary necessities. As I said before, commerce itself will help us against itself. I can look forward to a day when the very level of art will be raised through enormous vulgarization of the average and the pretty good. A day may come when, as in Japan, the ordinary house-servant would consider as habitual not only the art of the Far East in its better forms, but something better than the West is yet able to produce. I think we see some promise of that to-day in the ordinary objects of home use. If the mass of what is produced by ordinary trade can only be well lumped together, all the more reason that the finer qualities may serve their purpose. There must come a day, too, when Fashion begins to stand still, as it has in the East, upon the levels solidly deposited. That is an influence that may do us quite as much good as the teaching of the East now backing upon us conquerors, in the recognition of force as the only real basis of right. A general consensus of culture may allow more play for special varieties worth preserving.

A general consensus of culture would increase the reasonableness of the artist, and thereby bring him more really into harmonious appreciation of the greater work. For that is always supremely reasonable. Let me quote something I was reading lately in the *Journal* of a great painter whose fiery genius was not cramped, but helped, by the kind of culture which I am advocating, and in which he believed also; a man, too, as fully removed from the commercial side of art as this or any century has given. I mean Delacroix. It is written in one of his note-books, along with the usual facts of a very prudent, economizing, and well-ordered life. He was a great admirer of many English painters, and with the greatest facility took in Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner (whom he had known personally), and Holman Hunt and the modern pre-Raphaelites. Criticising certain imitations as injurious and unreasonable because they do not belong to the *unity* of the paintings he speaks of, he explains to himself how they are the cause of a certain *unnaturalness* which attends the works of so many English artists who are, in reality, *naturalists*. This is what he says: "True superiority does not admit of eccentricity. Rubens, who might seem an exception, is in reality within his own genius, and has no exaggerations but those which are in the direction of his own ideas and always founded upon the observation of Nature. Those who have thought that the bizarre is a mark of talent are but shadows of artists. The greatest genius is always a being who is extremely reasonable, even if his reasonableness is not at the moment understood." To anyone who knows the impassioned works of this great painter, it will be a sort of proof of the truthfulness of my belief. He was a man of great general training, and of a curiosity for every

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variety of thought and information which his good sense, also cultured, taught him to limit; because he had decided that of all his curiosities, art was the one best suited for himself, and for which he had to reserve the greater part of his strength. Nor have I known of any important artist who did not believe in intellectual training. Even the accidental quotations which we have of the thoughts of famous artists, make in themselves a kind of education, and that from the Chinese or the Greek to the sayings of the men of to-day. I had almost hoped that some day a kind of dictionary, an authoritative series of definitions for almost everything relating to the art of painting, might be made out of these fragments scattered almost everywhere. The meaning, at least, of such a dictionary, such an encyclopedia, could be carried out by the university. Instead of being a series of pages of paper contained within a certain number of volumes, it might be a series of studies covering many years, but all of them made within the protection of the varying forms of thought which belong to the great names that stand out among the schools of the past.

Here, then, in such a place as the university, which is not so much a physical as a spiritual existence, might my dream come true. Here could be planted for art that great useless tree of fixed knowledge. It could not be sawed down for firewood or for planking or for elegant veneers. But its seeds could be planted elsewhere, to grow up and give rest and shade and fruit. The studies of the architectures of the past would not be the studies of patterns, but the studies of thoughts which necessitated the patterns, and for which physical material had to be used. Therein the studies of other sciences would help the understanding and the development of these means to an end. In the same way, for such an art as my art of painting, the physical sciences would explain the nature whose patterns we painters use. It would explain the choice of our materials, and the study of our history would show how they came to be used. We would see the *human soul*, which is the essential *material* of which art is made, developed in individuals, sometimes in harmony with the souls around them, sometimes in opposition to them. We should see how "art is not the attempt at reflecting others, at taking possession of others whose souls belong to themselves; but that it is an attempt at keeping possession of one's self. It is often a protest at what is displeasing and mean about us—it is an appeal to what is better; it is an appeal to the permanent reality in presence of the transient; it is an attempt to rest for a moment in the true way."

For however often the work of art represents the present, the moods of feeling of the future are as often reflected by it as the habits of the moment. And the artist must have had partners, since he has had admirers, even when he antagonizes his time. However transient certain of his forms, however much to us who come afterward they indicate the period, he has expressed not his time, but the needs of others who have been looking in the same ways, and yet have had no voice. And if they have not quite understood, yet this accumulation of tendency has become stronger and clearer in their descendants. To *explain fully*, then, the face of the work of art, one would have to melt into it in some way the gaze of those who had looked at it. Their negations or their sympathies have fallen on the work, and these affections of the soul are carried down to us on these surfaces of material. The most spiritual teachings could coexist according to my dream, with the most careful training in the knowledge of the reason of physical processes. For that, in other words, is another definition of the work of art. Always the technique has struggled to be equal to the spiritual intention and nothing could be more easy proof of it than the work of Rembrandt.

In that union of the different arts which we call decoration, we should be taught again the real place of the pattern. We should know that the spirit of the Middle Ages is not called up by the mere intersection of the curves which make the pointed arch. The persistence of perpendicular and horizontal, which can be obtained by the T-square and the foot-rule, would never seem to us to be classical, and the knowledge of the orders would seem to us a necessity and not an object. We should learn to follow out what might be the true intention, solemnity, or of grace, or fervor, or peace, some kind of human emotion. And as we know that these are not purchaseable, we

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should not look to obtain them in commercial warehouses of knowledge. There can be no Macy's for the intellectual and the moral. For all the transient outside, for all the commercial, there would then be no wasted effort at improvement, no indignation at its being what it is. All that enormous side of practical art which provides the tradesman with things to supply the momentary fashions, would drift entirely out of the student's vision. The touchstone can always be applied which determines whether the work or the object we look at is made for us—that is to say, for sale to us in some manner of flattery—or whether it is made for itself, independent of us, which is the only way by which it can exist when we are no longer looking at it. In this country especially we must for a long time be victims of the necessity of trade; of its need to handle art as well as other things, and as in other matters that are for sale, even votes, what we need to know is the danger, and it is for us to be out of reach. Even in questions of the most ordinary taste, apart from principle and tradition, the wise man knows this, for taste might partly be defined as a sort of experience of life.

I must have been deficient in the treating of a subject whose edges are so indefinite, but I feel almost sure that what I have said is an appeal to the possibilities. I have not tried to say anything new. In the consideration of the teaching of what is permanent, that is not necessary. And, for my part, I should be ashamed if I could not be approved and understood by my Egyptian colleagues and fellow-workmen of six thousand years ago.

CHILD'S PLAY

By Mildred Howells

A CHILD at play, I launched my mimic ships,
Freighted with childish treasures, on the sea
That pressed salt kisses on my finger-tips,
But never brought my ships again to me.

Vainly I wondered if they sank outright,
Or if, at last, upon some distant shore
Their cargoes brought another child delight.
I only knew that they returned no more.

An older child, my treasures still I launch
Upon hope's treacherous tide, and still in vain
Patient I wait to see my vessels staunch,
Before a prosperous wind, sail back again.

Whether some empty heart my losses fill,
Or whether in a shipwrecked waste lies strown
My ventured wealth, I shall not know until
This life's long childhood is at last outgrown.

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THE PRICE

By Donal Hamilton Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. N. MARCHAND

ALONG the corduroy road between the level ranks of the forest Captain Hurlbut led the half dozen troopers of his scouting party. The hoofs of the horses drummed pleasantly on the worn logs of the roadway, and the men took off their hats and held them against the horns of their saddles, letting the cool, balsam-scented air whip across their faces and through their hair.

They were not a particularly martial-looking lot, the six troopers who followed Hurlbut. The briers and thorns of the north country, and its drenching morning dews that soaked through khaki and leather to the skin, had reduced their once trim uniforms to collections of dirty patches, held together in some fashion wholly inscrutable to the casual observer. They carried their carbines with the trained carelessness of hunters—their sabres were missing. Also they had trimmed the wide, jaunty brims of the campaign hats to a scant inch. The result was not artistic, but the hats stayed on their heads.

But the figure that rode two horse's lengths in front of the troopers was different. Although he had shared the hard work of his company, he had kept his uniform shapely and reasonably clean. His leather puttees glistened with oil, and his hat was set at the angle seen in the "men wanted for the army" posters. He carried his naked sabre in his hand.

"Ain't he the dandy, though?" exclaimed Parsons, nodding at the captain's straight back. Henderson, riding at his side, agreed with a gesture.

"And he's proof," he went on, "that you can make as good a soldier in two months as you can in twenty years out of the right kind of stuff."

"I don't know," replied Parsons with a deep frown which indicated a desire to be fair, "those regulars——"

"Regulars nothing," interrupted Henderson quickly. "I tell you Walter Hurlbut's the best captain in the army this minute—and he didn't know what war was six months ago. Why shouldn't he be? Look what he was: head of a big publishing house, art critic, clubman, traveller, athlete! A big, broad-gauge man in every way, and he forgets all that he has been, and turns every ounce of his ability to being a soldier. He thinks, man! he doesn't learn all his war from books!"

"Yes, but he's different," persisted Parsons.

"Different!" retorted Henderson, bending to the sudden leap of his horse as the animal cleared an old stump in the road, "of course he's different. He's a human being instead of a carefully trained machine."

"He's married, too," Parsons said, as though adding an obstacle which argument could not surmount.

"Right," agreed his companion, "and that's the finishing touch. You don't catch him mooning over his wife's picture either! I've seen her, and she's a wife worth going back to, but he doesn't let that count. He takes bigger chances than the rest of us. It'll work that way every time, too. You take a good business man and show him the ropes of the army, and he'll make a better soldier than your trained fighting machine."

Hurlbut suddenly threw up his gauntleted hand and pulled his horse up on his haunches. The six men came to an abrupt halt.

"Dismount!" ordered the officer quietly. One trooper was left holding the bridles of the horses, and the five men followed the straight figure into the woods.

"What are we after?" whispered Parsons.

"I don't know," answered Henderson, "but he does!"

The little party moved quietly through the pines, following an old trail, so old that the path on which they stepped was a full two inches lower than the needle-carpeted

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ground. As they walked they could hear the distant purring of a brook, and the swirl of water about old timbers of some sort. The tiny path bent to the left and came out upon the edge of a brook. A hundred yards ahead of them stood the ruins of an old saw-mill. Hurlbut stopped, wiped his face with a clean handkerchief, and looked about him. He consulted a note-book, then moved ahead without a word, the men following him in silence. For half an hour they followed the path, which climbed steadily up a long slope. Above the rising shelves of trees they could see the bald knob of a hill. For a week they had been watching that hill in the distance from their camp by the river, and now they looked at it curiously. Hurlbut turned to his men suddenly.

"I've brought you five men," he said curtly, "because you all know something about stalking deer. There's a man somewhere on the flanks of this hill that we want. I don't want him shot, I want him taken. Henderson, you come with me. The rest of you scatter; keep just far enough apart so you can see the men on both sides of you."

Like shadows the six figures shrank into the underbrush and commenced moving up the flank of the hill. Henderson and the captain went forward almost on their hands and knees, Hurlbut first taking the precaution to rub his shining puttees with black mud, and lay his clanking sword carefully behind a stump. They crawled forward a hundred yards and then paused, panting, to get their breath.

"Somebody's been working a heliograph from this hill," explained Hurlbut.

Again they went forward, dodging from tree to tree noiseless as Indians, and crawling across the open spaces on all-fours, only their heads raised like snakes. Through the thinning trees they could catch clearer glimpses of the bald, rocky crown of the hill. Henderson suddenly reached over and caught Hurlbut's sleeve. The latter followed the direction of the trooper's pointing finger and saw the tripod of a heliograph instrument leaning against the trunk of one of the last trees. Hurlbut nodded and rose to his feet. As he did so they heard one of the troopers off to their left call sharply:

"Don't move, there! I've got you covered!"

A strange voice answered cheerfully: "All right!"

The five men hurried quickly toward the spot from which the voices had come, to find Parsons leaning easily against the bole of a tree, his carbine at his hip, its muzzle pointing at a brown-clad figure sitting on a stump twenty yards away, smoking a cigarette and smiling at Parsons cheerfully through a carefully trimmed black beard. As Hurlbut came into view the man on the stump rose easily and saluted, paying not the least attention to the nervous jerk of Parsons's weapon. He was a tall, well-built man, deeply tanned; his uniform was similar to those of his captors, save that it was much cleaner. Hurlbut walked toward him without returning the salute, in spite of the fact that a torn shoulder-strap hung from the other's shoulder.

"What's your regiment?" Hurlbut demanded abruptly.

"Forty-second New York," replied the stranger promptly.

The troopers exchanged expressions of astonishment and covert winks, but the captain made no comment.

"What are you doing out here beyond the outposts?" he continued. Without answering, the other pointed to the instrument against the tree. Hurlbut frowned and pulled at his blonde mustache.

"There's a scouting party six miles farther up the creek," exclaimed the man, "sent out day before yesterday. I'm relaying their reports back to head-quarters."

"What troops are in that scouting party?" asked Hurlbut after a pause.

"Half of 'L' company of my own regiment," the other answered quickly.

Hurlbut studied the ground in front of him, and poked his heavy Colt back into its holster. The five troopers lounged about on the grass or leaned against trees, wiping the perspiration from their faces and eying the two officers curiously. Only Parsons had not moved, but stood against the same tree, the bolt of his carbine drawn back, the black muzzle never wavering from the strange officer's body. The black-bearded man seemed to have forgotten the existence of Parsons and his carbine.

Hurlbut raised his head, and the men who could see him noticed that it looked a year older and was rather white.

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"The Forty-second New York," he said coldly, "is something like a thousand miles south of us. There isn't any scouting party up the creek. How long have you been on this hill?"

The dark man shrugged his shoulders and threw away the butt of his cigarette.

"Never mind the formalities," he said quietly, letting out the last of the smoke from his cigarette as he spoke, "I've been here long enough to find out what I want. Of course I shan't answer any of your questions."

The attitude of the five lounging troopers changed as the man spoke. They ceased to look at him curiously, and their eyes hardened. Parsons jerked his carbine to a firmer position against his thigh, and his lean forefinger crawled a trifle nearer to the trigger. Hurlbut looked steadily over his captive's head and gave the necessary orders. The troopers went forward silently to bind the man's hands. Hurlbut noticed that they tied the cords vindictively, drawing them unnecessarily tight.

"Never mind tying them quite so tight," he said.

"Thank you," said the dark man quickly. "I shan't try to escape."

The men seemed not to hear his speech. It was as though a sudden barrier had risen between them, and made of him a different sort of being. Hurlbut looked steadfastly away from the man as the little group moved slowly down the slope, the prisoner walking ahead with his hands tied behind him; the troopers close behind, their carbines resting easily in the crooks of their arms; Hurlbut a little to one side. As they neared the foot of the hill, a cock-partridge burst suddenly out of a tangle of bushes with a startling thunder of wings, and bored, twisting, out of sight among the trees. One or two of the troopers jumped slightly and gave vent to startled exclamations. Hurlbut and the prisoner stiffened slightly like setters, and followed the flight of the bird with eyes that snapped with eagerness. Their glances met and the dark-haired man smiled brightly, his white teeth showing pleasantly through the closely-trimmed beard. Hurlbut had to stiffen the muscles of his face quickly and turn his glance off toward the brook to check the smile of common feeling.

"A fine bird," he heard the prisoner say to the men behind him. The troopers looked at each other in uncertainty and did not answer.

As they reached the path which passed the ruined mill the prisoner seemed intent in watching the waters swirl about the rotting piles and did not look at the path in front of him. His foot caught on an old stub and he fell headlong, heavily. The troopers, mistaking his action, half-raised their weapons and then lowered them awkwardly. The man had fallen in such a way that, with his hands pinioned behind his back, he could not rise.

"It's careless of me," he said, "but you've trussed me up so well I can't get up."

Hurlbut felt the blood tingling in his cheeks as the soldiers assisted their captive to rise. Parsons even went so far as to dust off the man's clothes.

"Never mind, thanks," said the man carelessly; "I won't need them long," and he grinned at Parsons.

"You can untie those cords," said Hurlbut, choosing his words carefully. He felt a strange hesitancy about referring to his prisoner even so far as speaking of his hands, so he said "cords" deliberately. He was glad, too, when the man did not thank him, but merely bowed silently.

As they walked back over the deeply worn path, Hurlbut studied the other's figure and carriage. He had thought of spies often enough, but he had never connected them, somehow, with this sort of a man. He had not bothered to think much about their possible personalities; the mere word—spy—covered their whole existence and made of them a thing not to be tolerated. This was a man of his own kind; he caught himself thinking exactly how the prisoner would look in evening clothes, and every time the picture flashed before his mind he saw the broad red ribbon of the Legion passing across the man's shirt-front. He smiled slightly to himself at the conceit, for it had always been a secret ambition of his own to be able some day to wear one of those red ribbons himself. He wondered if perhaps he and this stranger did not think alike about a good many things—if perhaps they had not left the same sort of things behind them. This other man could not go back to them, and his people would

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not care to hear how he had met his death—a spy!

One of the waiting horses down the road heard the sound of the approaching party and whinnied. The prisoner lifted his head sharply and peered down the aisles between the trees. The neigh of the horse went through Hurlbut strangely. He seemed to feel all the sensations that had passed through the other. The snorting of the horses must have told this man that he was one stage nearer the end of all things: the little plot of open ground, the white-faced officer, and the file of nervous, twitching men—one of whom had a weapon loaded with a blank cartridge!

They came out into the road and saw the trooper and the waiting horses. Hurlbut breathed easier for some reason. It was a relief to him to have even one more man—though merely a private who had really borne no part—to shoulder the responsibility of this thing which was growing more hateful every instant. The troopers waited for the captain to come up as they reached the horses. Suddenly the prisoner turned and came quickly to Hurlbut.

"It's only a little while now," he said quickly in a low, pleading tone. "Will you let me walk beside you and talk with you on the way back?"

For an instant Hurlbut hesitated, looking away, then he turned and met the other's eyes. They were looking at him, very straight and with a terrible earnestness.

"Very well," he answered curtly.

The little group arranged itself quickly. Two of the troopers rode ahead; Hurlbut followed with the prisoner walking at his side, and the remaining four men walked their horses a few paces farther to the rear.

"Little chunks of time," said the prisoner suddenly, without looking up at the man beside him, "are queer things. I had my own uniform done up in a bundle under a stone a dozen paces from the stump where you found me. Had you been ten minutes later, I would have been a prisoner of war instead of a spy!"

Hurlbut made no reply, and the man on foot laughed shortly.

"I suppose," he went on, "I owe my life—or rather my death—to tobacco. I decided I'd smoke one cigarette before I changed my clothes. I wonder," he finished whimsically, "what my status would have been if you'd come on me when I was half in one uniform and half in the other!"

Hurlbut fought with a growing desire to ask this man all sorts of questions; to sympathize with him, to ask him what messages he might write, what explanations he should make—all this, and even a desire to see the man slip quickly into the bushes before the troopers could shoot. Instead of answering, he set his lips in a firm line, drew the black, ugly Colt from its holster and laid it across his saddle-bow. The prisoner noted it and raised his eyebrows ever so slightly. Hurlbut flushed, pretended to examine the cylinder of the weapon, and shoved it back into the holster.

"I wish you wouldn't put that away," protested the man quickly. "I feel better with it boring into my mind."

"I'll run the risk," said Hurlbut shortly.

They went forward monotonously over the squared logs of the old road. Hurlbut did not have to check his horse for the benefit of the man on foot, who walked with long, easy, tireless strides. The low-voiced talk of the troopers behind them sounded distinctly.

"I've just been wondering," said the spy, "whether, if I'd had my choice, I'd have picked a day like this as my last. Would a man rather flicker out with the world at its best or its worst? On the whole, I believe I'm rather glad it isn't raining."

The captain was commencing to regret that he had promised to let the man talk. The spy was looking at things so exactly as he would have had a doomed man look, and yet it made it that much the harder. It seemed to him that he could follow every step of the man's mind, and all that he said seemed exactly the thing that Hurlbut would have said. He wished fervently that the man would fall a prey to fear and keep silent.

"It's a queer thing," the spy continued in the same idle fashion, "it's a queer thing this walking to death with your eyes wide open, and the best part of what ought to be life ahead of you. I don't see why it doesn't make me mad with the injustice of the thing."

"You took the chance. You didn't have to play the spy," his captor reminded him.

"Oh, yes I did," replied the other, looking up in a straightforward fashion which

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Drawn by J. N. Marchand.

Followed the direction of the trooper's pointing finger and saw the tripod of a heliograph instrument.—Page 190.

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made the other silent; "there wasn't anybody else to do it. That isn't mock heroics, you know, but just plain facts. I can't make it seem quite real yet. Why, I've always been so disgustingly healthy I've never even thought of dying. They won't hang me, will they?" he finished in a sudden burst of anxiety.

"No," answered Hurlbut in a dry, matter-of-fact tone, and added, to stiffen his wavering sternness, "I'll see that you're shot."

A hundred yards farther along the road, Hurlbut cleared his throat nervously and began:

"If there are any messages, or anything of that kind, I will be very glad——"

"Ho!" the other broke in on him suddenly, "messages!" Then he went on more quietly: "That's good of you, but I'm not going to bother any of my—friends with the details. As for the real messages, well, they can't very well be sent."

"No," agreed Hurlbut, without in the least intending to speak, "that's true. A man has no time——"

The spy looked at him quickly, eagerly. He waited an instant for Hurlbut to go on, his lips parted expectantly, then, as the officer did not continue, he went on hurriedly:

"It seems queer, doesn't it, for men like you and me to be here talking this way? You know, I'm glad it was you and not some red-faced, strait-laced soldier that took me. I shouldn't have been able to talk to him—and it helps me, really. I knew one of—well, let's be plain-spoken and say 'my own kind,' and it was a relief. And it seems as though we ought to be just walking home after a ride with the hounds, talking about the way my mount fell and threw me, and here you are taking me to be shot!"

"Talk about something else," Hurlbut suggested roughly.

The spy looked steadily at Hurlbut's profile, his own face set seriously, as though he were trying to convince himself just what sort of a man lay beneath the tanned skin and the yellow mustache. Finally he threw up his head with an air of decision and took the plunge.

"Aren't you willing to forget you're a soldier, and remember you're a man long enough to keep me sane?" he demanded quickly. "Are you so tightly cased in your uniform that you begrudge the last few hours of life to a man with nothing ahead of him but certain death? Don't you suppose I'm leaving anything behind me that I regret? Do you think I'm talking this way out of sheer bravado? Man, don't you understand that it's only by thinking of the things so close behind me and keeping my mind off the grisly thing such a little way in front that I can keep my knees stiff?"

Hurlbut swallowed chokingly and kept his eyes steadfastly turned from the eager face at his side. The earnest, pleading sentences cut into the very core of his being. It was all so unreal: the brilliant sunshine, the thousand familiar sounds of the woodland, the pleasant, muffled sound of the horses' hoofs and the jingle of harness, and the low, cheerful talk of the men behind them, broken now and then by a full, deep-chested laugh. And then, cutting sharply across this background of ordinary things, the tense, insistent voice of the man at his side, pleading only for a few moments of unrestricted speech, speech of the things that they both might understand, and that others—the officer who commanded the firing-squad, perhaps—might not.

"Well?" said Hurlbut encouragingly.

He did not see the smile of relief on the other's face, but he knew it was there from the change in his tone.

As the spy talked, the stiffness of Hurlbut's attitude began to relax. Now and then he broke in upon the steady flow of the other's words, but always, when he spoke, he heard the dull voices of the men behind him, and caught the easy attitude of the troopers in front, and fell silent again.

"I was going to write about this war, too," the other man was saying; "I've never written anything but plays before, but I think I could have done this."

Hurlbut turned quickly in his saddle.

"You're not Gustav Vermuhlen, are you?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Yes," answered the spy simply.

Hurlbut remembered, now, having read the notice that the young dramatist had gone into the army. Then his mind went farther back, and he remembered sitting in his own office and talking with his assistant about the advisability of putting out an

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Drawn by J. N. Marchand.

"You're not Gustav Vermuhlen, are you?" he demanded breathlessly.—Page 194.

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American edition of the young dramatist's last play. Like a picture on a screen this thing snapped out of Hurlbut's mind, and he saw Vermuhlen's body, limp, lying on its face in the wet grass of to-morrow morning. The steady flow of the man's speech broke through onto Hurlbut's mind again.

"I suppose I couldn't even talk of these things if they had been one whit less perfect," Vermuhlen was saying, "but a man can't very well complain—though the best thing in his life is cut short when he's had a few years even without a flaw, can he?"

"No," answered Hurlbut almost unconsciously, "no, I suppose not."

"But she's so young—so absolutely without thought of facing anything alone, and yet so brave. I know she'll come through all right——"

"Who?" interrupted Hurlbut.

"Why, my wife," answered the other quickly, surprised. "I know she'll come through all right," he went on, "but I know how hard it will be—and I feel—well, I feel so much sorrier for her than I do for myself. May I show you her picture?"

Hurlbut looked down to see the other fumbling in the breast of his brown tunic.

"Don't!" pleaded Hurlbut thickly; "don't!"

Vermuhlen looked up in surprise, and saw that his captor's face was white and drawn. "I'm not playing fair with you," he said quickly; "I've no right to make your duty harder. I didn't mean—" in the intensity of his feeling he rested his hand on Hurlbut's saddle.

"Look out, captain!" Parsons yelled suddenly. "He's reaching for your gun!"

The little cavalcade halted suddenly. The two men, the prisoner and his captor, stared at the troopers, their carbines half-raised, and then at each other. Vermuhlen shook his head slightly and smiled faintly.

"I can't do it," Hurlbut muttered under his breath; "my God, man, I can't!"

"You've got to," the other whispered; "it's a hard price for both of us, but we've got to pay it. Let me go with the men!"

Hurlbut sat motionless in the saddle, his face a mask, but behind it his mind a riot of conflicting thoughts, his pulses now racing madly and now almost sluggish.

"Parsons," he said suddenly, "did you ever read a book called 'The Father'?"

"Yes, sir," answered the astonished trooper. Hurlbut looked the question at the others and two or three of them nodded their heads wonderingly.

"Well," explained Hurlbut with a gesture toward his prisoner, "this is the man that wrote it—it and a lot of other things just as good or better. And we're taking him to be shot!"

The troopers shifted uneasily in their saddles. Hurlbut rubbed his palm slowly over the horn of his saddle and stared at the ground. The men were obviously at a loss what to do or say; this was not at all a part of the game of war they had been playing; these two men before them were not at all like Thuston or Crockett or some of the other officers. They waited for Hurlbut to speak.

"This man's books," he went on without looking up, "have been printed in three or four languages, and they've gone into hundreds of homes and made people happy. They've been put in the theatre—and people have laughed and cried over them. I have. He's a young man, and he'll write more books and more plays and better ones—but he won't if we shoot him."

The troopers nodded soberly, frowning. Vermuhlen started to speak, but Hurlbut's next words cut in ahead of him.

"He's a spy. He has found out things about our army that it's our duty to prevent his knowing. He's sent the information to his own forces—and we can't stop that. He's but done his duty—but he put on our uniform to do it, and the penalty of that is death."

Again Hurlbut paused, and again the troopers nodded soberly. Vermuhlen looked from one bearded face to another, and read only perplexity in their eyes.

"All six of us are soldiers," continued Hurlbut, "and we have our duty plainly cut for us. Because I happen to be an officer, the responsibility of my duty is heavier than yours. I'm a soldier, and I've tried hard to be a good one—but after all, I'm a man first and a soldier afterward. I can't take this man and shoot him—after what he's done for the other men and women in the world!" he finished helplessly. He stared at the ground in silence for an instant. Henderson cleared his throat noisily, and Hurlbut looked up.

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"I'm going to let him go," he announced. "It's a breach of duty—and you men will see it. You won't need to report it, because I shall confess." He turned suddenly to Vermuhlen—"You can go when you will. I won't stop you."

Vermuhlen shook his head and smiled. He spoke partly to Hurlbut and partly to the men.

"No," he said deliberately, "I shan't take the chance you give. It's a fine last tribute you're paying to whatever I may have done—but I'll not see a good soldier broken that I may live. Your captain is going to let me walk between two of you the rest of the way to your camp."

Hurlbut started to speak, but the other held up his hand.

"There's no use protesting," he insisted; "if I won't run, I won't, and you can't make me!"

Without a word, Hurlbut wheeled his horse and rode on. The troopers closed loosely about Vermuhlen, and the little group moved slowly on through the thinning trees. Hurlbut rode with his head bent, thinking of the picture in the breast of Vermuhlen's jacket, and of another in the breast of his own. He kept asking himself what Vermuhlen would have done if their positions had been reversed. His thoughts moved dully around a monotonous circle; he felt that he could not go back to his own wife and feel as he had, with the thought of that unknown wife across the sea, waiting hopelessly. And yet, if he ordered the men aside, drove his prisoner into the woods, and then galloped away—he could not go back then, with a blot on his army record. The whole color of his life was spoiled, and all because Vermuhlen had wasted five precious minutes smoking a cigarette and had not changed his uniform! A hot, rebellious anger at the unreasoning power of little things surged through him. One tiny cigarette, cold now somewhere among the pine needles, had sent one man to his death and brought to him a lasting unhappiness that would not pass.

A murmur of voices behind him made him turn, and he saw that Parsons had taken the prisoner up onto his horse behind him. He noticed, casually, that the men were laughing, evidently at something that Vermuhlen had said. What a thoroughbred this man was! Hurlbut knew that he was clinging to life with all the fervor of youth and a great love, and yet he could smile and talk to the men about him—and more than that, he could be so thoughtful as to take temptation of his own causing out of a stranger's way! And ever as Hurlbut thought of the other's handsome, black-bearded face, he saw the lithe body lying on its face in the wet grass.

There was a sudden wild clatter of hoofs behind him, and sharp, snapping cries from the men. Hurlbut's hand shot to the butt of the big revolver before he wheeled in his saddle to see Parsons lying on his back in the road, while the spy, flattening himself onto the neck of Parsons's horse, had already swung the animal around in the narrow road.

"Shoot him!" yelled Hurlbut, "shoot him!"

He tried to raise his Colt, but his hand seemed nerveless. He sat almost inert, watching the other men raising their carbines with unaccountable slowness. Already the prisoner's horse had stopped his frantic plunging and fallen into his stride.

"Fire!" shouted Hurlbut, seemingly forgetful of his own weapon.

Then he saw the five men, all of whom could clip coins at fifty or even a hundred yards, send one after another of the steel-jacketed bullets whistling harmlessly through the air above the head of the fleeing horseman—not yet a score of yards away from him.

"Go after him!" thundered Hurlbut, and he spurred his own horse as the troopers lumbered into awkward, half-hearted pursuit. They went out of sight around a turn in the road, and Hurlbut almost unconsciously pulled his horse to a walk and then stopped. He listened to the diminishing sound of hoofs and the cries of the men. From time to time the sound of a shot came back to him. Minute after minute he sat stolidly in the road, waiting for the return of his men. After what seemed an interminable time they came around the turn of the road, Parsons, on foot, in front of them.

"Well?" said Hurlbut as they came up.

Henderson saluted solemnly. "We couldn't catch him, Captain," he explained. "You know, sir, Parsons's horse was the fastest in the company. And he

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got off so quick I guess it flustered our shooting. I think we winged him, but we couldn't tell for sure."

Hurlbut nodded slowly. "You and Tooley go back to that hill," he ordered, "and stay there until relieved. If anything happens, ride in at once and report."

The captain started to wheel his horse but Henderson, after an instant's awkward hesitation, spoke again.

"And, Captain—" he began diffidently, and then more boldly as Hurlbut faced him, "I guess we ain't any better soldiers or worse men than you are, and—I guess we understand!"

Impulsively Hurlbut's hand shot out, and Henderson gripped it hard.

"Thank you," said Hurlbut shortly, and then Henderson and Tooley trotted back toward the hill behind them, and Hurlbut rode toward camp at the head of his depleted force with his chin up and his eyes looking straight before him.

THE GOD OF THE MEN WHO DO THINGS

By Gerardus Post Herrick

THE cause is all, and the triumph naught
To the God of the men who do things,
He scorns the "Don't" and leaves the "Ought,"
This God of the men who do things.
He has one motive and only one,
He loves things doing and loves things done,
As all His battles are fought and won,
The God of the men who do things.

He knows high purpose, He works things out,
The God of the men who do things,
Though the lazy lie and the righteous scout,
This God of the men who do things.
He cares not a whit for the common mould,
He burns the dross to refine the gold,
He cannot be bought, He cannot be sold,
The God of the men who do things.

He hates things weak, He loves things strong,
This God of the men who do things,
In soul or body, in right or wrong,
This God of the men who do things.
He knows there is hope for the men who try,
He sees them fail and He sees them die,
For they will win to him, by and by,
The God of the men who do things.

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WOMEN AND WEALTH

By J. Laurence Laughlin

THERE have been many analysts of the American woman as a type—a type which must be difficult to express, seeing that our country has within its wide boundaries many differing environments, and seeing that each woman differs in nature from every other. Fiction, however, will continue to present feminine characteristics as character so long as human nature enjoys the portrayal of its own singular or dramatic performances. But the study of womankind in our country, as influenced by the extraordinary changes in our economic conditions, and reflexively as herself influencing the economic situation, is a matter which lies outside the realm of fiction, no matter how realistic, and has a bearing of no mean importance on the facts of our every-day life. It is a task requiring great temerity to undertake, no doubt, and one in which the opportunities for going astray are labyrinthine. Why speak of women, for instance, as forming an economic factor separate from men? This certainly is dangerous ground; and it is likely to call out the suggestion that the observations made of woman are equally true of man. Perhaps this is a caution which points to a truth; but *nous verrons*. More than this, an essay on American women might be said to be as definite as an essay on trees. American women are no more alike than trees; they differ as much as the persimmon differs from the peach tree. Therefore we shall not venture on the difficult task of generalization about American women as a whole; and we hope to file a *caveat* here and now that great and obvious exceptions must always exist even for every limited formulation that we may venture to make. However, if some general tendencies may be made out—which in the very nature of human beings cannot be all-inclusive—we shall be satisfied.

Large and serious changes affecting the whole community often go unnoticed by the most of us precisely because of their general and wide-reaching character. A change so large that it carries with it the surrounding details of human intercourse does not provoke comparisons. A gradual change of climate which leaves hills, streams, forests, fields, and homes in the same old relationship is not easy to define. So a change in the relations of women to American life, which brings a whole generation under the same new influences, leaves each member of the group under the same general impressions relatively to each other, and a new community existence moves on without much realization of its newness. Homogeneity in the new crystallization suggests no strangeness such as might be called forth by a comparison between a new and an old crystallization. That a new crystallization, however, is going on in our life under the pressure of great economic forces seems to be beyond question; and the part in it played by the women of the United States certainly offers in itself an interesting study.

Without doubt, many women of America are at the present day being put to one of the greatest tests of fibre and character which they can ever undergo—and one under which they are not appearing to advantage. A deterioration in influence and quality is coming to change the very elemental functions of a large class of women in our institutional life. Is this a temporary manifestation, arising from lightness of mind, out of which a sound inner strength will soon bring a better outlook; or is this deterioration only the beginning of a long and inevitable decline? Our men have always been distinguished by their good-natured, tolerant, indulgent appreciation of women. In addition, this great commonwealth has been creating new wealth in a way unknown in any other country on the globe. As a consequence, it will be worth while to focus attention on this trial which many American women are to-day undergoing.

II

THE economic characteristics of American life in the past generation—perhaps before the eighties—was the general ab-

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sence of great riches, and the existence throughout the country on the whole of a comparatively simple standard of living. Even the rich of that time made no great show of superior resources; and the gap between them and the so-called working classes was far less than it is now, not only as concerns the actual expenditure, but also as concerns the standards thought necessary to respectable social standing. There was no general extravagance in houses, furniture, clothes, ornaments, equipages. There was no such general diffusion of wealth as to create a leisure class of any noticeable extent. It was at once usualand expected that men should be busy in some occupation, no matter how old or reputable their families; and with the great body of the people necessity was the inevitable spur to work of all kinds, agricultural and industrial. Work was general and therefore respectable. There were few fictitious standards of comparison set by a superiority due to degrees of riches. Scanty incomes demanded a careful adjustment of means to ends, and forethought as to expenditure was so much a matter of course as to be counted on as an element in fashioning character and social standards.

These economic conditions were reflected in the ideals and standards of the women of that day. In women, as in all human nature, there is the good and the bad; but the environment tends either to stimulate or to lessen the good and the bad. In that earlier day, the mass of women were free from the disadvantages of being rich. Inequalities of wealth had practically no influence in causing any condescension to those who had to earn a living by work of any kind. Women of the best social standing took a share in the physical work of their households. To paint a little woodwork, to fashion some article of furniture, to care for the garden, to harness a horse, to study the markets, to give thought to economies, or to personally share in the care of the house, were the common virtues even of women of some means. And among the generality of women a considerable part of the domestic labor in the home was performed by the wife or daughter. Among the poorest families there was much sodden drudgery; but in the main, work had a healthy effect on the mind and body of women—and from families of this sort the nation has been recruited in robust energy, in enterprise, and in intellectual vigor.

III

It is needless to say that a change has come over the face of our economic life. There are, of course, vast numbers who are to-day poor, or in very moderate circumstances, but it is known of all that with the enormous increase in wealth has come the creation of a very large leisure class composed of the rich and the very rich. This is the most significant fact of this generation. The miles of comfortable, or even handsome, houses in every large city, the thousands of automobiles on the streets, are only a few of the obvious evidences of the wide distribution of riches. The effect of this economic phenomenon upon American women is a matter of the highest import, a study of the first magnitude. It touches the very heart of our social life, and makes for good or for ill on a great scale in our immediate future. This is the test, as has been said, which a large body of American women are undergoing—the greatest test to which human nature can be subjected—the test of prosperity and riches. How are they coming out of it? It may, therefore, be the bounden duty of a student to examine this question with the same spirit with which he would approach the scientific study of the coddling moth on apple-trees. To be sure he may not exhaust the subject, he may not even be correct in his analysis, but at least he may call attention to it, and challenge the critical intelligence of those who may differ from him.

To what is about to be said it may be replied that the same thing can be affirmed of men; that they, also, have been put to the same test. The relation of men to this recent economic readjustment, however, is not the same as that of women; the patent disassociation of women from industry, in the main, is a sufficient basis in itself for a separate study of the economic effects of a great increase of wealth upon some women. Women have had more to do with the spending than with the producing of wealth. Moreover, I am one of those who believe that women differ widely from men—without raising any foolish questions

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about superiority or inferiority—and that women as women exercise in their own way a powerful influence on the economic and ethical ideals of society. For scientific purposes the classification of women by themselves is based on sufficiently disparate situation and characteristics to warrant such an attempt as is suggested.

IV

We may now proceed to outline the characteristics of the prevailing types of well-to-do women of the present day, as contrasted with those which were briefly set forth for the previous generation. But let me say again that there must be many exceptions to any general statements and that there is great danger in sweeping generalizations. Nevertheless, it is possible that there may be such repetition or prevalence of acts as to form groups of facts, capable of being classified and described—and from which important inferences may be drawn.

(1) The first and most obvious phenomenon is one which has appeared again and again in past history—one, too, which is founded deep in every human nature. It is only natural that it should appear now in a democracy just as we are emerging from a stage of relative poverty to that of relative affluence. In primitive society, as well as in the Middle Ages, as soon as persons got power and wealth they wished distinction; they wished to indicate by their chateaux and palaces, their dress, tables, manners, and retinue of servants a position superior to that of others. Indeed, it is a commonplace of economics that a large range of human wants arise from the desire to make a display of superiority. Such things as napkins, table linen, now in common use, were originally devised as means of distinguishing a superior from an inferior class. This general method is being employed to-day in our country among those who have recently accumulated wealth. Our so-called "smart" society differentiates itself from others largely by forms, usages, and expenditures in which only a few can participate. Without great wealth a certain sort of exclusiveness is impossible; hence, sooner or later, new wealth—even if the vulgarity of its first possessors debars them for a time—gives to the second or third generation the satisfaction of exclusiveness based on the power to buy what others cannot afford. To be conspicuous, even to do audacious and unconventional things, in order to show distinction, is no uncommon trick of those who pose as superiors. The affectation of superiority by those who have little intelligence but great eagerness for social position is often accepted as real when it takes the form of critical condescension to those about them. It is this claim to a counterfeit superiority because of the possession of wealth which has come to be one of the commonest characteristics of a large class of American women of to-day. Without titles and manor-houses, the democratic society of to-day is weakly repeating the history of earlier ages, when privileged classes assumed the marks of distinction based on power. Then it was often based on the power of military force, the law that might makes right; but now it is based on the power of wealth, the law that riches makes superiority.

(2) In other words, there has come about an unfortunate shifting of standards, a change in relative emphasis, together with a falling off in ethical ideals. The common passion of the rich women—and it is probably equally true of too many of those who are not rich—is for what she thinks to be social position. I am not so simple-minded as to attempt to define that *ignis fatuus*, "social position." There is the height from which one level of servants looks down on another; there is the possibly uncultured, select coterie of a country village; there is the equally uncultured and often uninteresting rich coterie of the larger city. No matter what its quality, no matter how its atoms chanced to collect, once that its characteristic of solidarity and exclusiveness is realized, then the light-headed, and especially the merely rich, would sacrifice health, ideals, and even ties of relationship and friendship for the bauble which to their minds admits them to the desired circle, and sets them apart as socially superior to others. In this pitiful social climbing, in this devastating social rivalry, in which certain requirements have the force of tyrannical despotism, and in which character dwindles to unconscious imitation of what is supposed to be "the thing," the quality of many well-to-do women is very plainly deteriorating. Among them conduct,

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courses of action, personal estimates are not based on conscious reflection, on tests of right and wrong, on a judicial balancing of pros and cons, but almost entirely on what "others will think," that is, on the tyranny of chance opinion in the social set which they value more than their own souls. How many mothers of this class would allow young girls of the coming-out age to snub an immoral young man who was a social leader, and thus cause her to be left out of the usual round of invitations?

(3) Not infrequently a test of social exclusiveness is the willingness of the members in a "set" to be wilfully blind to immoral performances. Indeed, the supposed unwillingness to accept the current code of morals in the set, or not to join in with it, is a reason for exclusion. To speak to outsiders of peccadilloes which are common property within the charmed circle is high treason to the laws of social position. Thus new codes of ethics for women are ever being created, based not on the higher experience of the race, but on the chance and loose ideas of self-indulgent persons who happen to be for the time regarded as leaders of society. The relative emphasis has shifted. The principles of a hardy people, by which they have risen to power and influence, are thus exposed, through the weakness of some of its women, to inevitable deterioration. As are our women, so are our men. Tell me the ethical standards of our mothers and daughters and I will tell you in the main the ethical standards of our fathers and sons.

(4) In passing from the old order to the new, the well-to-do woman of to-day has come to regard work as demeaning. She would be chagrined to be caught doing any physical labor in her household, which her mother before her very likely did as a matter of course. Superiority is now supposed to be evident in the ability to hire the largest retinue of servants, so that all physical exertion is rendered unnecessary as well as demeaning—that is, if it is rendered because of economy or necessity. Idleness has come to be a mark of social eminence. Whether a woman is properly to be included or not in good society is almost decided by the fact that she takes her breakfast and spends her morning in bed. To say that work has become demeaning, however, is not to say that fashionable women are not busy or over-occupied. It depends on whether the particular occupation is "the thing." She must not work because of necessity; she may walk in the country, but not in the city when shopping. Or, merely to be audacious, because she is a member of a privileged coterie, she may conspicuously do a task of the working class to prove that her position is impregnable. She may fill her day with attendance on committee meetings or on hospital boards; but it often depends upon who else is on those boards or committees. She would not wish to have her name—that is, if her social position is not yet impregnable, and not infrequently when it is—appear on a board on which there were "nobodies." No matter what the merits of the institution, much depends on whether it has been taken up by the set.

(5) It has sometimes been said that American women are becoming more independent; that the opening of new occupations to women has given them more opportunities to earn income and has freed them from the necessity of marriage. There is no doubt much truth in this as regards the women who work for income as well as those who willingly take up the burdens of household tasks—and who may be said to form our large and "sound remnant" and the future hope of society. But the so-called independence of the richer women has its roots to all appearances in selfishness. She is independent of restraint, because she is unwilling to do anything onerous or disagreeable. Freed from want, freed from exertion, freed from anxiety as to the future, she is in the perilous position of having to follow only her self-indulgencies. Her parents, who have known the privations of an earlier time, foolishly wish their daughter to have everything which money can buy. Through a natural but unintelligent fondness there has been created an environment acting to weaken positive fibre and to develop selfishness. Except in a strong inherited helpfulness, altruism has thus a poor soil in which to flourish. In her self-centred life, she is shut off from any real knowledge of the great world of poverty and suffering outside her ken. It is pathetic to think of how many women, whose wealth means potential usefulness, spend their time and all their thought in purely selfish absorption in the work of their

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dress-maker and coiffeur. They become hen-minded and inane largely because their lives are engrossingly selfish. They are self-willed and seemingly independent, because they are too often regardless of the needs and happiness of others.

(6) Idleness, or the escape from doing difficult or unpleasant things, fails to develop fibre in a grown woman, as well as it does in a child. Freedom from disagreeable or enforced tasks—to be removed as soon as they are shown to be disliked—produces spoiled children, as every one knows; but it does not seem to be as well recognized that a continuation of this process in later years produces spoiled grown-up children. So far has the evil of new wealth influenced those who have not learned how to use it that self-indulgence has become a marked characteristic of the well-to-do. Removed from the necessity of self-control as a means of obtaining an income, and having the means of gratifying every whim, their self-control no longer appears except so far as it is necessary to make social conquests, or to get a satisfaction for personal vanity. Then self-indulgence leads to the inevitable satiety of usual satisfactions. Dress, houses, silver, and footmen can be bought by all who are rich—and cease to be marks of exclusiveness, as the rich increase in numbers. Then satiety in obvious things begins to prompt a hunt for new sensations—a state of mind which explains the brief career of a social favorite, the taking up of a winter sensation and its early and complete oblivion, the appeal to the social palate of things having the tang of tainted duck.

(7) In many cases the new wealth has come without the necessary accompaniment of a previous preparation for its use. There are, of course, many noble women of poor origin, but of high character, whom no new riches could injure or corrupt. But in examples so numerous as often to set the standard, women with raw, uncultivated minds, unable to discriminate between the real and the false, not able to know an impostor because they have never known by contact the real man of cultivation, unable to control vanity by any power of logic or analysis, yet swollen with the conceit born of wealth, have—even when not obviously vulgar—developed a lack of perspective which forms a sad indictment of their early education. Since education is not information or learning, but a point of view, the lack of education appears to be perilously general—if we judge from much of the social outcome. Certainly, if the point of view is common that merit is to be measured by what one has rather than by what one is, much of women's education has been wofully imperfect. But in this day of transition in all education it is too easy to score by hitting the insufficiencies of women's education. If much of our education for men is bad, theirs is worse. If we demand on the one hand that a man's education should fit him for the actual life he is to lead, why should not the same demand be made on the other hand for the education of women? So far, a great amount of no education—or bad education—has excited in certain classes of women a crowd of expectations which have led them to regard as necessities things of insubstantial value; but if things are denied them which are wilfully demanded, they develop a hot discontent. The situation thus produced is one which conerns ideals. To be truly educated, to have a right point of view, is to have high ideals. Selfish, self-indulgent lives are directly traceable to low ideals. It is an economic truism that if we change the wants of a people we change the whole character of the production which supplies those wants. It is the point of view which makes the difference between the civilization and industries of the Apaches and those of the New Englanders.

(8) Were the desire common to be an agreeable personality rather than to exult in what one has or in what one knows, the extravagance of the day would not be so general or so amazing. The extravagance of many American women is a fairly good test of their point of view, of their ideals. Unfortunately, it too often represents, not merely the satisfaction of the beautiful, but vanity, emulation, self-indulgence, and love of display. In many cases, no doubt, it represents no thought at all, but only a mental flabbiness which accepts, as a matter of course, what is done by the people around them. How great is this extravagance is, perhaps, scarcely realized in a community where extravagance is so nearly universal, and where the cost of living is so generally high, as in this country. But undoubtedly much of the situation in-

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cluded under the term high cost of living is due to the unrestrained desire to have everything that any neighbor or acquaintance has. Many women are often too shallow to think out the sources from which their extravagances must be supplied, or how far they are responsible for the insane passion for riches which now corrupts the good morals of industry and the state. They are not companions to their husbands and fathers, they are kept in accepted ignorance of family finances, and permit themselves to play the rôle of well-dressed dolls—for which they must share the responsibility with the men.

V

We may be too close to the events to perceive the true causes at work; and perhaps we may not sufficiently discriminate between the evil and the good sides of the transitional movement now before our eyes. We realize, however, that American men are quite too good-natured, and leave American women too much to themselves with an unlimited purse; otherwise we should not see the startling things done by audacious women, living in Paris, while their providers are absorbed in their business ventures at home. Moreover, life has become much more complicated and distracting; so many more things have to be known, considered, decided upon, that the unbalanced, untrained mind reels in confusion, and neurasthenia gathers in its legion of victims. With the confidence of uneducated minds almost any important problem is attacked, only to display amazing crudity, shallowness, and inanity. There is, to be sure, a greater rush for education, but it is a question whether it is accompanied by a gain of ideals. The new education is sought for by the rich woman, much as is modern marriage, as a means of self-satisfaction, and not as a means of benefiting others; by some as means of income in order to get larger personal satisfactions; from a desire to receive, not from a desire to give; considering not what one can bring to the world, but what one can get out of it. That is, there may be more education, but it is possible that it has come with lower ideals of duty to others. This matter of drooping ideals, however, may be only a consequence of another sweeping current of change moving alongside the swelling tide of riches—the diminishing strength of religion. There is no use shutting our eyes to it; it is here. Religious dogma no longer has the old influence upon our conduct—and many of us, looking to the future, are wondering what is coming to take its place. In many communities the churches are kept alive mainly by the women. If they are to find the sanctions of religion less than of old, what have we with which to replace the influence they exercised in the past?

VI

Whether we like them or not we must face the facts about us. The characteristics of the modern type of rich women have changed from those of an earlier generation; and the consequences which are already noticeable can not be blinked.

The so-called independence of womenkind—the greater individuality it may be—shows its undesirable side in a wide-spread self-indulgence and selfishness. Among the richer classes, the general unwillingness to do, or even to hear of, anything unpleasant is so marked as to be a common characteristic. This phenomenon of to-day, however, is only the explanation of a well-known economic generalization in regard to the family. It has long been observed that the birth-rate diminishes as the scale of riches rises. With the growth of wealth, we must be prepared to expect—what is now evident about us—fewer children and a weakening of family ties. As much as possible, nothing will be allowed to interfere with the pursuit of personal gratifications.

The growth of selfishness, under the name of greater freedom, the avoidance of tasks and hardships, the desire for new and frequent excitements, the personal delight in notoriety, have in undue measure drawn the attention of such women away from the care of their children. But whatever the cause, the conscientious supervision of the morals and training of their children is not to-day what it used to be. The case is too common to be rare of the woman who makes serious sacrifices if she may but strut her brief hour in those houses where society gluts her passion for recognition. The sacrifices in order to have sufficiently expen-

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sive dresses, the worries and extravagance to keep up with those who are richer, the conscienceless living beyond their means to satisfy the craving for social excitement, are seen and known by the children; and the children early become snobs and unconsciously imitate the standards and ideals of their elders. Thus is the poison transmitted into the blood of the next generation.

It is safe to say that the spread of divorce is due more than anything else to the personal selfishness, the personal extravagance, and the personal aversion to anything unpleasant of the modern woman of the world. And her example is of influence on the less well-to-do woman whose unhappy married life is unrelieved by the distractions open to the rich. In the main, the unrestrained selfishness and the exaggerated extravagance leads many a rich woman to ask: "What am I getting out of it?"—not, "What am I bringing to it?" The willingness to control self from a sense of duty, a steady performance of tasks for the sake of a given object, the ability to sacrifice some satisfactions for the common good, content with a limited income, are rarer than they once were. At the bottom it is the domination of the rising selfishness.

The forms taken by this selfishness are protean; but the one which has a large economic significance is that of national extravagance. Not having had to do with the winning, but only with the spending of wealth, the rich woman is more or less responsible for the criminal lust for riches which is now cursing the nation. More than she can possibly realize, her discontent at not having an expenditure equal to that of others richer than herself is the cause of the passion to get rich quickly. More than she knows, she is at the bottom of speculation and of the schemes for getting wealth other than by saving in order that men may be able to gratify her demands. It has been said that in Europe the man preys on the woman; that in this country the woman preys on the man. More than she knows, she is responsible for the wide-spread disposition to live beyond one's means; for the mortgages on the homes, the showy automobiles, and the extravagant dresses and entertainments which aim to express social superiority. It has not passed unnoticed that diamonds to the value of $48,000,000 were imported into the United States last year. Traced to its ultimate analysis, the uncontrolled passion for pleasure and expensive forms of gratification has caused the living beyond our means in recent years and influenced the extraordinary reversal of late in the relation of the imports to the exports of merchandise. For this our rich and our would-be-rich women are in a degree responsible. With low ideals, additional income does not mean more of higher satisfactions; it means only more foolish, emulative, showy expenditures; and in this competition—as in the building of battle-ships—there is no place to stop. An increase of salaries to academic men, for instance, does not necessarily mean more thinking, more scholarship, more books, and more aids to learning; it may possibly mean only longer ostrich feathers and wider hats for women who think they must compete with the idle rich.

VII

It is obvious that any person—man or woman—who has had little experience of the sacrifices by which wealth is accumulated is open to the temptation of careless or wanton expenditure. Due to the very fact that women as a whole have had little to do with the work of production and exchange of wealth, and have received their means largely from those who have been seasoned in that work, it is but natural that riches should have been the cause of more or less deterioration in the fibre of many women. Idle sons who have inherited great wealth often show the same weaknesses. Hence the indictment runs correctly against a large class of American women to whom it has been given to spend swollen incomes.

On the other hand, we recognize instinctively the existence of a numerous class of women—the "sound remnant"—against whom this indictment does not lie. Possibly, it may be answered that those who are not rich have remained uncorrupted. Unfortunately such a statement cannot be made safely. The danger is not confined to those who have the means to spend. The passion for social position is almost universal; and the example of the rich who have low ideals is hungrily followed by those who have low incomes. It is the deteriorating example of those who guide the expenditure of the rich women that is spreading

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widely and thoughtlessly over the great class outside the well-to-do. The danger lies in the increasing adoption of habits, social customs, and expenditure based on low ideals—which attracts the weaker and poorer members of the sex who are most influened by emulation. What is going on amongst us is not new; it is an outcome of rapidly growing wealth, like that in later Rome, or in England when Thackeray wrote. It is no reason why we should despair of the republic; but it is a grave reason for sounding the alarm and calling for higher social ideals.

The remedy is not in any external form of government, not in legislation, not in woman suffrage. There will be no change for the better except in a change of ideals—higher ideals, and a more general diffusion of them. There are women—many of them—who feel the sobering responsibility of the power given by riches, and who think carefully of the effect of their example on others; but they do not now seem to be in the majority. We all know the familiar type: the woman of some beauty and personal charm who sold herself in marriage to a rich man, in order that during his life, and above all after his death, she may have the spending of untold sums—not to better the world, but to gratify her pride and her social ambition. If all that wealth were taken away from her—the sleek, petted favorite of society—the chief damage would be hurt vanity; there would be no loss to the world, no diminution of any helpful force in the community. On the other hand, we also know the type—a rarer one—of the woman to whom a husband had left large wealth, whose pleasure is not in self-indulgence, but whose wisdom and sympathy in giving is such that the power of her riches is multiplied an hundred-fold and whose unselfish life is a benediction to every one who is privileged to know her. But such as she are relatively few in number. The regeneration of the ideals of society is unfortunately not likely to come from the well-to-do; it is rather necessary to plan and to build in spite of the low ideals of many of the undisciplined, pleasure-loving rich. Doubtless our only hope is from the greater number of those women who have had the privilege and blessing of limited incomes, and who have known the discipline due to a life of self-sacrifice and self-control. As yet the human race seems to be unable to keep its virility when given unlimited satisfactions. Fortunately riches are not universal, and the mass of mankind are under the spur of necessity to high thinking because it is essential to their material existence. Fortunately, also, it lies in the power of each woman to decide for herself whether she will be weakly swept along by the prevailing current of self-indulgence or whether she will rise to the responsibility of setting higher the ethical standards of our social life. Those who make a poor use of the great power of wealth are relatively few, but their influence is relatively great; yet the right-minded women, who constitute the great majority of their sex, have it in their power to minimize the abuses of wealth-power by the counteracting force of a scornful public opinion.

THE CYNIC

By Elsa Barker

He dreamed one dream, and ever after none;
He spoke one word, and silence followed it;
He wrought one fabric, then no more he spun,
But from his corner mocked the Infinite.

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THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IV.—THE LAND OF THE MUSK-OX

XXI.—THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

ON August 20 we reached Sandhill Bay, the farthest arm of Lake Aylmer, our northmost point by canoe. Next morning, after breakfast, we set off on foot, still northward, to seek for musk-ox, keeping to the eastward of Great Fish River. The country is rolling, with occasional rocky ridges and long, level meadows in the lowlands; practically all of it would be considered horse country, and nearly every meadow had two or three grazing caribou.

About noon, when six or seven miles north of Aylmer, we halted for rest and lunched on the top of the long ridge of glacial dump that lies to the east of Great Fish River. And now we had a most complete and spectacular view of the immense open country that we had come so far to see. It was spread before us like a huge, minute and wonderful chart, and plainly marked with the processes of its shaping-time.

Imagine a region of low Archæan hills, extending one thousand miles each way, subjected for thousands of years to a continual succession of glaciers, crushing, grinding, planing, smoothing, ripping up, and smoothening again, carrying off whole ranges of broken-up hills, in fragments, to dump them at some other point, grind them again while there, then push and hustle them out of that region into some other a few hundred miles farther, there again to tumble and grind them together, pack them into the hollows, and dump them into pyramidal piles on plains and uplands. Imagine this going on for thousands of years, and we shall have the hills lowered and polished, the valleys more or less filled with broken rocks.

Now the glacial action is succeeded by a time of flood. For another age all is below water, dammed by the northern ice, and icebergs breaking from the parent sheet carry bedded in them countless boulders with which they go travelling south on the open water. As they melt, the boulders are dropped; hill and hollow share equally in this age-long shower of erratics. Nor does it cease till the progress of the warmer day removes the northern ice-dam, sets free the flood, and the region of Archæan rocks stands bare and dry.

It must have been a dreary spectacle at that time, low bare hills of gneiss, granite, etc., low valleys half filled with broken rock, and over everything a sprinkling of erratic boulders; no living thing in sight, nothing green, nothing growing, nothing but evidence of mighty power used only to destroy. A waste of shattered granite spotted with hundreds of lakes, thousands of lakelets, millions of ponds that are marvellously blue, clear and lifeless.

But a new force is born on the scene, it attacks not this hill or rock, or that loose stone, but on every point of every stone and rock, in the vast domain, it appears—the lowest form of lichen, a mere stain of grey. This spreads and, by its own corrosive power, eats foothold on the granite; it fructifies in little black velvet spots; then one of lilac flecks the pink tones of the granite to help the effect; soon another kind follows—a pale olive green lichen that fruits in bumps of rich brown velvet; then another, branching like a tiny tree; there is a ghostly kind like white chalk rubbed lightly over, and yet another of small green blots, and one is like a sprinkling of scarlet snow—each in turn of a higher and larger type, which, in due time, prepared the way for mosses higher still.

In the less exposed places these come forth; seeking the shade, searching for moisture, they form like small sponges on a coral reef; but, growing, spread and change to meet the changing contours of the land they win, and with every victory or upward move adopt some new refined intensive tint that is

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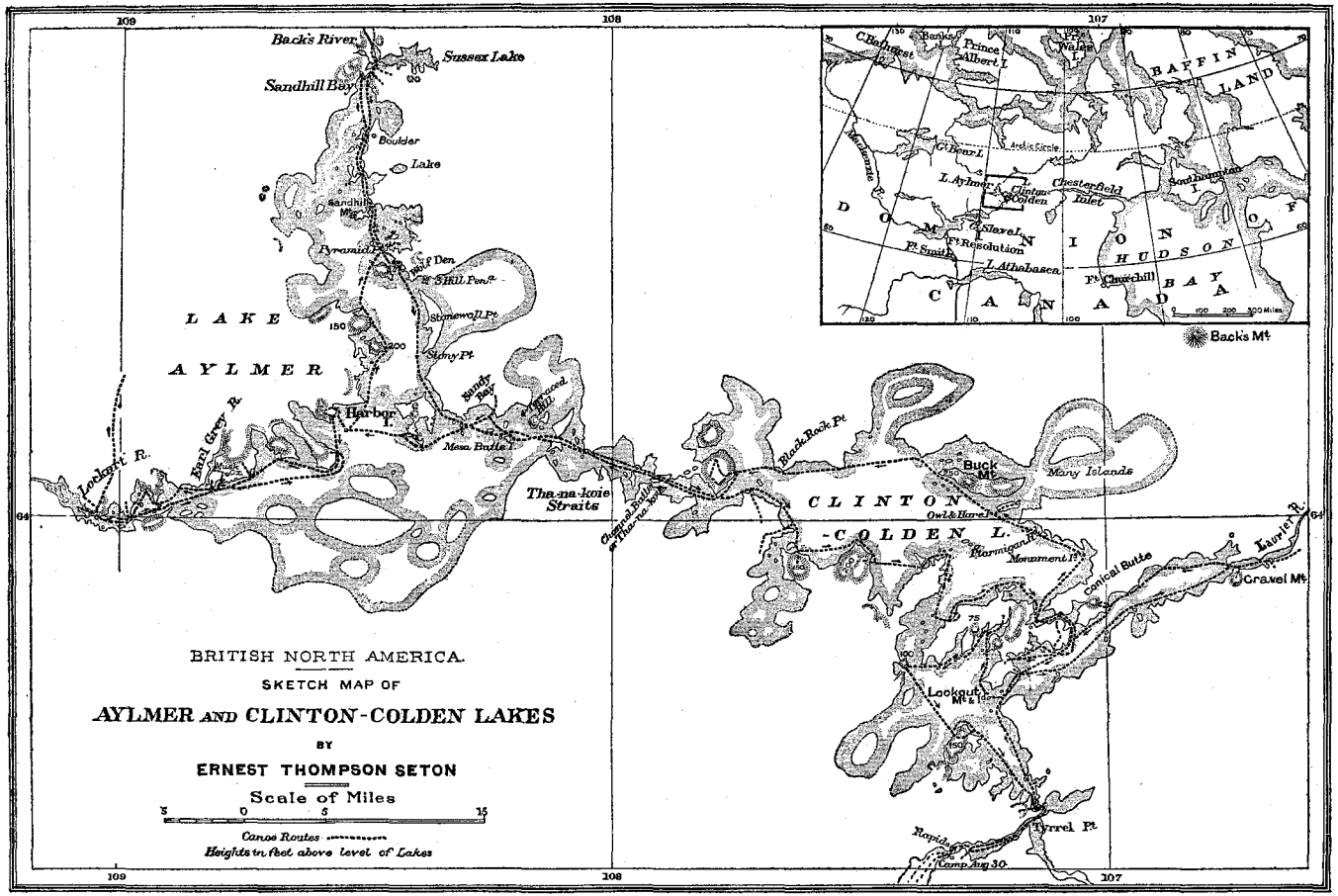

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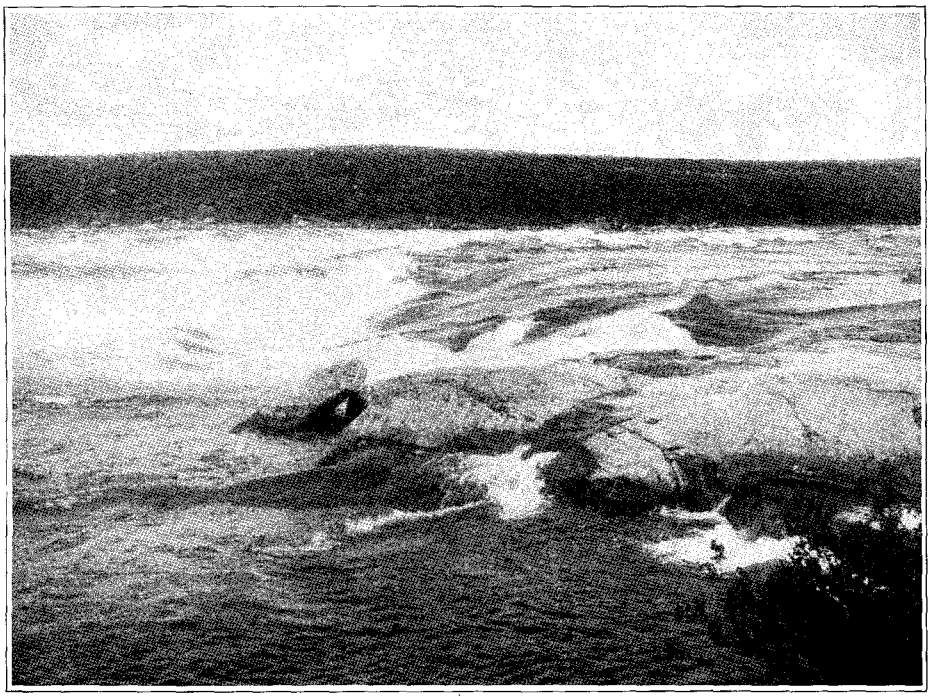

The falls of the Casba River.

the outward and visible sign of their diverse inner excellences and their triumph. Ever evolving, they spread until there are great living rugs of strange textures and oriental tones, broad carpets there are of gray and green; long, luxurious lanes, with lilac mufflers under foot, great beds of a moss so yellow chrome, so spangled with intense red streaks, that it might in clumsy hands look raw; and knee-deep breadths of polytrichum which blends in the shady places a moss of delicate crimson plush that baffles description. Down between the broader masses are bronze-green growths that run over each slight dip and follow down the rocky crannies like streams of molten brass. Thus the whole land is overlaid with a living corrosive mantle, of activities as varied as its hues. For ages, these toil on, improving themselves and improving the country by filing down the granite and strewing the dust around each rock.

The frost, too, is at work, breaking up the granite lumps; on every ridge there is evidence of that—low, rounded piles of stone which plainly are the remnants of a boulder shattered by the cold. Thus, lichens, moss and frost are toiling to grind the granite surfaces to dust.

Much of this powdered rock is washed by rain into the lakes and ponds; in time these cut their exits down, and drain, leaving a broad mud-flat. The climate mildens and the south winds cease not, so that windborne grasses soon make green meadows of the broad lake-bottom flats.

The process climbs the hill-slopes; every little earthy foothold for a plant is claimed by some new settler, until each low hill is covered to the top by vegetation graded to its soil, and where the flowering kinds cannot establish themselves, the lichen pioneers still maintain their hold. Rarely in the landscape, now, is any of the primitive color of the rocks; even the tall, straight cliffs of Aylmer are painted and frescoed with lichens that flame and glitter with purple and orange, silver and gold. How precious and fertile the ground is made to seem, when every square foot of it is an exquisite elfin garden made by the little people at infinite cost, filled with dainty flowers and still further embellished with lavish jewelry. Not a cranny in a rock but is seized on at once by the eager little gar-

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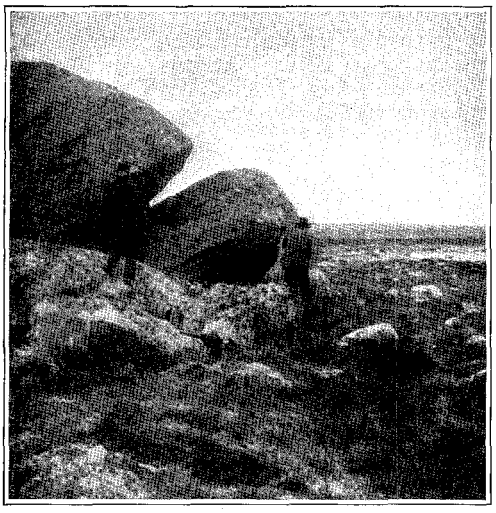

Getting the first sight of the musk-ox

The bull turned and faced us.

Snap shot taken at fifty yards.

deners and made a bed of bloom, as though every inch of room were priceless. And yet Nature here exemplifies the law that our human gardeners are only learning, "Mass your bloom to gain effect."

As I stood on that hill, the foreground was a broad stretch, the shining sandy yellow of drying grass, but it was patched with large scarlet mats of arcturia that would put red maple to its reddest blush. There is no Highland heather here, but there are whole hill-sides of purple red vaccinium whose leaves are but a shade less red than its luscious grape-hued fruit.

Here were white ledums in roods and acre beds; purple maranias by the hundred acres; and framed in lilac rocks were rich, rank meadows of golden grass by the mile.

There were leagues and leagues of caribou moss, pale green or lilac, and a hundred others in clumps, that seeing here the glory of the painted mosses were simulating their ways, though they themselves were not truly mosses at all.

I never before saw such a realm of exquisite flowers so exquisitely displayed, and the effect at every turn throughout the land was color, color, color, to as far outdo the finest autumn tints of New England as the Colorado Canyon outdoes the Hoosac Gorge. What Nature can do only in October elsewhere, she does here all season through, as though when she set out to paint the world, she began on the "Barrens" with a full palette and when she reached the tropics she had nothing left but green.

Thus, at every step, one is wading through lush grass or crushing prairie blossoms and fruits. It is so, on and on; in every part of the scene there are but few square feet that do not bloom with flowers and throb with life; yet this is the region called the *Barren Lands of the North*.

And the color is a reflex of the higher life, for this is the chosen home of the swans and the wild geese; many of the ducks, the ptärmigan, the lap longspur, and snow-buntings—the blue

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lakes echo with the wailing of the gulls and the eerie magic calling of the loons. Colonies of lemming, voles, and ground squirrels are found on every sunny slope; the wolverine and the white wolf find this a land of plenty, for on every side, as I stood on that high hill, were to be seen small groups of caribou. This was the land, and these the creatures I had come to see. This was my farthest north and this was the culmination of years and years of dreaming. How very good it seemed at the time, but how different and how infinitely more delicate and satisfying was the realization than any one of the day-dreams founded on my vision through eyes of other men.

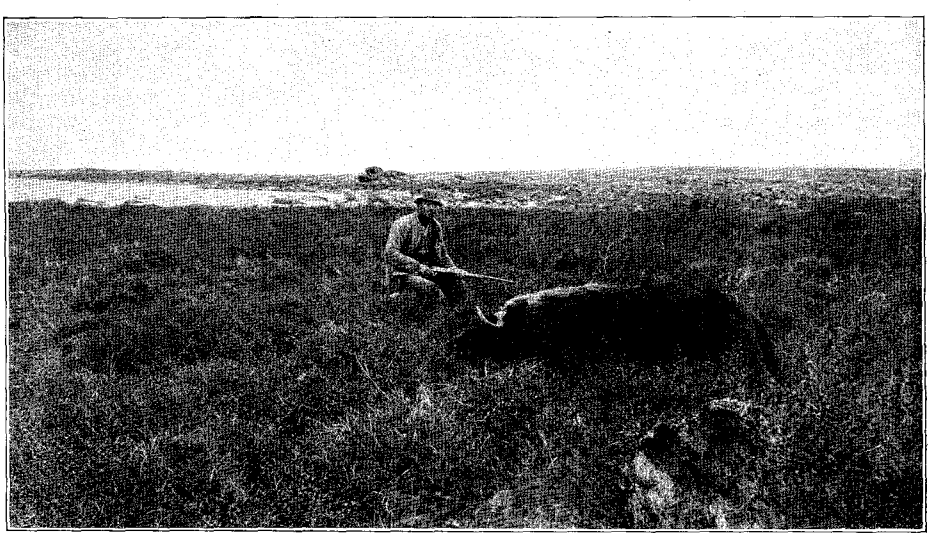
XXII.—THE MUSK-OX

THIS was the home of the musk-ox as well, or, rather, the southern edge, for these northern buffalo should now be farther north, but our luck was with us. As we paddled along the north shore of Aylmer we noticed a large brown speck that moved rather quickly along. It was undoubtedly some brown animal with short legs, whether a wolverine a mile away, or a musk-ox two miles away, was doubtful. Now did that canoe put on its six-mile gait and we soon knew for certain that the brown thing was a musk-ox. We were not yet in their country, but here was one of them to meet us. Quickly we landed. Guns and cameras were loaded.

"Don't fire till I get some pictures, unless he charges," were the orders. And then we raced after the great brown creature grazing away from us. We had no idea whether he would run away or charge, but knew that our plan was to remain unseen as long as possible. So hiding behind rocks, when he looked around, and dashing forward when he grazed, we came unseen within two hundred yards, and had a good look at the huge woolly ox. He looked very much like an ordinary buffalo, the same in color, size, and action. I never was more astray in my preconcept of any animal, for I had expected to see something like a large brown sheep.

My first film was fired. Then, for some unknown reason, that musk-ox took it into his head to travel fast away from us, not even stopping to graze; he would soon be over a rocky ridge. I nodded to Preble. His rifle rang and the bull wheeled sharp about with an angry snort, and came toward us. His head was up, his eye blazing, he looked like a South African buffalo and a prairie bison combined, and seemed to get bigger at every moment. We were safely hidden behind rocks, some fifty yards from him now, when I got my second snap.

Realizing the occasion, and knowing my men, I said, "Now, Preble, I am going to walk up to that bull and get a close picture. He will certainly charge me, as I shall be nearest and in full view. There is only one



The trophy that weighed nine hundred pounds.

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combination that can save my life; that is, you and that rifle."

Then with characteristic loquacity did Preble reply:

"Go ahead."

I fixed my camera for twenty yards and quit the sheltering rock. The bull snorted, shook his head, took aim, and—just before the precious moment was to arrive—a heavy shot behind me rang out, the bull staggered and fell, shot through the heart, and *Weeso* cackled aloud in triumph.

How I cursed the meddling old fool. He had not understood. He saw as he supposed, the 'okimow' in peril of his life, and acted according to the dictates of his accursedly poor discretion. Never again shall he carry a rifle with me.

So the last scene came not, but we had the trophy of a musk-ox that weighed nine hundred pounds in life, was five feet high at the shoulders, and is a world's record in point of size.

Now we must camp, perforce, to save the specimen. Measurements, photos, sketches, and weights were needed, then the skinning and preparing would be a heavy task for all. In the many portages afterward, the skull was part of my burden; its weight was actually forty pounds, its heaviness was far over a hundred.

What extraordinary luck we were having. It was impossible in our time limit to reach the summer haunt of the caribou on the Arctic coast, therefore the caribou came to us in their winter haunt on the Artillery Lake. We did not expect to reach the real musk-ox country on the lower Back River, so the musk-ox sought us out on Aylmer Lake. And yet one more piece of luck is to be recorded. That night something came in our tent and stole some meat. The next night Billy set a trap and secured the thief—an Arctic fox in summer coat. We could not expect to go to him in his summer home, so he came to us.

An Arctic fox in his summer coat.

While the boys were finishing the dressing of the bull's hide, I, remembering the current from the last bay, set out on foot over the land to learn the reason. A couple of miles brought me to a ridge from which I made the most important geographical discovery of the journey. Stretching away before me to the far dim north-west was a great splendid river; broad—two hundred yards wide in places, but averaging seventy or eighty yards across, broken by white rapids and water-falls, but blue deep in the smoother stretches and emptying into the bay we had noticed. So far as the record showed, I surely was the first white man to behold it. I went to the margin, it was stocked with large trout. I followed it a couple of miles and was filled with the delight of discovery. Earl Grey River I have been privileged to name

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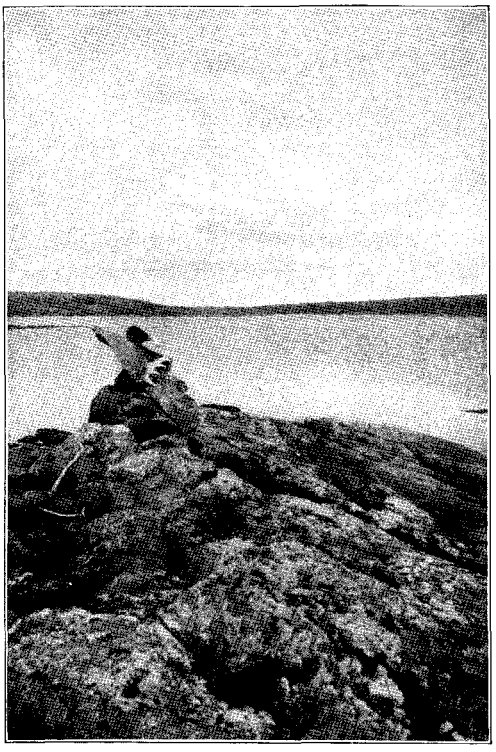
it, after the distinguished statesman, now Governor-General of Canada.

Then and there I built a cairn, with a record of my visit, and sitting on a hill with the new river below me, I felt that this surely was the climax of the expedition. The entire programme was completely carried out. I had proved the existence of the abundance of caribou—had explored Aylmer Lake, had discovered two great rivers—and finally had reached the land of the musk-ox and secured a record-breaker to bring away. This I felt was the supreme moment of the journey.



The cairn at the Earl Grey River.

Realizing the farness of my camp from home abode—it could not have been farther on the continent—my thoughts flew back to the dear ones at home and my comrades, the men of the Camp-Fire Club. I wondered if their thoughts were with me at the time. How they must envy me the chance of launching into the truly unknown wilderness, a land still marked on the maps as "unexplored." How I enjoyed the thoughts of their sympathy over our probable perils and hardships, and imagined them crowding around me with hearty greetings on my safe return. Alas! I found out later that these my companions did not even know that I had been away from New York.

XXIII.—THE FIRST WOODS

On August 24 we left our northmost camp on Sandhill Bay and faced about for the return journey, and on September 1 arrived at the first dark line of timber.

How shall I set forth the feelings it stirred? None but the shipwrecked sailor long drifting on the open sea, but come at last to land, can fully know the thrill it gave us. We were like starving Indians suddenly surrounded by caribou. Wood—timber—fuel—galore. It was hard to realize—but there it was all about us, and in the morning we were awakened by the sweet, sweet, home-like song of the robins in the trees, singing their "cheer-up, cheerily," just as they do it in Ontario and Connecticut. Our cache was all right. Our stock of luxuries was replenished. We now had unlimited food as well as unlimited firewood, what more could any one ask, yet there was more. The weather was lovely; perfect summer days, *and the mosquitoes were gone*, yes, actually, now, and fly-bars were discarded for good. On every side was animal life in abundance; the shimmering lake with its loons and islands would fit exactly the Indian's dream of the heavenly hunting grounds. These were the happy halcyon days of the trip, and we stayed a week to rest and revel in the joys about us.

Billy went "to market" at once, killing a nice, fat, little caribou. Next morning, on returning to bring in the rest of the meat, we found that a wolverine had been there and lugged the most of it away. The tracks show that it was an old one accompanied by one or maybe two young ones. We tracked them some distance, but lost all trace in a long range of rocks.

The wolverine is one of the typical animals of the far North. It has an unenvi-

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able reputation for being the greatest plague that the hunter knows. Its habit of following to destroy all traps for the sake of the bait is the prime cause of man's hatred, and its cleverness in eluding his efforts at retaliation give it still more importance.

It is, above all, dreaded as the enemy of a cache, and, as already seen, we took the extra precaution of putting our caches up trees that were protected by a necklace of fishhooks. Most Northern travellers have regaled us with tales of this animal's diabolical cleverness and wickedness. It is fair to say that the malice, at least, is not proven, and there is a good side to wolverine character that should be emphasized; that is, its nearly ideal family life, coupled with the heroic bravery of the mother. I say "nearly" ideal, for so far as I can learn, the father does not assist in rearing the family. But all observers agree that the mother is absolutely fearless and devoted. More than one of the hunters has assured me that it is safer to molest a mother bear than a mother wolverine when she is accompanied by the cubs.

Head of bull musk-ox—a study.

Belalise, a half-breed of Chipewyan, told me that twice he had found wolverine dens, and been seriously endangered by the mother. The first was in mid-May, 1904, near Fond du Lac, north side of Lake Athabaska. He went out with an Indian to bring in a skiff left some miles off the shore. He had no gun, and was surprised by coming on an old wolverine in a slight hollow under the boughs of a green spruce. She rushed at him, showing all her teeth, her eyes shining blue, and uttering a sound like a bear. The Indian boy hit her once with a stick, then swung himself out of danger up a tree. Belalise ran off after getting sight of the young ones; they were four in number, about the size of a muskrat and pure white. Their eyes were open. The nest was just such as a dog might make, only six inches deep and lined with a little dry grass. Scattered around were bones and fur, chiefly of rabbit.

The second occasion was in 1905, within three miles of Chipewyan, and, as before, about the middle of May. The nest was much like the first one; the mother saw him coming and charged furiously, uttering a sort of coughing. He shot her dead, then capturing the young, examined the nest; there were three young this time—they were white like the others.

The last case brought the matter much nearer home, for the scene was close to one of our camps. The story was related by Murdo McKay, who went to the Barren Grounds with Warburton Pike.

One day early in July, 1893, while they were encamped on Great Fish River below Musk-ox Lake, McKay and three others in camp saw Pike on a distant hill-side, jumping about in a curious way, then fire his gun a couple of times. At length he came into camp carrying three wolverines, the mother and two nearly-grown young ones. It seems that he came on them unexpectedly, and without provocation the mother attacked him. He had a lively time with her and had much ado to protect his legs; until we managed to kill her with a lucky shot.

Thus we had fine opportunities for studying wild life. There was only one unfulfilled desire in all we had done; I had not

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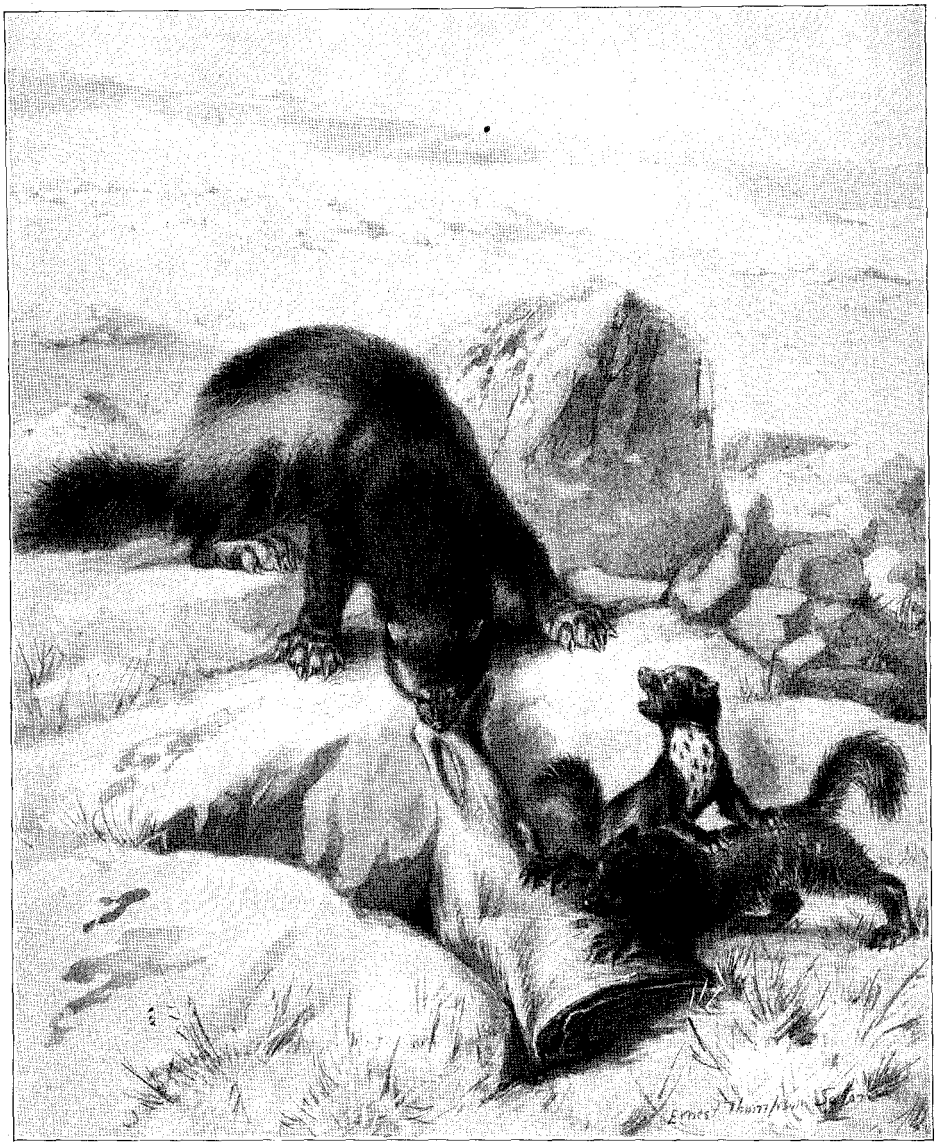

A wolverine and her cubs stealing our caribou meat.

seen the great herd of caribou returning to the woods that are their winter range.

This herd is said to rival in numbers the buffalo herds of story, to reach farther than the eye can see and to be days in passing a given point; but it is utterly erratic. It might arrive in early September. It was not sure to arrive until late October, when the winter had begun. This year all the indications were that it would be late. If we were to wait for it, it would mean going out in winter on the ice. For this we were wholly unprepared. There were no means of getting the necessary dogs, sleds, and fur garments; my business was calling me back to the East. It was useless to discuss the matter, decision was forced on me. Therefore, without having seen that great sight, one of the world's tremendous zoological spectacles—the march in one body of millions of caribou—I reluctantly gave the order to start. On September 8 we

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launched the *Ann Seton* on her homeward voyage of nearly 1,000 up-stream miles.

Light in cargo and in hearts we made long journeys in those shortening days. Crossing the lake in one-third the time it took in coming, we reached Stony Island at the noon of the 25th.

Thence southward through ever calmer water our gallant boat went spinning, reeling off the level miles up the river channel and down again on its south-west branch, in a glorious red sunset, covering in one day the journeys of four in our outgoing, faster and faster. We seemed to fly, for we had the grand incentive that we must catch the steamer at any price that night. Weeso now, for the first time, showed up strong; knowing every yard of the way, he took advantage of every swirl of the river, and in and out among the larger islands we darted, and when we should have stopped for the night, no man said "stop," but harder we paddled. We could smell the steamer smoke, we thought, it was most inspiring, and the *Ann Seton* jumped up to six miles an hour for a time. So we went, the night came down, but far away were glittering lights, Fort Resolution and the steamer that should end our toil. How cheering. The skilly pilot and the lusty paddler slacked not—forty miles we had come that day—and when at last some forty-nine, nearly fifty, paddled miles brought us stiff and weary to the landing it was only to learn that the steamer, notwithstanding bargain set and agreed on, had gone south *two days before.*

XXIV.—FORT SMITH AND THE TUG

THAT night I slept indoors perforce to avoid the host of land-polluting, sleep-destroying dogs—or, rather, lay down, but did not sleep, but tossed all night with a sense of smother, and next day gladly launched the canoe for Fort Smith. Now we began the slow, laborious work called "tracking"; that is hauling the canoe up stream at the end of a line, and in seven days reached Fort Smith.

Here again we had the unpleasant experience of sleeping indoors, a miserable, sleepless, stifling night.

Next day we rode with our things over the portage to Smith Landing. I had secured the tug *Ariel* to give us a lift, and at 7 P.M., October 5, we pulled out for the next stretch of the river.

That night we were obliged to sleep at the sawmill, and, having had enough of indoors, I spread my blankets outside, with the result, as I was warned, of constant visits from the numerous dogs. Next night we selected an island to camp on; the men didn't want to stay on the mainland for "The woods are full of mice now and their feet are so cold when they run over your face as you sleep."

We did not set up our tents that time, but lay on the ground; next morning at dawn, when I looked around, the camp was like a country graveyard, for we were all covered with leaves and each man was simply a long mound. The dawn came up an ominous rose-red. I love not a rosy dawn; a golden dawn or a chill-blue dawn is happy, but I fear the dawn of rose as the red-head light of a storm. It came, by 8.30 the rain had set in and steadily fell all day.

XXV.—FORT MCKAY AND JIAROBIA

AT midday, 15th October, we reached Fort McKay, this was the last point at which we saw the Chipewyan style of tepee, and the first where the Cree appeared. But its chief interest to us lay in the fact that it was the home of Jiarobia, a capable river-man who wished to go to Athabaska Landing. The first thing that struck us about Jiarobia—whose dictionary name, by the way, is Elzear Robillard, was that his house had a good roof and a large pile of wood ready cut. These were extremely important indications in a land of improvidence. Robillard was a thin, active, half-breed of very dark skin. He was willing to go for two dollars a day the round trip, (eighteen days) plus food and a boat to return with. But a difficulty now appeared. Madame Robillard, a tall, dark half-breed woman, objected: Elzear had been away all summer, he should stay home now. "If you go, I will run off into the backwoods with the first wild Indian that wants a squaw," she threatened. "Now," said Rob, in excellent English, "I am up against it." She didn't understand English, but she could read looks and had some French, so I took a hand.

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"If madame will consent, I will advance her fifteen dollars of her husband's pay and will let her select the finest handkerchief in the Hudson Bay's store for a present."

In about three minutes her Cree eloquence dies a natural death. She put a shawl on her head and stepped toward the door without looking at me. Rob nodded to me, and signed to go to the Hudson's Bay store, by which I inferred that the case was won; we were going now to select the present. To my amazement she turned from all the bright-colored goods and selected a large *black* silk handkerchief. The men tell me it is always so now; fifty years ago, every woman wanted red things. Now, all want black, and the traders who made the mistake of importing red have to import dyes and dip them all.

The head of the musk-ox.

Jiarobia, or as we mostly called him, Rob, proved a most amusing character as well as a "good man" and the reader will please note that nearly all of my single help were "good men." His store of anecdote was unbounded and his sense of humor ever present, if broad and simple. He talked in English, French, and Cree, and knew a good deal of Chipewyan. Many of his personal adventures would have fitted admirably into the Decameron, but are scarcely suited for this narrative. One evening he began to sing, I listened intently, thinking maybe I should pick up some ancient *chanson* of the voyageurs or at least a woodman's "Come-all-ye," but it proved to be nothing but the "Whistling Coon."

XXVI.—THE RIVER

Now we resumed our daily life of tracking, eating, tracking, camping, tracking, sleeping. The weather had continued fine with little change ever since we left Resolution, and we were so hardened to the life that it was pleasantly monotonous.

How different now were my thoughts compared with those of last spring—when first I looked on this great river.

When we had embarked on the leaping, boiling, muddy Athabaska, in this frail canoe, it seemed a foolhardy enterprise. How could such a craft ride such a stream for two thousand miles? It was like a mouse mounting a monstrous, untamed, habitually rolling horse. Now we set out

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each morning, familiar with stream and our boat, having no thought of danger, and viewing the water, the same turbid flood, as our servant. Even as a skilful tamer will turn the wildest horse into his willing slave, so have we conquered this river and made it the bearer of our burdens.

Next night we somehow left our tent behind. It was old and of little value, so we did not go back, and the fact that we never really needed it speaks much for the sort of weather we had to the end of the trip.

We were now in the Canyon of the Athabaska, and from this on our journey was a fight with the rapids. One by one, my skilful boatmen negotiated them; either we tracked up or half unloaded or landed and portaged, but it was hard and weary work. My journal entry for the night of the 18th runs thus:

"I am tired of troubled waters. All day to-day and for five days back we have been fighting the rapids of this fierce river. My place is to sit in the canoe-bow with a long pole, glancing here and there, right, left and ahead, watching over the face of this snarling river, and when its curling green lips, apart, betray a yellow brown gleam of deadly teeth too near, it is my part to ply with might and main that pole, and push the frail canoe aside to where the river is in milder, kindlier mood. Oh, I love not a brawling river any more than a brawling woman, and the memories of the broad, calm Slave, with its majestic stretches of level floods, are now as happy halcyon memories of a bright and long gone past."

My men were skilful and indefatigable. One by one we met the hard rapids in various ways, mostly by portaging, but on the morning of the 20th we came to one so small and short that all agreed the canoe could be forced by with poles and track line. It looked an insignificant ripple, no more than a fish might make with his tail, and what happened in going up is recorded thus.

Horns of the bull musk-ox.
From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

XXVII.—THE RIVER SHOWS ITS TEETH

"Oct. 20, 1907. Athabaska River. In the Canyon. This has been a day of horrors and mercies. We left last Camp early, 6.55—long before sunrise, and portaged the first rapid. About 9 we came to the middle rapid; this Billy thought we could track up, so with two ropes he and Rob were hauling us, I in bow, Preble in stern, but the strong waters of the middle part whirled the canoe around suddenly and dashed her on a rock. There was a crash of breaking timber, a roar of the flood, and in a moment Preble and I and all the stuff were in the water.

"'My journals,' I shouted, as I went down, and all the time the flood was boiling in my ears my thought was on 'my journals,' 'my journals.'

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The camp was like a country graveyard.

"The moment my mouth was up again above the water, I bubbled out, 'my journals, save my journals,' then struck out for the shore. Now I saw Preble hanging on to the canoe and trying to right it. His face was calm and unchanged as when setting a mouse trap. 'Never mind that, save yourself,' I called out; he made no response, and, after all, it was safest to hang on to the canoe. I was swept into a shallow place at once, and got on my feet, and then gained the shore.

"'My journals, save them first,' I shouted to the two boys, and now remembered with horror how, this very morning, on account of portaging, I had for the first time put all three journals in the hand-bag that had disappeared, whereas the telescope that used to hold two of them was floating high. It is the emergency that proves your man, and I learned that day I had three of the best men that ever boarded a boat. A glance showed Preble in shallow water, coolly hauling in the canoe.

"Rob and Billy bounded along the rugged shores from one ice-covered rock to another, like two mountain goats; the flood was spotted with floating things, but no

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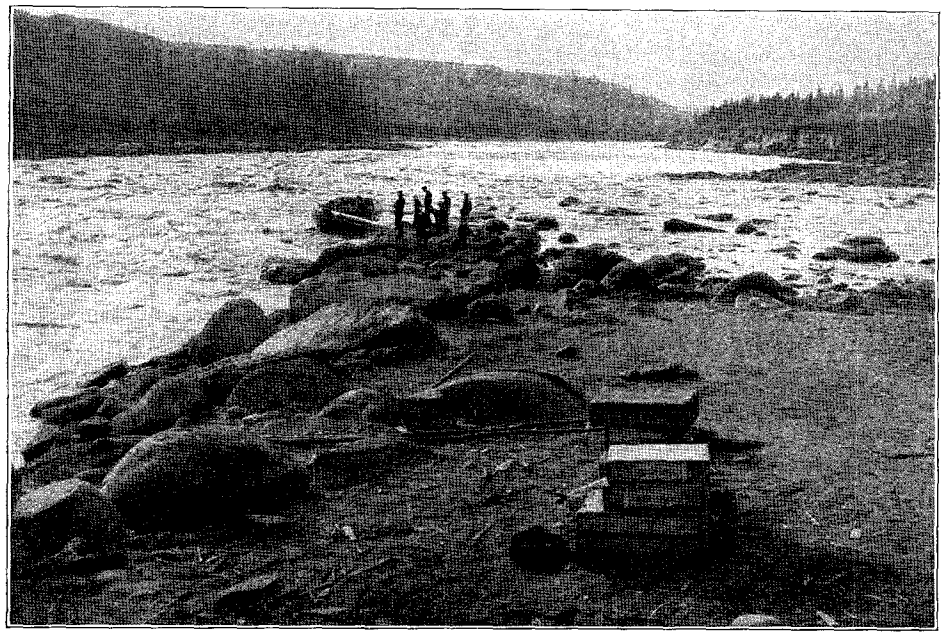

Looking down the Athabaska River from the island in the Grand Rapids.

sign of the precious journal bag. Away out was the grub-box, square and high afloat, it struck a reef. '*You* save the grub,' yelled Billy, above the roaring, pitiless flood, and dashed on. I knew Billy's head was cool and clear. I plunged into the water, ice-cold and waist-deep, and before the merciless one could snatch it along, I had the grub-box safe. Meanwhile Rob and Billy had danced away out of sight along that wild canyon bank. I set out after them. In some eddies, various articles were afloat, a cocoa tin, a milk pot, a bag of rare orchids, a half sack of flour, and many little things I saved at cost of a fresh wetting each time, and on the bank, thrown hastily up by the boys, were bundles they had been able to rescue.

"I struggled on, but the pace was killing. They were young men and dog-runners. I was left behind and was getting so tired now I could not keep warm; there was a keen frost and I was wet to the skin. The chance to rescue other things came again and again. Twelve times did I plunge into that deadly cold river, and so gathered a lot of small truck. Then knowing I could do little more, and realizing that everything man could do would be done without me, turned back reluctantly. Preble passed me at a run. He had left the canoe in a good place and had saved some bedding.

"'Have you seen my journal bag?' He made a quick gesture down the river, then dashed away. Alas! I knew now, the one irreplaceable part of our cargo was deep in the treacherous flood, never to be seen again."

At the canoe, I set about making a fire; there was no axe to cut kindling-wood, but a birch tree was near and a pile of shredded birch-bark with a lot of dry willows on it made a perfect fire-lay; then I opened my *water-proof* matchbox. Oh horrors! the fifteen matches in it were damp and soggy. I tried to dry them by blowing on them, my frozen fingers could scarcely hold them. After a time I struck one; it was soft and useless, another and another, at intervals, till thirteen, then despairing I laid the last two on a stone in the weak sunlight, and tried to warm myself by gathering firewood and moving quickly, but it seemed useless, a very death-chill was on me. I have often lighted a fire with rubbing-sticks, but I needed an axe, and a buckskin thong for this, and I had neither. I looked through the baggage that was saved, no matches and all things dripping wet. I might go three miles down that frightful canyon to our last camp and maybe get some living coals. But no, mindful of the forestry laws, we had as usual most carefully extinguished the fire with buckets of water.

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My teeth were chattering now, the clothes freezing on my back, and I was tired out. Then came the thought, why despair while two matches remain. I struck the first now, the thirteenth, and in spite of dead fingers and the sizzly, doubtful match, it crackled, blazed, and then, oh blessed, blessed birch-bark, with any other tinder my numbed hands had surely failed, it blazed like a torch and warmth at last was mine, and outward comfort for a house of gloom.

The boys, I knew, would work like heroes and do their part as well as man could do it; my work was right here. I gathered all the things along the beach, made great racks for drying and a mighty blaze. I had no pots or pans, but an aluminum bottle would serve as kettle, and prepared a meal of such things as were saved. A scrap of pork, some tea, and a soggy mass that once was pilot bread. Then sat down by the fire to spend five hours of growing horror, one hundred and seventy-five miles from a settlement, canoe smashed, guns gone, pots and pans gone, specimens all gone, half our bedding gone, our food gone, but all these things were nothing, compared with the loss of my three precious journals; six hundred pages of observation and discovery, geographical, botanical and zoological, five hundred drawings, valuable records made under all sorts of trying circumstances, discovery and compass survey of the beautiful Nyarling River, compass survey of the two great northern lakes, discovery of two great northern rivers, many lakes, a thousand things of interest to others and priceless to me, my summer's work gone; yes, I could bear that, but the three chapters of life and thought irrevocably gone; the magnitude of this calamity was crushing. Oh, God! this is the most awful blow that could have fallen at the end of the six months' trip.

The hours went by and the gloom grew deeper, for there was no sign of the boys. Never till now did the thought of danger enter my mind. Had they been too foolhardy in their struggle with the terrible river? Had they, too, been made to feel its power? My guess was near the truth! and yet there was that awful river unchanged, glittering, surging, beautiful, exactly as on so many days before, when life on it had seemed so bright.

At three in the afternoon, I saw a fly crawl down the rocks a mile away. I fed the fire and heated up the food and tea. In twenty minutes I could see that it was Rob, but both his hands were empty. "If they found it," I said to myself, "they would send it back first thing, and if he had it, he would swing it aloft." Yet no, nothing but a shiny tin was in his hands, and the blow had fallen. The suspense was over, anyway. I bowed my head, "We have done what we could."

Rob came slowly up, worn out. In his hand a tin of baking-powder. Across his breast was a canvas band. He stepped toward me and turned; there on his back was the canvas bag that held the labor of all those long, toilsome months. "I got 'em all right," he smiled in a weak way.

"And the boys?"

"All right now."

"Thank God." I broke down and wrung his hand. "I won't forget," was all I could say. Hot tea revived him, loosened his tongue, and I heard the story.

"I knew," he said, "what was first to save when I had seen you got ashore. Me and Billy, we run like crazy, we see dat bag away out in de deep, strong water. De odder tings came in de eddies, but dat bag, it keep 'way out, but we run along de rocks, after a mile it came pretty near a point, and Billy he jump on a rock and reach out, but he fall in deep water and was carried far, so he had to swim for his life. I run on anoder mile to anoder point; I got ahead of de bag, den I got two logs and hold dem between my legs for raft, and push out; but dat damn river he take dem logs very slow and dat bag very fast, so it pass by. But Billy he swim ashore, and run some more and he make a raft, but de raft he stick on a rock, and de bag he never stick but go like hell.

"Den I say, 'Here, Billy, you give me yo' sash,' and I run tree mile more, so far, I loss sight of dat bag and make good raft. Bymeby Billy he come shouting and point, I push out in river, and paddle, and watch and sure dere come dat bag. My, how he travel! far out now, but I paddle and push hard, and bump he came at raft, and I grab him. Oh, maybe I warn't glad! Ice on river, frost in air, fourteen mile run on snowy rocks, but I no care, I bet I make dat boss glad when he see me."

Glad! I never felt more thankful in my life. Guns, cameras, food, tents, bedding, dishes were trifling losses, and the horror of

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that day was turning to joy by the crowning mercy of its close.

"I won't forget you when we reach the landing, Rob," was all I could say. I didn't, or the other; and Robillard said afterward, "By Gar! dat de best day's work I ever done, by Gar, de time I run down dat hell river after dem damn books."

XXVIII.—BRIGHT AGAIN

In an hour the other men came back. The rest of the day we put in drying the things, especially our bedding. We used the aluminum bottle and an old meat tin for kettle; some bacon, happily saved, was fried on sticks, and when we turned in that night it was with light and thankful hearts, in spite of our manifold minor losses.

Morning dawned bright and beautiful and keen. How glorious that surging river looked in its noble canyon, but we were learning thoroughly that noble scenery means dangerous travel; and there was much noble scenery ahead, and I, at least felt much older than before this upset.

The boys put in a couple of hours repairing the canoe; then studied the river in hopes of recovering the guns. How well they seemed to know it! Its every ripple and curl told a story of the bottom and the flood to these river-men.

"There must be a ledge there," said Billy, "just where we upset. If the guns went down at once, they are there; if they were carried at all, the bottom is smooth to the second ledge and they are there." He pointed one hundred yards away.

So they armed themselves with grappling poles that had nails for claws. Then we lowered Rob in the canoe into the rapid and held on while he fished above the ledge.

"I tink I feel 'em," said Rob, again and again, but could not bring them up. Then Billy tried.

"Yes, they are there," but the current was too fierce and the hook too poor; he could not hold them.

"Then," said I, "there is only one thing to do. A man must go in at the end of the rope; maybe he can reach down. I'll never send any man into such a place, but I'll go myself."

So I stripped, padded the track line with a towel, and put it around my waist, then plunged in. Ouch! it was cold and going seven miles an hour. The boys lowered me to the spot where I was supposed to dive or reach down. It was only five feet deep but struggle as I might, I could not get even my arm down. I ducked and dived, but I was held in the surface like a pennant on an air-blast. In a few minutes the icy flood had robbed me of all sensation in my limbs, and showed how impossible was the plan, so I gave the signal to haul me in, which they did, nearly cutting my body in two with the rope. And if ever there was a grovelling fire-worshipper, it was my frozen self when I landed.

Now we tried a new scheme. A tall spruce on the shore was leaning over the place; thirty feet out, barely showing, was the rock that wrecked us. We cut the spruce so it fell with its butt on the shore and lodged against the rock. On this now Rob and Billy walked out and took turns grappling. Luck was with Rob. In a few minutes, he triumphantly hauled up the rifle, and a little later the shotgun, none the worse. Now we had saved everything except the surplus provisions and my little camera, trifling matters, indeed; so it was with feelings of triumph that we went on south that day.

In the afternoon, as we were tracking up the last part of the Boiler Rapid, Billy at the bow, Rob on the shore, the line broke, and we were only saved from another dreadful disaster by Billy's nerve and quickness, for he fearlessly leaped overboard, had the luck to find bottom, and held the canoe's head with all his strength. The rope was mended and a safe way was found. At that time I realized the force of an Indian's reply to a trader who sought to sell him a cheap line, "In the middle of the rapid, one does not count the cost of the line."

At night we camped in a glorious red sunset, just above the Boiler Rapid. On the shore was a pile of flour in sacks, inscribed in Cree, which Billy read off, "Gordon; his flour."

Here it was, the most prized foreign product in the country, lying unprotected by the highway, and no man seemed to think the owner foolish. Whatever else these Indians are, they are absolutely honest.

The heavenly weather of the Indian summer was now upon us. We had left all storms and frost behind, and the next day, our final trouble, the lack of food, was ended. A great steamer hove in sight—at least, it looked like a steamer—but, steadily

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coming in, it proved a scow with an awning and a stove on it. The boys soon recognized the man at the bow as William Gordon, trader at Fort McMurray. We hailed him to stop, when he was a quarter of a mile ahead, and he responded with his six sturdy oarsmen, but such was the force of the stream that he did not reach the shore till a quarter of a mile below us.

"Hello! boys, what's up?" he shouted, in the brotherly way that seems natural to all white men when meeting another of their race in a savage land.

"Had an upset and lost all our food."

"Ho! that's easy fixed." Then did that generous man break open boxes, bales, and packages and freely gave without stint all the things we needed. Kettles, pans, sugar, oatmeal, beans, jams, etc.

"How are you fixed for whiskey?" he asked, opening his own private not-for-sale supply.

"We have none, and never use it," was the reply. Then I fear I fell very low in the eyes of my crew.

"Never use it! Don't want it! You must be pretty damn lonesome in this country," and seemed quite unable to grasp the idea of travellers who wouldn't drink.

Thus the last of our troubles was ended. Thenceforth, to the end of October, the voyage was one of warm sunny weather and pleasant travel. Each night the sun went down in red and purple fire. Each morning rose in gold on a steel-blue sky. There was only one bad side to this, that was the constant danger of forest fire. On leaving each camp—we made four each day—I put the fire out with plenty of water, many buckets. Rob thought it unnecessary to take so much trouble. But great clouds of smoke were seen at several reaches of the river, to tell how dire it was that other campers had not done the same.

XXIX.—THE END

All the night of Hallowe'en a partridge drummed near my untenanted couch on the balsam boughs. What a glorious sound of woods and life triumphant it seemed, and why did he drum at night? Simply because he had more joy than the short full day gave him time to express. He seemed to be beating our march of victory, for were we not in triumph coming home? The gray first-light came through the trees and showed us, lying each in his blanket covered with leaves, like the babes in the woods. The gray jays came wailing through the gloom, a far-off cock-of-the-pines was trumpeting in the lovely, unplagued autumn woods. It seemed as though all the very best things in the land were assembled, and the bad things all left out, so that our final memories should have no evil shade.

The scene comes brightly back again, the sheltering fir-clad shore, the stanch canoe skimming the river's tranquil reach, the water smiling round her bow, as we pushed from this the last of full five hundred camps.

The dawn fog lifts, the river sparkles in the sun, we round the last of a thousand headlands. The little frontier town of the landing swings into view once more—what a metropolis it seems to us now! The *Ann Seton* lands at the spot where, six months agone, she had entered the water. Now in quick succession come the thrills of a larger life—the letters from home, the telegraph office, the hearty good-by to the brave river-boys, and my long canoe-ride was over.

I had held in my heart the wanderlust till it swept me away, and sent me afar on the back trail of the north wind. I had lived in the mighty boreal forest, with its redmen, its buffalo, its moose, and its wolves; I had seen the great Lone Land, with its endless plains and prairies that do not know the face of man or the crack of a rifle; I had been with its countless lakes that re-echo nothing but the wail and yodel of the loons, or the mournful music of the Arctic wolf. I had wandered on the plains of the musk-ox, the home of the snowbird and the caribou. These were the things, I had burned to do. *Was I content? Content!* Is a man ever content with a single sip of joy long dreamed of?

Two years have gone since then. The wanderlust was not stifled any more than a fire is stifled by giving it air. I have taken into my heart a longing, giving shape to an ancient instinct. Have I not found for myself a kingdom, and become a part of it? My reason and my heart say, "Go back to see it all." Grant only this—that I gather again the same brave men that manned my frail canoe, and as sure as life and strength continue, *I shall go.*

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

IX

ALL the way back to his house St. George's wrath kept him silent. He had rarely been so stirred. He was not a brawler—his whole life had been one of peace; his whole ambition to be the healer of differences, and yet there were some things he could not stand. One of them was cruelty to a human being, and Rutter's public disowning of Harry was cruelty of the most contemptible kind. But one explanation of such an outrage was possible—the man's intolerable egoism, added to his insufferable conceit. Only once did Temple address Harry, walking silently by his side under the magnolias, and then only to remark more to himself than to his companion—"It's his damned, dirty pride, Harry—that's what it is!"

Harry also held his peace. He had no theories regarding his father's conduct: only facts confronted him, one being that he had purposely humiliated him before the men who had known him from a boy, and with whom his future life must be cast. The end had come now. He was adrift without a home. Even Kate was lost, if what he had overheard by chance at the club was true—that Willits had already begun to supplant him in her affections. This last attack of his father's would strengthen the bond between them, for she would never overlook this last stigma which his father had cast upon him when she heard of it, as she certainly must. Nobody would then be left on his side, except his dear mother, the old house servants, and St. George, and of these St. George alone could be of any service to him.

It had all been so horrible too, and so undeserved—worse than anything he had ever dreamed of; infinitely worse than the night he had been driven from Moorlands. Never in all his life had he shown his father anything but obedience and respect; furthermore, he had loved and admired him; loved his dash and vigor; his superb physique for a man of his years—some fifty odd—loved too his sportsmanlike qualities—not a man in the county was his equal in the saddle, and not a man in his own or any other county could handle the ribbons so well. If his father had not agreed with him as to when and where he should teach a vulgarian manners, that had been a question about which gentlemen might differ, but to have treated him with contempt, to insult him in public, leaving him no chance to defend himself—force him, really, into a position which made it impossible for him to strike back—was altogether a different thing and for that he would never, never forgive him.

Then a strange thing happened in the boy's mind. It may have been the shifting of a grain of gray matter never called into use before; or it may have been due to some stranded red corpuscle which, dislodged by the pressure he had lately been called upon to endure had rushed headlong through his veins scouring out everything in its way until it reached his thinking apparatus. Whatever the cause, certain it was that the change in the boy's view of life was as instantaneous as it was radical.

And this was quite possible when his blood is considered. There had been, it is true, dominating tyrants way back in his ancestry, as well as spendthrifts, drunkards, roisterers, and gamesters, but so far as the records showed there had never been a coward. That old fellow De Ruyter, whose portrait hung at Moorlands and who might have been his father so great was the resemblance, had, so to speak, held a shovel in one hand and a sword in the other in the days when he helped drown out his own and his neighbors' estates to keep the haughty don from gobbling up his country. One had but to look into Harry's face to be convinced that he too would have followed in his footsteps had he lived in that ancestor's time.

It was when the boy, smarting under his father's insult, was passing under the blos-

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soms of a wide-spreading magnolia, trying to get a glimpse of Kate's face, if by any chance she should be at her window, that this grain of gray matter, or lively red corpuscle—or whatever it might have been—forced itself through. The breaking away was slow—little by little—as an underground tunnel seeks an opening—but the light increased with every thought-stroke, its blinding intensity becoming so fierce at last, that he came to a halt, his eyes on the ground, his whole body tense, his mind in a whirl.

Suddenly his brain acted:

To sit down and snivel would do no good; to curse his father would be useless and wicked; to force himself on Kate sheer madness. But—but—yes—he was twenty-two!—in perfect health and not ashamed to look any man in the face. St. George loved him—so did his precious mother, and Alec, and a host of others. Should he continue to sit in ashes, swaddled in sackcloth—or should he meet the situation like a man? Then as his mental vision became accustomed to the glare, two things stood out clear in his mind—to win Kate back, no matter at what cost—and to compel his father's respect.

His mother was the first to hear the music of this new note of resolve, and she had not long to wait. She had come to town with the colonel—indeed it was at her request that he had ordered the coach instead of coming in on horseback as was his custom, and was at the moment quietly resting on St. George's big sofa.

"It is all over, mother," Harry cried in a voice so firm and determined that his mother knew at once something unusual had happened—"and you might as well make up your mind to it—I have. Father walked into the club five minutes ago, looked me square in the face, and cut me dead; and he insulted Uncle George too, who gave him the greatest dressing down you ever heard in your life." He had learned another side of his uncle's character—one he should never cease to be grateful for—his outspoken defence of him before his equals.

Mrs. Rutter half rose from her seat in blank astonishment. She was a frail little woman with pale blue eyes and a figure like a curl of smoke.

"Your—father—did not—speak—to—you!— You say—your father— But how dare he!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"But he did!" replied Harry in a voice that showed the incident still rankled in his mind—"and right in the club, before everybody."

"And the other gentlemen saw it?" She stood erect, her delicate body taut with emotion. There was a strain of some old-time warrior in her blood that would brook no insult to her son.

"Yes, half a dozen gentlemen saw it. He did it purposely—so they could see. I'll never forgive him for it as long as I live. He had no business to treat me so!" His voice choked as he spoke, but there was no note of surrender or of fear.

She looked at him in a helpless sort of way: "But you didn't answer back, did you my son?" This came in a tone as if she feared to hear the details, knowing the boy's temperament, and his father's.

"I didn't say a word; Uncle George wouldn't let me. I'm glad now he stopped me, for I was pretty mad and I might have said something I would have been sorry for." The mother gave a sigh of relief, but she did not interrupt, nor did she relax the tautness of her body. "You ought to have heard Uncle George, though!" Harry rushed on. "He told him there was not a dog at Moorlands who would not have treated his puppy better than he had me—and another thing he told him—and that was that after to-day I was *his* son forever!"

St. George had been standing at the front window with his back to them looking out upon the blossoms. At this last outburst he turned, and said over his shoulder:

"Yes—that's true, Annie—that's what I said and what I meant. There is no use wasting any more time over Talbot, and I don't intend to."

"But Mr. Rutter will get over his temper." (She never called him by any other name.)

"Then he will have to come here and say so. I shall never step foot in his house until he does, nor will Harry. As to his forgiving Harry—the boot is on the other leg; it is Talbot, not the boy he outraged, who must straighten out to-day's work. There was not a man who heard him who was not ashamed of him. Oh!—I have no patience with this sort of thing! The only

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son he's got—his only child! Abominable—unforgivable! And it will haunt him to his dying day! Poor as I am, alone in the world and without a member of my family above ground, I would not change places with him. No—Annie—I know how you feel, and God knows I have felt for you all these years, but I tell you the end has come! It's finished—over—I told him so to his face, and I mean it!"

The slight body sank back into her chair and her eyes filled with tears. Harry knelt beside her and put his arms about her. This mother, frail as she was, had always been his refuge and comfort: now he must do the comforting! (Keep moving, old red corpuscle, there is a lot of work ahead of you!)

"Don't worry, you dear little mother," he said tenderly. "I don't know how it's coming out, but it will come out somehow. Let father go: Kate is the only thing that counts now. I don't blame her for anything she has done, and I don't blame myself either. All I know is that everything has gone wrong. But wrong or right I'm going to stay here just as long as Uncle George will let me. He's been more of a father to me than my own. It's you I can't get along without, you precious little mother," and he patted her pale cheeks. "Won't you come in every day—and bring Alec too?" then, as if he had not yet asked her consent—"You don't mind my being here, do you?"

She bent his head closer and kissed his cheek. "No, my son, I don't mind—I'm glad. Every night of my life I thank the good Lord that you are here." She raised her eyes to St. George, who stood looking down upon them both, and in a voice barely audible, an unbidden sob choking her utterance, faltered—"It's only one more proof of your goodness, St. George."

He raised his hand in protest and a faint smile crossed his face. "Don't talk that way, Annie."

"I will—it's true. It is a proof of your goodness. I have never deserved it. I don't now—but you never fail me." Her voice was clearer now—her cheeks too had regained some of their color. Harry listened wonderingly his arm still around her.

"I couldn't do anything else, Annie—nobody could under the circumstances." His voice had dropped almost to a whisper.

"But it was for me you did it, St. George. I would rather think of it that way; it makes it easier. Say you did it for me."

St. George stooped down, raised her thin white hand to his lips, kissed it reverently, and without a word of any kind walked to the door of his bed-room and shut it behind him.

Mrs. Rutter's hand dropped to her lap and a smile of intense relief passed over her face. She neither looked after St. George nor did she offer any explanation to Harry; she merely bent forward and continued her caresses, stroking the boy's glossy hair, patting the white temples with her delicate fingers, smoothing the small, well-set ears and the full brown throat, kissing his forehead, her eyes reading his face, wondering if she had spoken too freely and yet regretting nothing: what she had said had come straight from her heart and she was not ashamed of it.

The boy lay still, his head against her breast. That his mother had been greatly stirred was evident in the trembling movement of the soft hands caressing his hair and in the way her breath came and went. Under her soothing touch his thoughts went back to the events of the morning:—his uncle's defiant tones as he denounced his father; his soft answer to his mother; her pleading words in reply, and then the reverent kiss.

Suddenly, clear as the tones of a far-off convent bell sifting down from some cloud-swept crag, there stole into his mind a memory of his childhood—a legend of long ago, vague and intangible—one he could not put into words—one Alec had once hinted at. He held his breath trying to gather up the loose ends—to make a connected whole; to fit the parts together. Then, as one blows out a candle, leaving total darkness, he banished it all from his mind.

"Mother dear!—mother dear!" he cried tenderly, and wound his arms the closer about her neck.

She gathered him up as she had done in the old days when he was a child at her breast; all the intervening years seemed blotted out. He was her baby boy once more—her constant companion and unending comfort: the one and only thing in her whole life which understood her.

Soon the warmth and strength of the full man began to reach her heart. She drew

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him still closer, this strong son who loved her, and in the embrace there grew a new and strange tenderness—one born of confidence. It was this arm which must defend her now; this head and heart which must guide her. She was no longer adrift.

The two had not moved when St. George re-entered the room some moments later. Harry's head still lay on her breast; the thin transparent hands tight about his neck.

X

THE colonel's treatment of Harry at the club had cleared the air of any doubt that either the boy or St. George might have had concerning Rutter's frame of mind. Henceforth the boy and the man would conduct their lives as if the Lord of Moorlands did not exist.

So the boy unpacked the things which Alec had brought in, and with his mother's assistance—who came in once a week—hung up his hunting clothes in the closet; racked up his guns and fishing rods over the mantel and suspended his favorite saddle by a stirrup on a hook in the hall. Then the two had set out his books and miniatures; one of his mother which he kissed tenderly with the remark that it wasn't half as pretty as the original and then propped up in the place of honor in the middle of his desk, and another of his father which he placed on an adjoining table—as well as his few belongings and knick-knacks. And so the boy settled down determined not only to adapt himself to the comforts—or want of them—to be found under St. George's roof, but to do it cheerfully, gratefully, and like a man and a gentleman.

To none of all this did his father offer a single objection: "Make a clean sweep of Mr. Harry Rutter's things," he had said to Alec, "so that I may be relieved from the annoyance of a second delivery."

Alec had repeated the order to Harry word for word, adding: "Don't ye sass back, Marse Harry—let him blow hisself out—he don't mean nothin'. He's dat mad he's crazy—gits dat way sometimes—den purty soon he's fit to bust hisself wide open a-cryin'! I see him do dat once when you warn't mo'n so high, and de doctor said you was daid fo' sho'."

Harry made no reply, but it did not ruffle his temper. His duty was no longer to be found at Moorlands; his Uncle George claimed him. All his hours would now be devoted to showing him how grateful he was for his protection and guidance. Time enough for his father, and time enough for Kate, for that matter, should the clouds ever lift—as lift they would—but his Uncle George first, last, and all the time.

And St. George appreciated it to the full. Never had he been so happy. Even the men at the club saw the change, and declared he looked ten years younger—fifteen really, when Harry was with him, which was almost always the case—for out of consideration for St. George and the peculiar circumstances surrounding the boy's condition, his birth and station, and the pride they took in his pluck—the committee had at last stretched the rule and had sent Mr. Henry Gilmor Rutter of Moorlands—with special reference to "Moorlands," a perennial invitation entitling him to the club's privileges—a card which never expired because it was systematically renewed.

And it was not only at the club that the two men were inseparable. In their morning walks, the four dogs in full cry; at the races; in the hunts, when some one loaned both Harry and his uncle a mount—at night, when Todd passed silently out leaving all the bottled comforts behind him—followed by—"Ah, Harry!—and you won't join me? That's right, my son—and I won't ask you," the two passed almost every hour of the day and night together. It was host one minute and father the next.

And this life, if the truth be told, did not greatly vary from the one the boy had always led, except that there was more of town and less of country in it than he had heretofore been accustomed to. The freedom from all care—for the colonel had trained Harry to neither business nor profession—was the same, and so was the right to employ his time as he pleased. At Moorlands he was busy over his horses and dogs, his sporting outfits, riding to hounds, cock-fights—common in those days—and, of course, assisting his father and mother in dispensing the hospitality of the house. In Kennedy Square St. George was his chief occupation, and of the two he liked the last the best. What he had hungered for all his life was sympathy and companionship, and this his father had never given him; nor had he known what it was since

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his college days. Advice, money, horses, clothes, guns—anything and everything which might, could, or would redound to the glory of the Rutters had been his for the asking, but the touch of a warm hand, the thrill in the voice when he had done something to please and had waited for an acknowledgment—that had never come his way. Nothing of this kind was needed between men, his father would say to Harry's mother—and his son was a man now. Had their child been a daughter, it would have been quite another thing, but a son was to be handled differently—especially an only son who was sole heir to one's entire estate.

And yet it must not be thought that the outcast spent his time in sheer idleness. St. George would often find him tucked away in one of his big chairs devouring some book he had culled from the old general's library in the basement—a room adjoining the one occupied by a firm of young lawyers—Pawson & Pawson—(only one brother was alive) with an entrance on the side street, it being of "no use to me" St. George had said—"and the rent will come in handy." Tales of the sea especially delighted the young fellow—the old admiral's blood being again in evidence—and so might have been the mother's fine imagination. It was Defoe and Mungo Park and Cooke who enchained the boy's attention, as well as many of the chronicles of the later navigators. But of the current literature of the day, including Longfellow, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, and Emerson, no one appealed to him as did the man Poe. He and St. George had passed many an hour discussing him. Somehow the bond of sympathy between himself and the poet had become the stronger. Both had wept bitter tears over the calamities that had followed an unrequited love.

It was during one of these talks—and the poet was often under discussion—that St. George had suddenly risen from his chair, lighted a candle, and had betaken himself to the basement—a place he seldom visited—from which he brought back a thin, crudely bound, and badly printed, dust-covered volume bearing the title "Tamerlane:—by a Bostonian." This, with a smile he handed to Harry. Some friend had given him the little book when it was first published and he had forgotten it was in the house until he noted Harry's interest in the author. Then again, he wanted to see whether it was the boy's literary taste, never much in evidence, or his romantic conception of the much-talked-of poet, which had prompted his intense interest in the man.

"Read these poems, Harry, and tell me who wrote them," said St. George dusting the book with a thrash of his handkerchief and tossing it to the young fellow.

The boy caught it, skimmed through the thin volume, lingered over one or two pages, absorbing each line, and replied in a decided and delighted voice: "The same man who wrote 'The Raven,' of course—there can't be any doubt of it. I can hear Mr. Horn's voice in every line. Why didn't you let me have it before?"

"Are you sure?" asked St. George, watching him closely.

"Am I sure?—of course I am! Listen to this:

> 'We grew in age—and—love—together,
> Roaming the forest and the wild——'

That's Kate and me, Uncle George," and he smiled sadly. "And then this line:

> 'I saw no heaven but in her eyes.'

And then this line in 'The Raven'—wait—I will read them." He had the sheet of paper Richard Horn had read from at the club, in his pocket and knew the poem now by heart:

> "'Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
> It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels call Lenore—'

That's me again. I wish I could read it like Mr. Horn. What a voice—so deep—so musical—like a great organ, or, rather like one of the big strings on his violin."

"And what a mind, too, Harry," rejoined St. George. "Richard is a long way ahead of his time. His head is full of things that few around here understand. They hear him play the violin or read, and some go away calling him a genius, but when he talks to them about the way the railroads are opening up, and the new telegraph this man Morse is at work on, and what is going to come of it—or hear him discuss the development of the country along scientific lines, they shrug their

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shoulders and tap their foreheads. You want to talk to him every chance you get. That is one reason I am glad they let you into the club, for he is too busy in his workshop at home to speak to anybody. Nobody will do you so much good—and he likes you, Harry. He said to me only the other night when I was dining with him—the night you were at Mrs. Cheston's—that he felt sorry for you; that it was not your fault, or the fault of your father—but that you both had been caught in the ebb-tide of a period."

Harry laughed: "What did he mean by that?"

"I'll be hanged if I know. You made so good a guess on the Tamerlane, so it just occurred to me I'd try you on this," and St. George laughed heartily. (St. George was adrift on the Ebb-tide himself did he but know it.)

Harry thought earnestly for a moment, pondering upon what the inventor could have had in his mind. It couldn't have been politics that Mr. Horn meant, nor failure of the crops; nor the way the slaves were treated. None of these things affected him. Indeed none of them did he know anything about. Nor was he an expert on duelling. It must have been Kate. Yes—of course—it was Kate and her treatment of him. The "tide" was what had swept them apart.

"Oh, I know," he cried in an animated tone. "He meant Kate. Tell me—what did he say about her?" He had searched his books for some parallel from which to draw a conclusion, but none of them had given him any relief. Maybe Mr. Horn could solve the problem.

"He said she was the first of the flood, though he was mighty sorry for you both; and he said, too, that, as she was the first to strike out for the shore, Kennedy Square ought to build a triumphal arch for her," and St. George looked quizzically at Harry.

"Well, do you think there is any common sense in that?" blurted out the boy, twisting himself in his chair so he could get a better look at his uncle's face.

"No—it doesn't sound like it, but it may be profound wisdom all the same, if you can only see it from Richard's point of view. Try it. There's a heap of brains under his dear old cranium."

Harry fell to tapping the arm of his chair. Queer reasoning this of Mr. Horn's he said to himself. He had always thought that he and his father were on the tip-top of any kind of tide, flood or ebb—and as for Kate, she was the white gull that skimmed its crest.

Again Harry dropped into deep thought, shifting his legs now and then in his restless, impatient way. If there was any comfort to be gotten out of this new doctrine he wanted to probe to the bottom of it.

"And what does he say of Mr. Poe? Does he think he's a drunken lunatic, like some of the men at the club?"

"No, he thinks he is one of the greatest literary geniuses the country has yet produced. He has said so for years—ever since he began to write. Willis first became acquainted with Mr. Poe through a letter Richard gave him, and now that the papers are full of him, and everybody is talking about him, these backbiters like Bowdoin want to get into line and say they always thought so. But Richard has never wavered. Of course Poe loses his balance and topples over once in a while—but he's getting over it. That is his mistake and it is unfortunate, but it isn't a crime. I can forgive him anything he does so he keeps to his ideals. If he had had a better bringing up and knew the difference between good rain-water, Madeira and bad rain-water and worse whiskey he would keep as straight as a church deacon. Too bad he doesn't."

"Well," Harry answered at last, rising from his chair and brushing the ashes of his pipe from his clothes—"I don't know anything about Mr. Horn's tides, but he's right about Mr. Poe—that is, I hope he is. We've both got a 'Lost Lenore'" and his voice quivered. All Harry's roads ended at Kate's door.

And so with these and other talks, heart-burnings, outings, sports, and long tramps in the country the dogs scampering ahead, the summer days slipped by.

XI

Such were the soft, balmy conditions in and around the Temple Mansion—conditions bringing only peace and comfort—(heart-aches were kept in check)—when

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there came one August morning a decided change of weather—so decided that everybody began at once to get in out of the wet. The storm had been brewing for some days up Moorlands way, where all Harry's storms started, but up to the present moment there had been no indications about Kennedy Square of its near approach, or even of its existence.

It was quite early in the day when the big drops began to patter down on Todd's highly polished knocker. Breakfast had been served and the mail but half opened—containing among other missives a letter from Poe acknowledging one from St. George, in which he wrote that he might soon be in Kennedy Square on his way to Richmond—a piece of news which greatly delighted Harry—and another from Tom Coston inviting them both to Wesley for the fall shooting, with a postscript to the effect that Willits was "still at the Red Sulphur with the Seymours"—(a piece of news which greatly depressed him)—when Todd answered a thunderous rat-a-tat and immediately thereafter opened the dining-room door just wide enough to thrust in his scared face—then his head; shoulder; arm—and last his hand on the palm of which lay a small, greasy card bearing the inscription:

JOHN GADGEM, AGENT.

The darky, evidently, was not in a normal condition, for after a moment's nervous hesitation, his eyes over his left shoulder as if fearing he was being followed, he squeezed in the rest of his body, closed the door softly behind him, and said in a hoarse whisper to the room at large:

"Dat's de same man been here three times yisterday. He asked fust fer Marse Harry, an' when I done tol' him he warn't home—you was 'sleep upstairs, Marse Harry, but I warn't gwinter 'sturb ye—he say he come back dis morning."

"Well, but what does he want?" asked Harry, dropping a lump of sugar in his cup. He had been accustomed to be annoyed by agents of all kinds who wanted to sell him something—one thing or another—and so he never allowed any one to get at him unless his business was stated beforehand. He had learned this from his father.

"I don't know, sah."

"What does he look like, Todd?" cried St. George, breaking the seal of another letter.

"Wall, he ain't no gemman—he's jus' a pusson I reckon. I done tol' him you warn't out o' bed yit, but he said he'd wait. I got him shet outside but I can't fool him no mo'. What'll I do now?"

"Well, what do you think he wants then?" Harry burst out impatiently.

"Well," said Todd—"ef I was to tell ye God's truf' I reckon he wants money. He says he's been to de big house—way out to de colonel's, and dey th'owed him out—and now he's gwineter sit down yere till somebody listens to him. It won't do to fool wid him, Marse Harry—I see dat de fus' time he come. He's a he-one—and he's got horns on him for sho'. What'll I do next?"

Both Harry and St. George roared.

"Why bring him in, of course—a 'pusson' with horns on him will be worth seeing."

A shabby, wizened-faced man; bent-in-the-back, gimlet-eyed, wearing a musty brown coat, soiled black stock, unspeakable linen, and skin-tight trousers held to his rusty shoes by wide straps—showing not only the knuckles of his knees but the streaked thinness of his upper shanks—(Cruikshank could have drawn him to the life)—sidled into the room, mopping his head with a red cotton handkerchief which he took from his hat.

"My name is *Gad*gem, gentlemen—Mr. John *Gad*gem of *Gad*gem & Combes.

"I am looking for Mr. Harry Rutter, whom I am informed—I would not say *pos*itively—but I am in*formed* is stopping with you, Mr. Temple. You forget me, Mr. Temple, but I do not forget you, sir. That little foreclosure matter of Bucks vs. Temple—you remember when——"

"Sit down," said St. George curtly, laying down his knife and fork. "Todd, hand Mr. Gadgem a chair."

The gimlet-eyed man—and it was very active—waved his hand deprecatingly.

"No, I don't think that is necessary I can stand. I pre*fer* to stand. I am ac*cus*tomed to stand—I have been standing outside this gentleman's father's door now, off and on for some weeks, and——"

"Will you tell me what you want?" interrupted Harry, curtly. References to Moorlands invariably roused his ire.

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"I am coming to that, sir, slowly, but surely. Now that I have found somebody that will listen to me—that is, if you are Mr. Harry Rutter—" The deferential air with which he said this was admirable.

"Oh, yes—I'm the man," answered Harry in a resigned voice.

"Yes, sir—so I supposed. And now I look at you, sir," here the gimlet was in full play—"I would make an affidavit to that effect before any notary." He began loosening his coat with his skinny fingers, fumbling in his inside pocket, thrusting deep his hand, as if searching for an elusive insect in the vicinity of his arm-pit, his talk continuing: "Yes, sir, before any notary, you are so *ex*actly like your father. Not that I've seen your father, sir, *very many times*"—the elusive had evidently escaped for his hand went deeper. "I've only seen him once—*once*—and it was enough. It was not a pleasant visit, sir—in fact, it was a most *un*pleasant visit. I came very near having cause for action—for assault, really. A very polite colored man was all that prevented it, and— Ah—here it is!" He had the minute pest now. "Permit me to separate the list from the exhibits."

At this Gadgem's hand, clutching a bundle of papers, came out with a jerk—so much of a jerk that St. George who was about to end the comedy by ordering the man from the room, stopped short in his protest, his curiosity getting the better of him to know what the fellow had found.

"There, sir." Here he drew a long slip from the package, held it between his thumb and forefinger, and was about to continue, when St. George burst out with:

"See here, Gadgem—if you have any business with Mr. Rutter you will please state it at once. We have hardly finished breakfast."

"I beg, sir, that you will not lose your temper. It is un*bus*inesslike to lose one's temper. Gadgem & Combes, sir, never lose their temper. They are men of peace, sir—always men of peace. Mr. Combes sometimes resorts to extreme measures, but *nev*er Mr. Gadgem. I am Mr. Gadgem, sir," and he tapped his soiled shirt front with his soiled fingernail. "Peace is my watchword, that is why this matter has been placed in my hands. Permit me, sir, to ask you to cast your eye over this."

Harry, who was getting interested, scanned the long slip and handed it to St. George, who studied it carefully.

"You will note, I beg of you, sir, the first item." There was a tone of triumph now in Gadgem's voice. "One saddle horse sixteen hands high, bought of Hampson & Co. on the"—then he craned his neck so as to see the list over Harry's shoulder—"yes—on the second of last September. Rather overdue, is it not, sir, if I may be permitted to remark?" This came with a lift of the eyebrows, as if Harry's oversight had been too naughty for words.

"But what the devil have I got to do with this?" The boy was thoroughly angry now. The lift of Gadgem's eyebrows did it.

"You rode the horse, sir." This came with a certain air of "Oh! I have you now."

"Yes, and he broke his leg and had to be shot," burst out Harry in a tone that showed how worthless had been the bargain.

"*Ex*actly, sir. So your father told me, sir. You don't remember having paid Mr. Hampson for him before he broke his leg, do you, sir?" He had him pinned fast now—all he had to do was to watch his victim's struggles.

"Me? No, of course not!" Harry exploded.

"*Ex*actly so, sir—so your father told me. *For*cibly, sir—and as if he was quite sure of it."

Again he looked over Harry's shoulder, following the list with his skinny finger. At the same time he lowered his voice—became even humble. "Ah, there it is—the English racing saddle and the pair of blankets, and the—might I ask you, sir, whether you have among your papers, any receipt for——?"

"But I don't pay these bills—I never pay any bills." Harry's tone had now reached a higher pitch.

"*Ex*actly so, sir—just what your father said, sir, and with such vehemence that I moved toward the door." Out went the finger again, but the insinuating voice kept up. "And then the five hundred dollars from Mr. Slater—you see, sir, we had all these accounts placed in our hands with the expectation that your father would liquidate at one fell swoop—these were Mr. Combes's very words, sir: 'One fell *swoop*.'" This came with an inward rake of his hand,

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his fingers grasping an imaginary sickle, Harry's accumulated debts being so many weeds in his way.

"And didn't he? He always has," demanded the culprit.

"*Ex*actly so, sir—exactly what your father said."

"Exactly what?"

"That he had heretofore always paid them."

"Well, then, take them to him!" roared Harry, breaking loose again. "I haven't got anything to do with them, and won't."

"Your father's *pre*cise words, sir," purred Gadgem. "And by the time he had uttered them, sir, I was out of the room. It was here, sir, that the very polite colored man, Alec by name, so I am informed, and of whom I made mention a few moments ago, became of invaluable assistance—of very *great* assistance, sir."

"You mean to tell me that you have seen my father—handed him these bills, and that he has refused to pay them?" Harry roared on.

"I *do*, sir." Gadgem had straightened his withered body now and was boring into Harry's eyes with all his might.

"Will you tell me just what he said?" The boy was still roaring, but the indignant tone was missing.

"He said—you will not be offended, sir—you mean, of course, sir, that you would like me to state exactly what your father said, proceeding as if I was under oath." It is indescribable how soft and mellifluous his voice had now become.

Harry nodded.

"He said, sir, that he'd be *damned* if he'd pay another cent for a hot-headed fool who had disgraced his family. He said, sir, that you were of *age*—and were of age when you contracted these bills. He said, sir, that he had already sent you these accounts two days after he had ordered you from his house. And *fi*nally, sir—I say, finally, sir, because it appeared to me at the time to be conclusive, he said, sir—that he would set the dogs on me if I ever crossed his lot again. *Hence*, sir, my appearing three times at your door yesterday. *Hence*, sir, my breaking in upon you at this unseemly hour in the morning. I am particular myself, sir, about having my morning meal disturbed; cold coffee is never agreeable, gentlemen—but in this case you must admit that my intrusion is pardonable."

The boy understood now.

"Come to think of it I have a bundle of papers upstairs tied with a red string which came with my boxes from Moorlands. I threw them in the drawer without opening them." This last remark was addressed to St. George who had listened at first with a broad smile on his face, which had deepened to one of intense seriousness, as the interview continued, and which had now changed to one of ill-concealed rage.

"Mr. Gadgem," gritted St. George between his teeth—he had risen from the table during the colloquy and was standing with his back to the mantel, the blood up to the roots of his hair.

"Yes, sir."

"Lay the packages of bills with the memoranda on my desk and I will look them over during the day."

"But Mr. Temple," and his lip curled contemptuously—he had had hundreds of men play that same trick on him:

"Not another word, Mr. Gadgem. I said I—would—look—them—over—during—the—day. You've had some dealings with me and know exactly what kind of a man I am. When I want you I will send for you. If I don't send for you, come here to-morrow morning and Mr. Rutter will give you his answer. Todd—show Mr. Gadgem out."

"But, Mr. Temple—you for*get* that my duty is to——"

"I forget nothing. Todd, show Mr. Gadgem out."

With the closing of the door behind the agent, St. George turned to Harry. His eyes were snapping and his big frame was tense with anger. This phase of the affair had not occurred to him—nothing in which money formed an important part ever did occur to him.

"A cowardly piece of business, Harry, and on a par with everything he has done since you left his house. Talbot must be crazy to act as he does. He can't break you down in any other way, so he insults you before his friends and now throws these in your face"—and he pointed to the package of bills where Gadgem had laid it—"a most extraordinary proceeding. Please hand me

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that list. Thank you. . . . Now this third item . . . this five hundred dollars—did you get that money?"

"Yes—and another hundred the next day, which isn't down," rejoined the young man running his eye over the list.

"Borrowed it?"

"Yes, of course—for Gilbert. He got into a card scrape at the tavern and I helped him out. I told my father all about it and he said I had done just right; that I must always help a friend out in a case like that, and that he'd pay it. All he objected to was my borrowing it of a tradesman instead of my coming to him." It was an age of borrowing and a bootmaker was often better than a banker.

"Well—but why didn't you go to him?" He wanted to get at all the facts.

"There wasn't time. Gilbert had to have the money in an hour, and it was the only place where I could get it."

"Of course there wasn't time—never is when the stakes are running like that." St. George folded up the memorandum. He knew something of Talbot's iron will, but he never supposed that he would lose his sense of what was right and wrong in exercising it. Again he opened the list—rather hurriedly this time, as if some new phase had struck him—studied it for a moment, and then asked with an increased interest in his tones:

"Did Gilbert give you back the money you loaned him?"

"Yes—certainly; about a month afterward." Here, at least was an asset.

St. George's face lighted up: "And what did you do with it?"

"Took it to my father and he told me to use it; that he would settle with Mr. Slater when he paid his account;—when, too, he would thank him for helping me out."

"And when he didn't pay it back, these buzzards learned you had quit your father's house, they employed Gadgem to pick your bones."

"Yes—it seems so, but Uncle George, it's due them!" exclaimed Harry—"they ought to have their money. I would never have taken a dollar—or bought a thing if I had not supposed my father would pay for them." There was no question as to the boy's sense of justice—every intonation showed it.

"Of course it's due—due by you, too—not your father; that's the worst of it. And if he refuses to assume it—and he has—it is still to be paid—every cent of it. The question is how the devil is it to be done—and done quickly. I can't have you pointed out as a spendthrift and a dodger. No, this has got to be settled at once."

He threw himself into a chair, his mind absorbed in the effort to find some way out of the difficulty. The state of his own bank account precluded all relief in that direction. To borrow a dollar from his bank on any note of hand he could offer was out of the question, the money stringency having become still more acute. Yet help must be had, and at once. Again he unfolded the slip and ran his eyes over the items, his mind in deep thought, then he added in an anxious tone:

"Are you aware, Harry, that this list amounts to several thousand dollars?"

"Yes—I saw it did. I had no idea it was so much. I never thought anything about it, in fact. My father always paid—paid for anything I wanted." Neither did the young fellow ever concern himself about the supply of water in the old well at Moorlands. His experience had been altogether with the bucket and the gourd: all he had had to do was to dip in.

"And have you any money left, Harry?" Again St. George ruminated. It had been many years since he had been so disturbed about any matter involving money.

"Not much. What I have is in my drawer upstairs."

"Then I'll lend you the money." This came with a certain spontaneity—quite as if he had said to a companion who had lost his umbrella—"Take mine!"

"But have you got it, Uncle George?" asked Harry in an anxious tone.

"No—not that I know of," he replied simply, but with no weakening of his determination to see the boy through, no matter at what cost.

"Well—then—how will you lend it?" laughed Harry. Money crises had not formed part of his troubles.

"Egad, my boy, I don't know!—but somehow."

He rang the bell and Todd put in his head. "Go around outside, Todd—see if young Mr. Pawson is in his office below, present my compliments and say that it will

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give me great pleasure to call upon him regarding a matter of business."

"Yes, sah——"

"—And, Todd—say also that if agreeable to him, I will be there in ten minutes."

Punctually at ten o'clock on the following morning the shrivelled body and anxious face of the agent was ushered by Todd into St. George's presence, Dandy sniffing at his knees, convinced that he was a suspicious person. The hour had been fixed by Temple in case he was not sent for earlier, and as no messenger had so far reached him the bill collector was greatly in doubt as to the nature of his reception. He had the same hat in his hand and the same handkerchief—a weekly, or probably a monthly comfort—its dingy red color defrauding the laundry.

"I have waited, sir," Gadgem began in an unctuous tone, his eyes on the dog who had now regained his place on the hearth rug—"waited impatiently, relying upon the word and honor of——"

"There—that will do, Gadgem," laughed St. George good-naturedly. Somehow he seemed more than usually happy this morning—bubbling over, indeed, ever since Todd had brought him a message from the young lawyer in the basement but half an hour before. "Keep that sort of talk for those who like it, Mr. Gadgem:—No, Todd, you needn't bring Mr. Gadgem a chair for he won't be here long enough to enjoy it. Now listen," and he took the memorandum from his pocket. "These bills are correct. Mr. Rutter has had the money and the goods. Take this list which I have signed to my attorney in the office underneath and be prepared to give a receipt in full for each account at twelve o'clock to-morrow. I have arranged to have them paid in full. Good-morning."

Gadgem stared. He did not believe a word about finding the money downstairs. He was accustomed to being put off that way and had already formulated his next tactical move. In fact he was about to name it with some positiveness, recounting the sort of papers which would follow and the celerity of their serving, when he suddenly became aware that St. George's eye was fixed upon him and instantly stopped breathing.

"I said good-morning, Mr. Gadgem," repeated St. George sententiously. There was no mistaking his meaning.

"I heard you, sir," hesitated the collector—"*I* heard you dis*tinct*ly, but in cases of this kind there is——"

St. George swung back the door and stood waiting. No man living or dead had ever doubted the word of St. George Wilmot Temple, not even by a tone of the voice, and Gadgem's was certainly suggestive of a well-defined and most offensive doubt. Todd moved up closer; Dandy rose to his feet, thinking he might be of use. The little man looked from one to the other. He might add an action for assault and battery to the claim, but that would delay its collection.

"Then at twelve o'clock, to-morrow, Mr. Temple," he purred blandly.

"At twelve o'clock!" repeated St. George coldly, wondering which end of the intruder he would grapple when he threw him through the front door and down the front steps.

"I will be here on the stroke of the clock, sir—on the stroke," and Gadgem slunk out.

For some minutes St. George continued to walk up and down the room, stooping once in a while to caress the setter; dry-washing his hands; tapping his well-cut waistcoat with his shapely fingers, his thumbs in the arm-holes, halting now and then to stretch himself to the full height of his body. He had outwitted the colonel—taught him a lesson—let him see that he was not the only "hound in the pack," and, best of all, he had saved the boy from annoyance and possibly from disgrace.

St. George was still striding up and down the room, when Harry, who had overslept himself, as usual, came down to breakfast. Had some friend of his found a gold mine in the back yard—or better still, had Todd just discovered a forgotten row of old "Brahmin Madeira" in some dark corner of his cellar—Temple could not have been more buoyant.

"Glad you didn't get up any earlier, you good-for-nothing sleepy-head!" he cried in welcoming, joyous tones. "You have just missed that ill-smelling buzzard."

"What buzzard?" asked Harry, glancing over the letters on the mantel in the forlorn hope of finding one from Kate.

"Why, Gadgem—and that is the last you will ever see of him."

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"Why?—has father paid him?" he asked in a listless way, patting Dandy's head thrust affectionately into his hand—his mind still on Kate. Now that Willits was with her, as every one said—she would never write him again. He was a fool to expect it he thought, and he sighed heavily.

"Of course he hasn't paid him—but I have. That is, a friend of mine has—or will."

"You have!" cried Harry with a start. He was interested now—not for himself, but for St. George—no penny of his uncle's money should ever go to pay his debts. "Where did the money come from?"

"Never you mind where the money came from. You found it for Gilbert—did he ask you where you got it? Why should you ask me?"

"Well, I won't; but you are mighty good to me, Uncle George, and I am very grateful to you." The relief was not overwhelming, for the burden of the debt had not been heavy. It was only the sting of his father's refusal that had hurt. He had always believed that the financial tangle would be straightened out somehow.

"No!—damn it!—you are not grateful. You shan't be grateful!" cried St. George with a boyish laugh, seating himself that he might fill his pipe the better from a saucer of tobacco on the table. "If you were grateful it would spoil it all. What you can do, however, is to thank your lucky stars that that greasy red pocket handkerchief will never be aired in your presence again. And there's another thing you can be thankful for now that you are in a thankful mood, and that is that Mr. Poe will be at Guy's to-morrow, and wants to see me." He had finished filling the bowl, and had struck a match.

The boy's eyes danced. Gadgem, his father, his debts, everything—was forgotten.

"Oh, I'm so glad! How do you know?"

"Here's a letter from him." (Puff-puff.)

"And can I see him?"

"Of course you can see him! We will have him to dinner, my boy! Here comes Todd with your coffee. Take my seat so I can talk to you while I smoke."

(To be continued.)

INSPIRATION

By John Kendrick Bangs

WHEN Phyllis lets me gaze into her eyes,
It fills my soul with ever fresh surprise
To note a figure small deep-set in each,
As though a thousand leagues beyond my reach,
No larger than the tiniest woodland elf—
Each one the perfect portrait of myself.

The perfect portrait? Nay! I would 'twere so
Rejoicing in that soft and heavenly glow
That hedges them about! What utter bliss
To live, and be, in such a home as this,
And looking out from it each day to see
The world as Phyllis thinks the world to be!

Ah well—let it be mine to choose my way,
Year after year, through every passing day,
So well, in truth, that as this world appears
To her, unsullied, void of evil fears,
So may it be as far as in me lies
To keep it as it seems to Phyllis' eyes.

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FANCHOT

By Fannie Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

YOU will remember—if you have sat in the stalls of the old French Opera House on Bourbon Street, to hear "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"—you will remember Fanchot.

Fanchot was Le Jongleur. I do not say he sang it. Mary Garden did that. Fanchot *was* the creature—body and blood and motley. A shrinking, undersized boy, meagrely fleshed; an eager body inside the juggler's gauds; great, gentle, sad, gray eyes; and a mouth, pitifully young, forever twitching between pain and laughter—that was Le Jongleur. Incidentally, that was Fanchot.

When they took him from his balls and tricks to put a monk's robe on him, it tied a knot about your heart—he was so much a boy, so young, so eager, so full of quaint bravado, and passionate desire to please—but when in the last act he came before the altar, casting that robe aside, the knot broke, and your heart swelled to bursting. If you were human, and had not the temper of cold steel, you put a hand to your eyes, unashamed.

For Fanchot, in motley, singing his songs, dancing his dances, and juggling his bright swift balls before the Blessed Mother—the only offering he knew how to make her—was something not easily to be laughed aside. Like a gallant toy soldier come to life, he strutted up and down, his little drum throbbed beneath his fingers, and his bells jingled. Above him, the high altar glowed, with lights like jewels. When he looked up to the pictured face of Mary, his feet faltered, and his voice broke; but then he soon went on again, more eagerly than ever, leaping and whirling like mad in the earnest of his dance. Had not Boniface told him that the best one could do made always an acceptable offering in Her sight? And, this was his best—his highest reach—his Art. So when he fell panting upon the altar-steps, exhausted near to death, and the white hand of the Virgin was stretched out above him in benediction—you credited the miracle. More, you saw your own accustomed prayers for what they were, sick, sorry things in the light of that boy's white faith.

That, as I have said, was Le Jongleur who was Fanchot. But Fanchot was not always Le Jongleur, else this story need not be written. There is not much material in mere goodness for the stories that people will read.

Fanchot in his ordinary self, was somewhat otherwise. His name, given him by certain doting parents and godparents in baptism, was Camille Jean Marie, which goes far to explain why he sang in a lyric tenor and wore neckties of delicate gray. When he was not rehearsing, nor performing, nor riding about in taxicabs—a recreation which he adored—he lived at the Hotel de Paris, which, every one knows, is just across the street from the French Opera House, and shelters in its capacious gray bosom most of the latter's song-birds.

Fanchot had a room there and, in addition, when he chose to be at home for them, three plentiful meals a day. On the whole, he found it an easy and a pleasant life. Of an evening, he sat cosily ensconced behind the little table nearest the window—which was nearest the door—and sipped his sour, red wine, and gulped his *café noir*, and rolled and lit his subsequent cigarettes, with no interruption other than the genial nod of Charprent, the big basso, who ate across the room with his wife; or the shrill, comradely greeting of Handel, the *première danseuse;* or the languishing glances of Bergère, the fat soprano, who hugged a little white dog with one hand, and manipulated a fork with the other.

Fanchot sat quite alone, yet was not lonely, till there came upon the scene, the little Martier!

Martier, to admit the grievous truth, was an interloper. Poor, pretty Guyol, the original *chanteuse legère* of the troupe, had quarrelled with the manager, and departed in haste, thereby forfeiting a month's sal-

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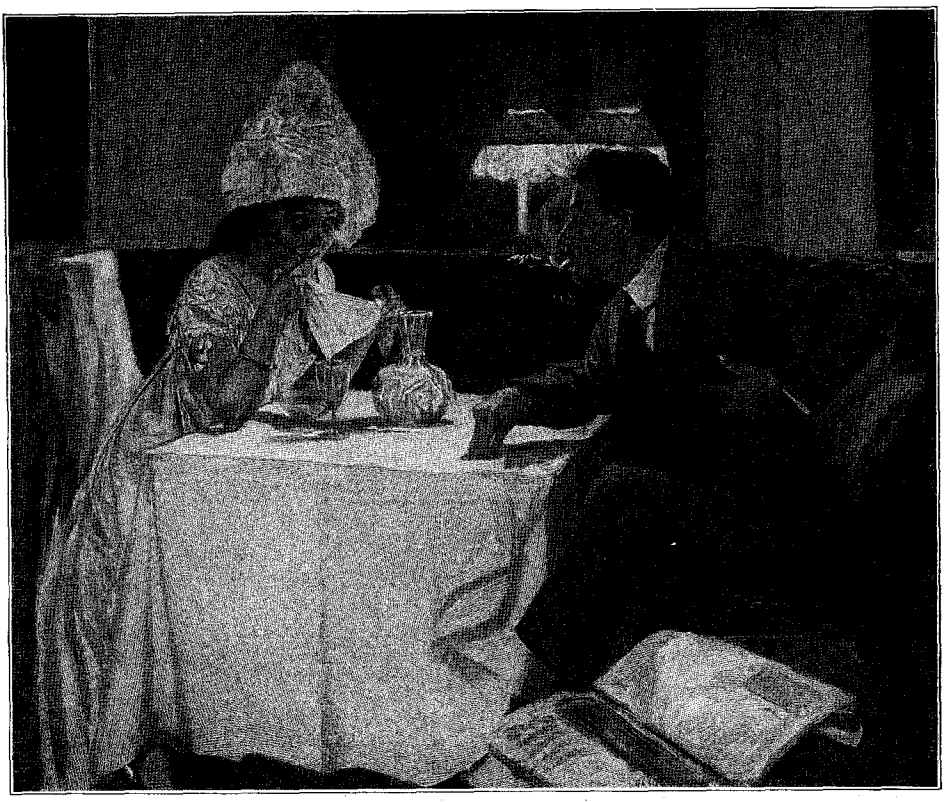

"You have perhaps an eye of glass?" she inquired pleasantly one evening at dinner.—Page 238.

ary; whereupon Martier, coming, as Fanchot justly considered, from Heaven-knows-where, in answer to imploring managerial telegrams, took her place. Further, there being no other seat for the new-comer, she was put tête-à-tête with Fanchot at the little table. Further yet, she was so pretty as to be proud, and so petted as to be spoiled—a dark, scornful little creature, rose-cheeked, with eyes like the evening star's reflection in twin pools. Furthest of all, upon the first evening, Fanchot had spoken quite kindly, meaning to put her at her ease, and the hussy had flouted him. Somewhat after this fashion:

"You have sung elsewhere?" inquired Fanchot with an air—indulgent as an old gentleman in spats.

"That runs without speaking," she returned coolly, "else what should I be doing here?"

"But your so charming youth," he persisted still kindly. Just at the first, she pleased his artistic eye.

Martier bit her lower lip to stifle a yawn.

"The bread, if you please."

Fanchot presented it.

"You cannot have had much experience."

"Not too much," she retorted pertly, "but enough."

"You would sing Musette, one supposes —a very delightful Musette."

Now it is not Musette who has the important role in "Bohême." The little *chanteuse* flung Fanchot a disdainful look.

"Mimi," she corrected laconically.

"Ah?" said Fanchot, still quite innocent of any desire to offend, "one would not have supposed it. Nedda?"

She merely nodded.

"Michaela?"

An affirmative motion of the eyebrows.

"Juliette?"

Another nod.

At that, he smiled, with pleasure—the boyish, deprecating smile of Le Jongleur.

"I also sing Romeo. It is of my best."

She looked him over accurately.

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"One would not have supposed it. We have no sugar at this place?"

Fanchot signalled the disinterested waiter. Having a friendly heart, Fanchot endeavored still to condescend.

"You will not find us difficult—we little ones of the Opera."

"What does it matter?" inquired the insolent Martier, and rose from the table, having finished her meal. She left Fanchot staring.

There you have in its beginning a very pretty feud, for Martier continued to sit at Fanchot's table, and soon his spirit rose against her continued flagellation. It was not a great spirit, if you like, having its finest expression in juggling balls before an altar; but clean it was—as spirits go—and childishly sweet. It could be childishly vicious, too, when some one prodded it, as Martier chose to do invariably. It was as if she had conceived a feline dislike for him, unsheathed her claws whenever he approached, and defied him to smooth her fur. Soon there was open war between them, to the good-natured amusement of the rest of the troupe.

"She is a cat, that little Martier," said Fanchot gloomily to Charprent one day.

"Yes, but I had rather have her scratch than purr," was the basso's deep-voiced condolence. "It is so hard to be rid of them—when they purr."

Fanchot shrugged. He was fresh from an encounter, and his wounds yet smarted.

One deep wound which Martier had inflicted, and continued to rub with salt, concerned acutely the personal comeliness of the little tenor.

Fanchot had a cast in one eye—a very slight cast—scarcely to be noticed, and surely not to be remarked upon. Martier observed it, however, and all was grist that came to her wicked mill.

"You have perhaps an eye of glass?" she inquired pleasantly one evening at dinner, when the feud had been more than usually intense.

Fanchot indignantly denied it.

"But why should you care? It is a very good eye—the difference is slight. I should scarcely have known!"

"It is my own eye," he assured her, in a white heat of rage.

"But yes," she murmured soothingly, "it becomes your own, since it is paid for. A perfect match. I assure you, I should never have known, except for a little, little crookedness—like a cast."

"It *is* a cast," said Fanchot between his teeth, "in *my* eye."

"One understands," she agreed indulgently, "in *your* eye—not in the one of glass. No matter!"

Thereafter she lost no occasion of tormenting him. Fanchot was impotent, till an unexpected, but quite perceptible flatting of Mimi's notes, one night, gave him his opportunity. Next day at luncheon, he rose to the occasion.

"How you must have been mortified!" he consoled her, "last night—to flat. so dreadfully!"

"I?" cried Martier, "to flat!"

Her brown eyes flamed fury. The blood swept up into her cheeks.

"The papers speak of it—you have not seen?" he suggested mildly. "No matter! Let us talk of something more pleasant——"

Martier was out of the room, and halfway up the stairs in quest of a morning paper, before the last word left his lips.

"*Touché!*" chuckled Fanchot to himself. But he pushed his plate aside, and ate no more lunch that day.

For Le Jongleur who was Fanchot, and Fanchot who was Le Jongleur, had come to love the one who flayed him. Slowly, but with the sureness of a sunrise, it had come to him that his taunts were so many weak defences, so many feeble barricades against an encroaching tide. While he answered sneer with sneer, his eyes were hungry upon the curl that touched her cheek. While he parried and thrust in the vindictive fence she forced upon him, he would have given his soul to put his lips to her hand; and while he laughed lightest at the flatting of her notes, mentally he was down in the dust at her feet, praying that for her own sake, she might not do it again.

Nothing of this came home to Martier, though beside herself there was no soul in the troupe who did not know the truth, or who failed, with true temperamental wit, to make a jest of it.

The season marched, as seasons do, and one after another, subscription nights were added to the past. By some quaint chance, the fickle public chose to be pleased with Fanchot and Martier in "Pagliacci"—so "Pagliacci" was sung, an incredible number of times, with Martier, an impish, en-

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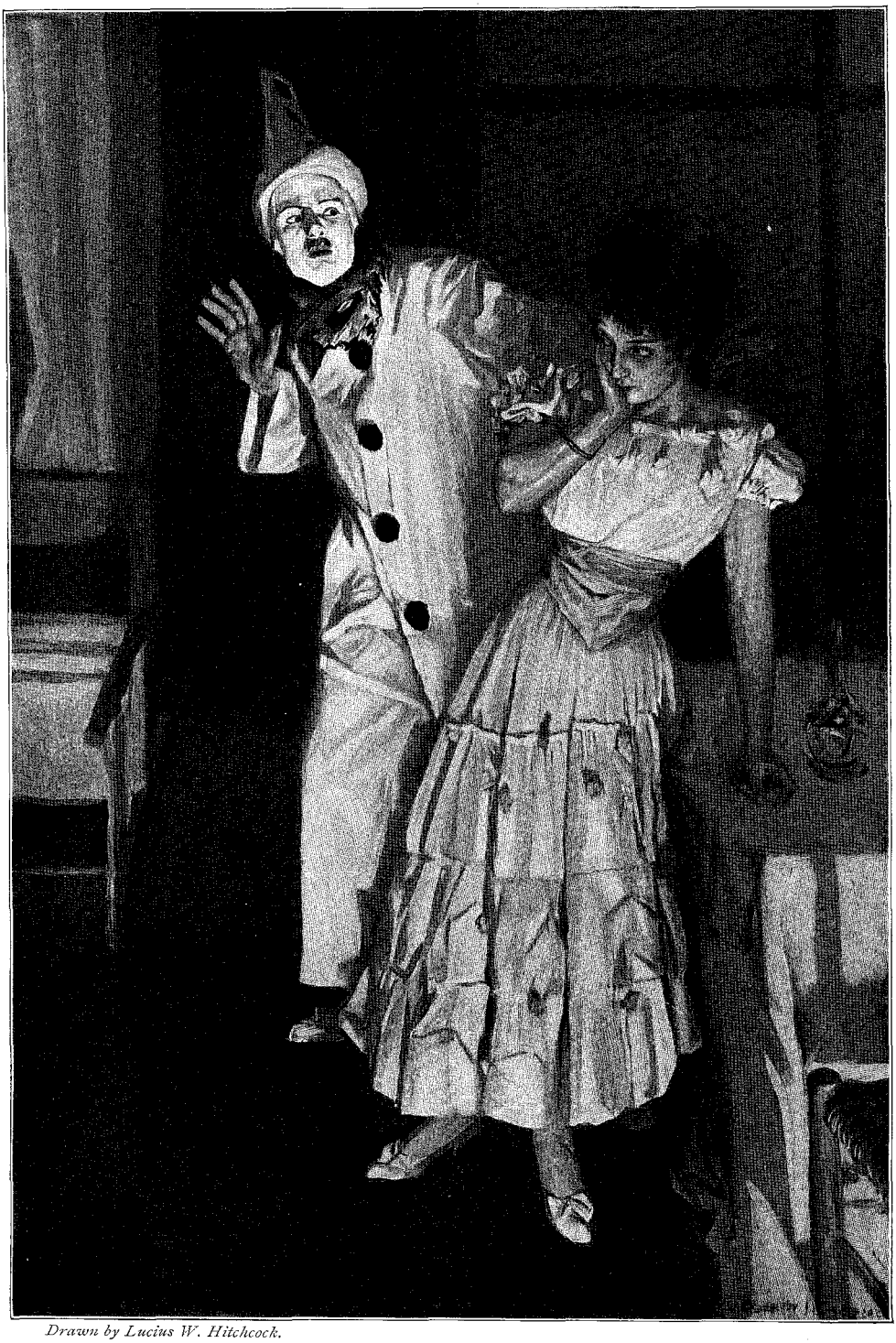

Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

Something more than the sad clown's fury burned in Fanchot's gray eyes on such nights.—Page 240.

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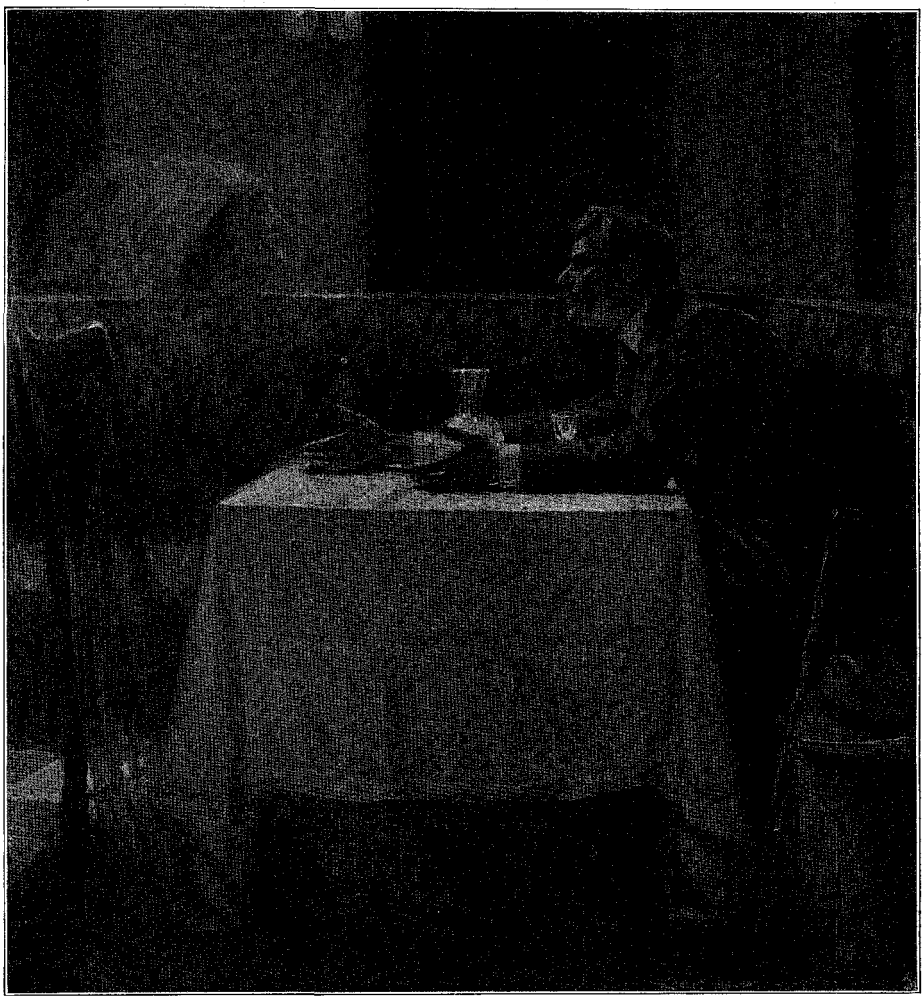

It was perhaps a little past the third hour after midnight. . . . He stretched both hands across the table . . . and whispered a name.—Page 243.

ticing Nedda, and Fanchot, a poignantly impassioned Canio. Something more than the sad clown's fury burned in Fanchot's gray eyes on such nights. A fire of longing touched him, and a flame of wild regret. In "Romeo et Juliette" he was the wistfullest lover those walls had seen—as Juliette was the shyest maid—what Fanchot lacked in impressiveness of stature, he atoned for in earnest—but it was hard for any man to love poetically to the undercurrent accompaniment that Martier played him.

When, for example, she leaned from the balcony into his yearning arms, he having gallantly ascended the rope-ladder, and pledged him her tender heart—between the outbursts of their duet, she tortured him in a delicate whisper.

"Do not put your face so near—I cannot sing——"

"Oh la! la!—if you regard me so mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly laugh."

"If only you do not flat!" hissed Fanchot, before vowing, in exquisite limpid harmonies, that yonder moon might prove his constancy.

By reason of the merciless exigencies of Gounod's music, Juliette was thereupon faint with happiness, but in a murmur following sweetly, so that her red lips barely moved, she wielded the lash once more.

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"I do not care that you should hold me so close——"

And Romeo, swearing his soul to her service, muttered in the first free second, with dry lips——

"I have no wish——"

Wherein he lied, shamefully—from the depths of a fiery furnace, as it were.

But Martier did not laugh. Being Juliette, she flung instead both white arms about his neck, and uttered a trill of ecstatic emotion—only as her dark hair swept his cheek where the blood leaped up to welcome it, she cooed softly, with a refinement of derision, with an absolute quintessence of unkindliness:

"That sees itself."

In spite of all which, "Romeo et Juliette" was one of Fanchot's few remaining joys in life. At least it brought him to where he would be, and not all the little Martier's unspeakable cruelties could rob him of a consequent choking happiness that endured to the fall of the curtain.

Fanchot was not a Cave-Man, as one sees that delightful tradition. It occurred to him not once in the course of a tumultuous season that no woman is won by humility, and that a trifle of brute force will move mountains. It may be he had never heard of a Cave-Man, or, having heard, it may be that he shuddered at the heresy. In any case, where rudeness and determination might have been wisdom most effective, he preferred to rely upon caustic epigrams, which broke beneath his weight—added to their own.

So things grew no better between the little tenor and the *chanteuse legère*—if anything, they altered for the worse. Day after day, the two broke bread together at the little table, and scorned each other furiously above the salt. The audiences that filled the Opera House from parquet to gallery that winter, never knew that each red-rose moment of "Pagliacci" was a delicious agony to Fanchot who sang it. They applauded—those big stupid audiences—and in the boxes, the débutantes, all white and pink like wind-flowers, murmured, rustling among themselves:

"Isn't he sweet?—Fanchot! Those eyes, my dear! No less than burning!—and eyelashes long as your arm."

Poor Fanchot! Martier had not observed those eyelashes, or she would doubtless have asked, with a delicate sniff, if perhaps he braided them before retiring at night.

It was well into January when the first slackening of work appeared, and with it the first easier days for the singers. Mardi Gras came early, with a rout of balls preceding it, and the Opera House was, by right of tradition, converted on such occasion into a ball-room. Not more than two nights out of a week, therefore, were Bergère and Charprent and Martier and the rest of them in demand. They took advantage joyfully of their increasing idleness. Charprent and his wife made long excursions into the country, returning foot-sore and jubilant. Bergère and her little white dog underwent a rest-cure with a masseuse in attendance. Flippant, slender Handel haunted the shops in an orgy of chiffons. Fanchot, daily, took solemn, aimless rides in buzzing taxicabs. And Martier—Martier went away, as often as chance permitted, to a certain charming plantation-house, in one of the Parishes, where the hostess, herself a poet in a small and delicate way, delighted to play at bohemia, and worship genius in its hours of ease.

She was a witch, that small Martier. Upon each fresh return, when Fanchot, hoping against hope, greeted her tentatively, she trod upon his wound. You may imagine her little French heels, dappled with blood, tapping blithely, nonetheless, upon their way.

"Ah!" she would cry, unfolding her napkin daintily, "you? How this place is dull—eh? Are you looking at *me?* I cannot always tell—because of the eye. Is it not quaint?"

And Fanchot would smile wryly—his hope once more flung back upon itself.

"To-night," he would remind her, "there is Juliette. I trust she will not flat one little note. I have an ear so delicate!"

But it grew tiresome, that game!

Then at the end of a certain week, the last in January, Martier, who had gone as usual to the plantation, failed to return one morning; and evening papers, hawked about the street by careless boys, printed her name in little black letters, midway of a pitiful little list. There had been a wreck—a spreading rail—and four lives lost. That was not, in itself, so strange a thing. We must have wrecks, we who travel fast. But when the wreck is at our door——

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Charprent, the paper crackling in the hold of his great fist, came first to the Hotel de Paris with the news. To his wife who met him on the stairs with some inconsequent pleasantry about his lateness, he said five words, his kind, square-jawed face paling dreadfully, his voice a husk.

"The little Martier," he told it thus, "is dead."

"Ninette!" shrieked madame, clutching the railing.

In a moment she essayed to laugh, timorously.

"Macaque! You jest."

"Read," said Charprent, and held the paper up before her eyes, whereupon madame went presently, and with no warning beyond one strangled gulp, into a clamor of hysterics. She had been fond of the wilful girl.

"That is well enough," muttered Charprent, "we must all grieve—we others—but who is to tell Fanchot?"

Not Bergère—who, when she heard of the tragedy, clutched her little white dog up to her cheek, and wept loudly. She had been jealous of Martier, but one cannot be jealous of the dead. Her tears were real.

Handel cried out between her sobs that she would not dare, she could not bear to hurt a fly.

The rest were no less stubborn—like frightened children.

"Then I, myself—" sighed Charprent.

A gloom settled down upon the Hotel de Paris, like a clinging black pall. The women gathered in Bergère's room weeping, and remembering little sunny episodes of the dead girl's life. The men clogged the hallways, smoking solemnly. Into this atmosphere of darkness and dolor, came Fanchot, and closed the door behind him.

At first they thought, Charprent and one other who went gravely to meet him, that he did not know. He wore a gray suit, with a red flower in his button-hole, and his soft gray hat was pushed quite rakishly upon the back of his head. Then they saw his face, and Charprent, not knowing why he did so, took the paper from Fanchot's hand.

"Am I late for dinner?" asked Fanchot, and that was all. The soul of the man, like a naked thing seeking cover, caught up the first flimsy commonplace it could find to shelter its agony.

"No," said big Charprent, clumsily tender, "you are not late, my boy."

And the third man added eagerly, he too clutching the ordinary, for comfort:

"There is perhaps an hour yet."

"That is good," said Fanchot, but when they looked to see him go up the stairs, carrying his grief like a burden, he crossed the threshold of the dining-room, walked straight to the little table by the window, placed his hat upon the floor, sat down, rested his elbows upon the cloth, and stared at the empty chair—the chair of little Martier—which stood there facing him. All of this he did like a man in a dream, not deliberately, but with an unseeing sureness. The forks beside her plate were awry, and he set them straight. Then he sat once more quiet, looking across the table, his hands clasped loosely before him, his shoulders drooping.

He was like that, while Charprent stood and watched him. When Charprent went away, he did not move; and he was like that, yet later, a live man stiffening to stone, while the Hotel de Paris ate its sorrowful dinner around him, muffling the noises of fork on platter, that grief might go undisturbed. The waiter brought him one course after another, and took each away untouched.

Charprent, stopping on the way out, his big face distorted with feeling, laid a hand on the nearest gray shoulder.

"My boy," he suggested huskily, "if you could perhaps eat——"

"Eh?" Fanchot did not look up, he merely moved his head. "Another time."

"The good God knows we can only wait," the older man continued.

"I am waiting," said Fanchot.

And there was no answer to that, Charprent could see for himself.

So, softly, and with a beautiful understanding that seemed not to be aware of Fanchot's presence, the company slipped out, the waiters cleared the tables deftly, and the dining-room was again deserted. Through the semi-gloom, the white cloths, and the dim goblets, the plated forks, and the tall carafes showed eerily. An air of weariness hovered about the place, an air of crowded yesterdays and juggernaut tomorrows.

Fanchot, in his corner, sat very still, and outside, at intervals, the cars roared by like

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rushing winds. When it was nine o'clock, and still the little tenor had not moved, a waiter came quietly to Charprent, an air of sympathetic apology upon his weazened face. He was an old man, and in his time had slept with sorrow.

"One would not disturb him," he said, "but it is the rule of the house. After nine hours, no light burns in the dining-room—and he sits there still."

"Put out your light," the basso told him. "Have no concern. I shall be here."

The waiter hung back a moment, wistfully.

"If one might remark it—she was a child of the sunshine, that little one."

"It is true," said Charprent simply, "but the good God knows."

The waiter went back to the dining-room, walking softly, and turned out the single gas-jet that had been burning upon the chandelier. It left the place in a musty shadow. Only the bloom of an arc-light across the street sifted through the closed windows, and thinned the blackness.

"If there is anything monsieur wishes," offered the waiter, hesitating before the little table in the corner.

"Eh?" said Fanchot, answering as if from a great distance, but quietly. He added, after a moment, seeming to remember, "There is nothing."

When the waiter had gone, time passed unremarked. Noises in the street grew less. There had been no performance intended for the opera that night, and the hotel went early to bed. The sound of the infrequent cars came like a gash across the stillness. One might have heard the wires singing. And the darkness was without comfort.

It was perhaps a little past the third hour after midnight, when Fanchot moved in his chair. He stretched both hands softly across the table, turned them palm upward, as a man who begs, and whispered a name. In that long, silent room, its echo did not cross the threshold.

"Well-Beloved!" he said, and again, shaken with longing, "my Well-Beloved!"

A little mouse came out of its hole, and gnawed raspingly beside the fireplace—no sound but that.

"Juliette!" said Fanchot, very stilly; one might have thought, to hear him, he held his breath between the words—they do, who listen for an answer. "My Well-Beloved!—Dear God!—My Well-Beloved!"

A little wind came up, and fretted at the windows.

A sob caught suddenly in Fanchot's throat.

"But I have waited!" he said, desperately low, and his hands clenched in upon themselves, nail into palm, rigid with agony. "Dear God!—my Well-Beloved!"

Before his eyes, dark with pain, and strained with the hopeless hope of re-visioning, a shadow fell and wavered. It grew, misting faintly into form beside that empty chair. Against the darkness, it was as a film; against the close air, as a perfume; against the silence as a heart-beat.

Fanchot sat wrung and tortured. He scarcely breathed. His eyes burned into the dark.

Then, while the little mouse rasped at the wall, and the little wind fretted at the windows, there came two other eyes that answered—wide, mocking eyes above a red mouth, tilting at the corners. From the chair that had been empty across the table, smiled the little Martier, and Fanchot sensed a voice.

"Oh la! la!" it murmured, "if you regard me so mournfully with the eye of glass, I shall undoubtedly laugh."

"My Well-Beloved," said Fanchot in his heart. His lips moved but slightly, yet he said it again and again.

"One would not have supposed that you sang Romeo," the wide eyes swept him with a delicate disdain, the red mouth curled into a smile.

Fanchot's face paled till, even in that darkness, it showed a blur of light. A breathless ecstasy trembled in his voice. He spoke so low you might not have heard him, though you stood at his elbow.

"Romeo?" he said it after her, lingeringly. "Romeo was a poor fellow—he could only die when Juliette was gone. *I* have called you back, my Well-Beloved—I have called you back!"

"Do you so far flatter yourself?" She mocked him.

"There are you," he pleaded, "and here am I! Has it been one hour or twelve I have sat here? I cannot tell. I have taken my heart in my hands and wrung it dry. I only know I called you—and you have come."

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"To see"—her chin lifted prettily—"to see poor Romeo pray."

Fanchot's dry lips twitched.

"I love you," he said, "I love you!—beyond all hope—beyond all peace. For every jest you flung at me I love you more—for every sneer—for every taunt. I have not forgotten that first night—I have not forgotten any night. I shall never forget."

She nodded her head, an ethereal mirth narrowing the beautiful eyes.

"That sees itself," she murmured.

"There is no music in heaven," he told her, in broken passionate whispers, "like the notes you have flatted. If I have laughed at them, the good God knows I lied."

"Doubtless," she nodded sweetly, "doubtless you lied."

"My Well-Beloved!" breathed Fanchot hoarsely, "my little, little love!"

A silence came between them. Across the table, his eyes devoured the shadowy curve of her cheek. The room sank away from his consciousness. It may be that his hand trembled, for suddenly a spoon clinked beneath it and at that a great shudder took him, from head to heel. He shivered pitifully, like a man with the ague, setting his teeth that they might make no sound.

In the street outside, a cart went by, clattering horribly, and after a little, another. The air was chill with dawn. At the windows, the dark grew slowly pallid. Vague shapes revealed themselves about the room.

There was a careful step upon the stair, and Charprent stood in the doorway. In the twilight, he looked haggard and large and old. His shirt was open at the throat, and his eyes were heavy with sleep. Cautiously, he crossed the room, and laid his kindly hand on Fanchot's shoulder.

"It is not long," he muttered, "before the house awakes—and one would be alone with his grief. All night, is it not? I have watched. It may be that you would sleep now, my friend."

"She was *there*," said Fanchot, and pointed across the table.

"But yes," said the older man soothingly. "Now, let us go, before the servants come It has been of a length—this night!"

Fanchot's tired mouth twitched, his shoulders heaved with a long, shuddering breath.

"See, now!" coaxed Charprent, "shall we go?"

They went up the stairs together, Fanchot stumbling a little, like a man who has drunk too deep.

"The good God knows," sighed Charprent, when they had reached the little tenor's room; "it all makes Art—love, life, and death."

But Fanchot, who was Le Jongleur, had no answer. He lay, face down, across the bed, and wept.

CHALLENGE

By Kenton Foster Murray

THIS little child, so white, so calm,
  Decked for her grave,
Encountered death without a qualm.
  Are you as brave?

So small, and armed with naught beside
  Her mother's kiss,
Alone she stepped, unterrified,
  Into the abyss.

"Ah," you explain, "she did not know—
  This babe of four—
Just what it signifies to go."
  Do you know more?

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GERMAN RAILWAY POLICY

By Elmer Roberts

THE non-German trading upon a frontier of the world has the uneasy sense that in competing with the German he is opposing not an individual but a nation. The American in the Levant, South Africa, or the Far East may be supported by a corporation powerful at home, with wide-spread alliances, yet he becomes dimly aware that while he after all only represents an individual company, somehow behind his German competitor is the German nation in a real and co-operating sense. It is the interaction of government and business, the conscious adjustment by directing mind of one part of national endeavor with another, that makes possible much of the narrative of trade conquest told quarterly in the thin brochures of the Imperial Statistical Office. Tasks of statesmanship in German ministries, next to those of administration, concentrate on contributions to the national trade policy. The Prussian Ministry of Education has reduced the unskilled within twenty years from about one-third of the industrial army to one-tenth by directing boys toward learning trades and by providing specific instruction. The protection and extension of trade spheres has become the vital principle of foreign policy. Questions of prestige and delight in playing the game for its own sake have become secondary. Diplomatic controversies of this century, those settled and those pending, in Turkey, China, Morocco, Persia, relate to trade opportunities. The friendly attitudes of the Imperial and Prussian governments toward syndicates and other trade combinations rest upon trade considerations. The convincing argument for the navy is security for the sixteen billions of marks planted fruitfully abroad. An inquiry into each of these divisions of trade policy would be instructive, especially those concerning friendship with the syndicates, the measures taken to have boys and girls grow up into skilled instead of raw workers, and the benefits that science has given to technique. But in examining the German system with a purpose to understand how it comes about that foreign trade, taking good years with bad, has advanced $113,000,000 each twelve months since 1897, the Imperial government's use of the private and state-owned railway has been to me the most amazing and full of meaning.

While the Imperial government is not itself a large railroad-owner, it has unified the policies and the charges upon the state and privately owned lines of the empire so that so far as the shipper perceives he is dealing with one transportation system whether the point of origin is on a line owned by one of the thirteen private companies or by Prussia, Bavaria, Baden, Würtemberg, Saxony, or by the empire in Alsace-Lorraine. The control of the rates is centralized under the Bundesrat, the Senate as it were, consisting of members appointed by the governments of the twenty-five individual monarchies and republics of the empire. The Bundesrat from time to time calls a "general conference" for regulating railway rates. The railways have voting powers in the conference according to mileage as follows: up to 50 kilometres (31 miles) one vote; above 50 and up to 150 kilometres (93.2 miles) two votes; from 150 kilometres to 300 (186.4) three votes; beyond 300 and up to 500 kilometres (310.7 miles) four votes, and for each additional 200 kilometres (124.3 miles) one vote more. Business for the general conference is prepared by a Permanent Rate Commission with representatives from fourteen railway boards. A subdivision of membership called the Trader's Committee is made up of five representatives of agriculture elected by the combined agricultural chambers of the empire, five representing the manufacturing interests and five the distributing commercial interests. The two latter classes are elected by the chambers of commerce of the country acting together. These fifteen and a member appointed by the Bavarian government recommend to the Permanent Commission authoritatively, especially in adjusting rates equitably among zones of traffic into which the empire is apportioned so that a shipper in one part of the country shall not be at a disadvantage in internal trade through his geographical location.

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The railway direction is informed upon local conditions through District Advisory Boards. Members of the boards are elected or appointed in various ways, according to which state or private road is concerned. The principle of choice is that the District Board shall be representative of the agriculture, the forestry, the manufactures, the mines, and the trade of the division. Prussia, which dominates the Imperial railway plexus, draws district advisers through election for three-year terms by chambers of commerce, merchants' associations, agricultural provincial unions, and other bodies designated by the minister of public works. The shipper dissatisfied with a rate starts his complaint with the local board. He may of course appeal from the judgment of the board.

The Bundesrat in railway matters acts under general instructions agreed upon by the federated governments as follows:

1. The advancement of the internal industrial and agricultural production by cheapening the cost of raw materials or equipment for production.

2. To facilitate the export of German products.

3. To support the trade of German commercial centres.

4. To favor German railway lines against competing foreign waterways and railways.

The central government began its supervision of railway rates, whether state-owned or private, under clauses in the Imperial constitution of 1871. Article 4 places the railways "subject to surveillance of the empire and to imperial legislation," while Article 8 creates the permanent committee of the Federal Council and Article 42 provides "that in the interests of general commerce the Federal governments undertake to administer the German railways as a uniform system." Article 45 gives the empire control over rates and requires that uniform charges shall be introduced as soon as possible, agriculture and industry to have special privileges. In the development of the German railway system the clause of the constitution respecting special privileges has been utilized to fix exceptional rates, based on political and national considerations, upon more than half of all the freight carried. The Railway Board has established twenty-seven classes of exceptional tariffs for internal trade and thirty-one classes of exceptional rates for seaport traffic. When the Railway Board was created by the Imperial Parliament in 1873 there were ninety railway administrations in Germany, with 1,357 different rate-tables. This was in the days when the railways of Germany were largely in private company control. Bismarck, speaking April 26, 1876, on a different phase of the subject, said: "Nowadays we see that railway administrations, without benefit to the railways and the shareholders, and as it were as a kind of sport, wage with each other wars which cost much money, and which are wars of power more than anything else, without financial competition."

The exceptional tariffs for goods going abroad are designed on the general principle of giving as low a proportionate rate to parcels as is given to carload lots destined for internal use. The wholesale glass-dealer in Berlin shipping to Hamburg must pay at the rate of ten marks a metric hundredweight on shipments of glassware in less than carload lots. If, however, his shipment of less than a carload is for export, he pays only three marks a metric hundredweight. The subjoined are some of the rates on goods for export contrasted with internal rates, in ten-ton lots per metric ton (2,204.6 pounds):

SHIPPING-POINTS	MILES	GOODS	EXPORT RATE	NORMAL RATE
Cologne to Hamburg	267	Copper wares	$3.14	$6.38
" " "	"	Lead in blocks	3.17	4.86
" " "	"	Cotton goods	3.64	6.38
" " "	"	Machinery and machine parts	2.53	4.86
" " "	"	Iron plates and locomotives	1.33	3.83
Frankfort to "	330.6	Machinery and iron wares	3.07	6.00
" " Bremen	285.2	" " " "	2.69	5.21
" " Lübeck	385	" " " "	1.67	4.71
Nürnberg " Hamburg	394.6	Thuringian wares, toys	5.83	9.33

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Exceptional rates, such as those in the foregoing table, are constructed upon three principles: That the goods are intended for export and must, therefore, be carried at a lower rate than goods for internal use; that the rate to such a port as Lübeck, whose steamship lines, running to certain limited territories, ought to have a preferential rate over the great ports of Hamburg and Bremen; and, finally, that the rates on particular lines of goods are adapted to conditions abroad that influence the export trade. For example, in bad trade years the rates are lowered far below the usual exceptional rate. Sometimes the exceptional rate is cut a third, or even a half; and this is also done on internal shipments when extraordinary conditions prevail, such as a failure of the hay crop.

The national railway supervision also makes exceptional tariffs on shipments from other countries passing through Germany, as for instance on the grain traffic from Russia to oversea countries. A special grain rate is made from Hungary to England by way of Hamburg in order to draw freight to Hamburg in competition with Belgian, Dutch, French, and Adriatic ports. These rates on goods of foreign origin are often made regardless of distance, and are designed to secure the traffic for German railways and steamship lines. The fundamental idea is the use of transportation facilities as a basis for national industrial and commercial advantage. The Imperial railway direction also grants extensive rebates to the large shippers. Thus, when coal is shipped it may have several exceptional rates, depending upon the amount shipped. The shipper pays at the time of shipment the ordinary exceptional rate, and at the end of the year a rebate is paid him, according to whether the total of his shipments for the previous year falls into one or another of the special exceptional rates granted to the great shippers.

The railway management grants individual exceptional rates. For instance, a man of enterprise in a village, having found that the sand near by is adapted to the making of a certain kind of glass, decides to start a factory, provided he can have the combining chemicals and coal brought to him at a price low enough to make his idea a profitable one. He applies first to the chamber of commerce within whose jurisdiction his locality is. It is the duty of the chamber of commerce, which in Germany is a semi-official body with a compulsory contributing membership, to investigate the value of the idea technically. Should the project appear commercially sound, the governing body of the chamber will support an application for an individual rate on the materials required. A fresh examination is made by the railway authorities, and, if the conclusions of the chamber of commerce are verified, the extraordinary rate is granted.

Sixty-four per cent of all the freight carried on German railways is now taken under exceptional rates. The privileged traffic has increased from 45.6 per cent in 1895 to 64.3 per cent in 1909.

The national railway supervision has prepared tariff rate-books for combined rail and sea routes arranged so simply that even the layman can understand them. A merchant at Burgas, Smyrna, or Galatz in the Levant asks of an American maker in Grand Rapids and of a German manufacturer in Coburg a price on one hundred refrigerators, inclusive of freight and all other charges, delivered at his port. The Grand Rapids firm, if it has never before shipped to Smyrna, Burgas, or Galatz, must make wide inquiries taking much time and trouble before being able to determine approximately what the transportation, terminal and forwarding charges by rail and steamer will be, for he will probably not be able to learn exactly what the charges of forwarding will be. After delays that may prevent his getting the order, he is obliged to name a price that will cover the possible difference between the compilation of freights and forwarding charges and what they may actually be upon foreign shipping lines. The Coburg manufacturer, by referring to the Levant rate-book under Coburg, sees that refrigerators are listed in the eleventh classification, and that the rate, including land and water, is at the rate of marks 6.74 per 100 kilos for shipments under 5,000 kilos, marks 6.59 if beyond 5,000 kilos, and marks 6.42 if amounting to more than 10,000 kilos.

The railway administration undertakes also to be responsible, in connection with steamship companies, for the delivery of the shipment, so that the shipper, when he has paid the freight charges, need give himself no further concern. The railway

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management obtains for him a bill of lading when the goods are placed aboard a steamer at Hamburg or Bremen, upon which the shipper may obtain his money at a bank, or, if he prefers, may forward the bill to the consignee. The essential facts in the transaction are that the shipper has worked out for him in advance the exact cost of transportation and delivery, and that he is able to have the government look after the delivery of the goods with no further bother to himself than if he were mailing a letter with the proper postage prepaid. Thus export is enormously facilitated, especially for small concerns.

Such rate-books as that described for the Levant have been worked out by the railway supervision for the whole world, although they are not published for distribution except for the Levant and South Africa. It appears to be considered more judicious from the stand-point of the exporter not to publish rates for every part of the world for general distribution. The exporter can learn the rate to any port or railway station outside of Germany by inquiring at his local railway station. Such inquiries regarding American cities reveal, I am told, that rates are made from interior points in Germany to cities west of the Mississippi River lower than the rates on the same goods from the Atlantic seaboard to the same cities west of the Mississippi.

It has seemed to me possible that railways in the United States might co-operate under national supervision as effectively as the German railways, although conditions in the United States are extremely different from those in Germany, in that 91 per cent of the mileage in Germany is owned by the German states and only 9 per cent by private companies. Private companies are dependencies of the state-owned railways, because the state may take over the private lines whenever it may wish to do so, at a fair valuation based upon the dividends of the previous ten years. In case a road has not been in operation as long as ten years, the dividends for three years may be taken as the basis of valuation. The Imperial constitution establishes national supervision under the clauses that have been mentioned. Yet, under the recent legislation of Congress a more definite correlation of the railway interests of the United States has been begun than the Interstate Commerce Commission was able previously to undertake.

The private lines in Germany have been treated liberally enough to allow them to declare dividends that have been steadily increasing with the development of the country. The dividends of thirteen of the more important private lines run from 6 to 9 per cent. For instance, the private "Lübeck-Büchener and Lübeck-Hamburger Railway," with a capital of 25,000,000 marks and bonds for 19,650,000 marks, has paid during the last three years 8 per cent, the highest dividends paid since the opening of the line in 1852. The dividends began at 2 per cent and, with slight fluctuations, have risen during fifty-eight years to the present 8 per cent. The prosperity began in the early seventies, when the dividend rose to 5½ per cent, and it has never fallen below that figure since. The Lübeck-Büchener and Lübeck-Hamburger Railway is not selected from the thirteen for its prosperity, but is taken as a representative company. The Prussian state railways, which dominate the German system, pay 8 per cent on an actual cash investment of 9,000,000,000 marks. The railways are carried on the books of the Prussian government at about 18,000,000,000 marks, since 4 per cent is regarded as a reasonable dividend basis. The German experience, therefore, has been that both the state and the privately owned railways make an excellent return on the capital invested. The returns have been large, notwithstanding the use—one might say the manipulation—of the railways to meet the exigencies of the export trade, the competition of foreign railways and ports, and the peculiarities of local internal conditions.

German railways, state and privately owned yet under national supervision, give discriminating rates, grant rebates, treat localities and individuals exceptionally, charge all the traffic will bear under one set of conditions and extraordinarily low rates for other circumstances, employing all the devices condemned and passionately opposed in America, and exercise all the powers of absolute monopoly. There is, however, this basic difference: that while in America these devices are suggested, even necessitated, by the war of interests or the wills and judgments of individual mana-

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gers, they are applied in Germany according to principles of equity which take into account industry, trade, and agriculture as a national whole, granting exceptions, taking one sort of traffic as privileged, another as normal, upon calculations wide enough to include the interests of the whole people. So far as perceived, shippers, whether falling into one category or another, feel no sense of unfair treatment. They know that the system is intended to be just and nationally effective, that whatever rate is made is a result of reasoning together by those who made it and those who use it, and that the rate can be changed provided inequity can be shown or that a lower rate would be of advantage to the national organism. There are no secret rates.

Notwithstanding the immense differences between American and German railroads in ownership and in variety of conditions, it may be that partly by legislation and partly by the co-operation of some of the powerful railroad managers in the United States a close national control might be developed from the foundations already laid. Political considerations and the permanent well-being of the wealth massed in railways might co-operate in building a system of control subordinating railways, to their ultimate advantage as dividend-payers, to industrial, commercial, and farming interests as an entirety. The railway captains would lose something of the joyousness of free-lance independence, but they would be more solidly effective as corps commanders in a co-ordinated army. They might also draw larger allotments of revenue for their shareholders as a result of saving the waste of working alone and by concentrating attention upon service to economic unity rather than to economic war.

THE SINGING DAY

By Marguerite Merington

O Day—
A frolic wind brought blossoms down,
Mocked earth's slow waking from her wintry sleep,
And with a secret all too fine to keep
Went lilting, trolling, through the sylvan town.

O Day—
Love sang a pæan; life a crown
Of rhythmic glory wove. Noon's golden steep
Noon's sun climbed, hymning ever, while the deep
Symphonic pealed my singing day's renown.
And somewhile hence in a still hour that brings
The final peace, as breast-athwart they lay
My hands, if then I smile, all earthly things
Opposed, endured, conquered, and put away,
'Twill be for that my heart-of-life on wings
Still hears the music of my singing day!

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A NEIGHBOR had a birthday recently, and came over to tell me that he was seventy. He was unabashedly blue. "Why, just think of it," he said, "I am seventy years old!" He went around telling everybody. He talked about his mother and his lost wife, and his last will and testament, and the trouble he had had in this world. Thinking that a bit of antitoxin might mitigate, if not quell, his conviction that he had been selected as a special mark for the flings of outrageous fortune, I took up his dreary tone:

"Fifteen hundred million people in the world," I sighed, "and every one of us all having birthdays—every year, too. And every adult of us retrospecting. Every one of us having had the measles or the mumps on one side, and most of us making our wills, and all of us bound to die." He kicked along a pebble as we walked the garden path, then chuckled, and rising to the occasion, paraphrased Aldrich to the effect that though it was unpleasant to be seventy, it would doubtless be unpleasanter not to be, once started.

Our Common Lot

The *précieuse* would have it thought that she was made of finer clay than her fellows, that she had no common earth about her; and her ilk still exist; but humanity is fast "evening up"; kings and statesmen are, in breeding and education, much like their subjects. Bishop Creighton "really felt quite casual" during an interview with the czar; people of little towns serve their course dinners and use plumbing quite as modern as that of their kindred in the city. Overtaken by a fierce storm I found refuge in an ordinary-looking farm-house, where, in a single room, I noticed a Remington type-writer, a Steinway piano, and a desk telephone; and the sons of the family proved trite autoists, hackneyed in all the mysteries of sparkers and mufflers. The Paris gown, within a fortnight of passing the custom house, is copied in a thousand ready-made dresses, and sold at the Hub and the Fair. We may rightly boast that to-day is the day of the common man, and that most of the work of the world is done by the average man and woman; while representative Lords as well as Commons quote Keats's immortal doctrine, that one should do only those things which all may do.

Lincoln said that God must love the common people, because he made so many of them. If because of our very number we fail to get solo parts, we can still keep on with the hallelujah chorus, as far as possible without discord. We remember the old Greek who broke one of the strings of his admirable lyre. Instead of replacing it with ordinary catgut, he had the vanity to put in a silver cord, after which the lyre was always out of tune.

I am not filing a brief for the coarser string, the lower level, yesterday's ideal, the petty commonplace which talked down Don Quixote and made him acknowledge his madness and call his noble life a failure; but a protest against the growing hostility to ordinary life; the tendency to discard the great commonplaces which govern our days; the frenetic search for examples of luxury or of consecration in far-off centuries and amid conditions of life widely different from our own; and our blindness in ignoring the sacramental spirituality of the matter-of-fact.

It is the real, every-day, commonplace human life that most of us live, and the more carefully we study it, the more narrowly we watch it, the more worthy it appears of our regard, and the more competent to fill the unresting demand of our common souls.

WITH our accumulating experience life no longer presents itself to us as divided into well-defined unities, but as jogging along haphazard, making a friend here, an enemy there, forgetting them, finding opportunities neither deserved nor expected, and seeing nothing come of the most promising events. It is the Old Wives' Tale to the last degree. It was my lot for a good many years to write two editorials a week for a popular journal, and I remember my early search for unhackneyed themes and illustrations. It took me long to realize that the merest incidentals, the every-day incidents and the most common thoughts, the commonplace principles and commonplace maxims of contemporary life were the subjects

Life's Commonplaces

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which when treated with any spirit brought me eager responses. When I began to say boldly what everybody had said before, my readers "had always thought so" and applauded, seeing me plunged in the truth. There were plenty of distinguished pathfinders along this road, the observations of even Bacon, Montaigne, and Sir Thomas Browne having been "barrelled up from the vast commonplaces of mankind"; but I had learned the principle for my insignificant self, discovered the idea by the effort of my own initiative and formulated in some slightly different way the trivial and prosaic apprehensions of the people all about me. And this is, I fancy, the crux of the whole matter. Nobody ever said so many good things about the haphazard and the commonplace as Horace, and nobody ever retained so well as he the affection of mankind. Chesterton makes delectable commentary when he tells us to "lend me your thoughts but keep your eyes on them or you may not know them again." Wyclif did just that, with the suggested result, when he turned the Bible into English for the common folk to read, "letting down God's thoughts into the speech of every day"; while in a sister field Millet, a realist full of ideals, drew deep from life's commonest things, conveyed the abiding loveliness of all that is humble, and astonished us with the splendors of the ordinary.

I am inclined to believe that the chief occupation of middle life and the happiness of age is thus to recognize, interpret, and glorify life's great commonplaces.

> Him I call happiest, Parmeno,
> Who having seen this common show,
> The common sun, the clouds, the sea,
> The stars and fire not painfully,
> Goes quickly back from whence he came.
> For you would see them still the same
> If you abode for two or three
> Short years, or for a century;
> But grander sights you would not see.

So wrote Menander. Two thousand years later Jefferson recorded his belief in the satisfying power of common daylight, common pleasures, and all the common relations of daily life; and Franklin wrote it down that a man's happiness is less the result of great gifts of fortune which come rarely than the thousand little joys of every day. Every-day feelings which decide the color of our lives; family ties, friends, books, flowers, food, "our little sister, water"; the wind on the hills; health, work, shelter, sleep; the open road, rain in summer, fire in winter; dawn, songs, the starry sky, love in youth and memory in old age:—are not these vast commonplaces the very gist of life? Flaubert's creed was that the world is commonplace only when one regards it in a commonplace way; that the smallest object contains something unexpected. "Sit down and look at the fire in your grate," he advised Maupassant, "until it no longer resembles any fire in particular: that is the way to acquire originality." In comparison with such conscious, attentive observation of the raw, untransmuted commonplace, most of us resemble the philosophers of Laputa who were attended by bladder carriers to rap them over the head when it was necessary for them to notice their environment.

Finding the whole country-side about my home abloom with crimson rambler roses and every doorstep flanked by three or five Japanese barberries, a certain irritation seized me at the senseless monotony. Yet a month earlier the lilacs in every yard seemed none too frequent, and never commonplace. Did they to our grandparents? Is it with things as it is often with friendship: a sudden and violent liking, a period of disillusion and irritation and partial avoidance; and then that warm, deep, lasting friendship which can never more change? Habits and surroundings buried right down in our blood are what we crave. Horace Walpole suspected that even bread was once considered a new-fangled vagary by those who had seen their fathers live very comfortably on acorns. Dr. Hanna Thomson asks us to conjecture a race of Martians to whom sleep is unknown. Suppose one of them fell off in our commonplace fashion. A person who could go out of existence and then return as though nothing had happened would be as uncanny as Lazarus to his witnesses. Professor Nipher toys with a like theme: "What would the cave dweller have thought when a man makes marks on paper, images of which are formed on retinas of post clerks, by which their muscles are moved, the letter delivered to the particular person the sender had in mind, to whom the ink marks show the mind of the writer. He makes some computation and a house is bought." Amazing phenomena! yet to us too familiar for a comment.

When Mr. Brookfield was a school inspector in England he promulgated the idea that the working-man who received some knowledge of common things in early days was better equipped to face the world than one who had a smattering of uncommon subjects. It created a sensation, as did the recent snip of the Gordian knot compounded of upright and vertical pen-

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manship. "Write however you please," said the superintendent of the Chicago schools, "so you do it with speed and the result is legible." This incorporation of common sense into the grade schools is further shown in the modern tendency to teach children to spell the common words rather than the hard ones. "Mosquito" and "lettuce" and "separate" are far more important for the pack of a boy's knowledge than "phthisis" or "retinospora." To be learned in commonplaces is no mean education, and the value of every-day tools is emphasized by Sill's broken sword, discarded by the common soldier, but which caught up by the officer led to victory.

Not to perpetuate the commonplace, but to interpret and glorify it is, I repeat, the main occupation of middle life and the happiness of age. Jesus had passed his first youth when he began fashioning every least parable upon the familiar—stones, water, salt, candles, pennies, the mere list is formidable in number. Burne-Jones, with the divine gift of distilling novelty from the ordinary, made a picture of the guardian angel for his daughter, "where Heaven begins six inches over the top of the head": a girl walks hand in hand with an angel who leans from the sky to reach her without doing any violence to reason. I knew a school-teacher who would take the flattest sentence in old McGuffey's reader and, setting to work with every word, would tell how it grew and came to mean this or that, and "we would leap oceans and visit the marshes of Babylon and the hills of Caucasus and the wilds of Tartary and the constellations and abysses of space." Most of us know some person who can make even the first words of a conversation interesting, be it only about the rain or the fine weather. Another making an appointment for a committee meeting writes you a note which you cherish forever; a third has a way of giving you a trinket which puts it into the list of keepsakes; and another, pointing to a lichen on a damp wall, makes you see how Leonardo found inspiration for definite figures in amorphous shapes. It was a great moment in my life as girl housekeeper when I realized that the fancy sauces of the cook-book were only plain white or brown sauce treated with different condiments and ingredients; and later when it was borne home to me that a fairly thrilling life might be had by simply enriching the every-day moments of existence; by seizing meanest utilities as occasions to embellish; by idealizing like Eugenie Grandet situations into which the commonplace enters greatly; by incandescing the obvious. This last I conned from our most strenuous citizen: "Let Roosevelt deliver a volley on the rule of three and the world sits on the edge of its chair, breathes deeply and bursts into thunders of applause."

Every writer knows that his most workable thoughts come not while he is saving a child from a runaway horse or climbing mountain peaks, but while engaged in the common task, the trivial round; while the hands perform some almost automatic action, or one lies in midnight darkness with all activities shut away. It is a trite remark, trite unfortunately because it happens to be important, that deep thought is only prolonged thought, for which the every-day occupations of our common lot serve as the homely, essential soil in which to bury our tiny seed. Nor can we keep quite sane without verbal communication. I lately discovered, to my horror, that in a large mixed gathering, or even with clerks in a store, I was far less elastic in conversation, far less keen in repartee, far less quick to catch the ball and toss it back than were many persons unread, untravelled, who had nevertheless lived in an expressive environment. We whose fate it is to spend many hours alone must fight the growth of exuberant individualism, refuse to sequester ourselves, and act on the principle that nothing so contributes to maintain our common sense as living in the universal way with the corporate life about us.

The Death of Romance

IT appears that Romance is finally dead. Of course we have heard this for several centuries, but former rumors of its death were grossly exaggerated, and the real demise has only just taken place. I heard all about it from the mother of grown daughters. The young people of to-day are without sentiment; they dance together in exactly the same spirit in which they walk, swim, and play tennis together; they never want to be alone; they go about in gangs; no one sends any one flowers; the sacred hour of afternoon tea is spent playing auction-bridge; in short, the face of nature is changed; young men are no longer ardent and ingenuous, nor girls mysterious and elusive.

Well, I was sorry to hear it. Romance contributed a good deal to youth, in my day; and I thought it a pity that these young six-foot gods and goddesses whom I see about, should grow up in ignorance. Nor must you suppose that I

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was so simple as to forget that I had heard the same cry from my own mother, and my grandmother, too, I dare say (only both my grandmothers were dead, poor ladies, before I was born); but in those days the lament had struck me as comic; whereas now something within me says it is worth investigation—which may be age, and may be clarity of vision.

And so I investigated; and was surprised to learn at the very outset that the critical faculty is not limited to forty-five. We of the older generation do not give complete satisfaction. The young Hebe in riding-clothes who is my friend's eldest daughter, exclaimed: "Poor dears, isn't it pathetic how they have nothing to say to each other!" And she was speaking of her parents, who had always seemed to me the most enviable of couples. "They haven't a taste in common, and that must be a bore." And she went on to outline how golf, tennis, or even croquet might have united their leisure. In a word, she and her mother both felt a certain affectionate regret that the other was missing something of a woman's natural inheritance. I remembered that to get the full irradiation from a prism one must not only have the sunshine, but the angle—and the angle changes.

A few days later I landed on an island. The sea was calm enough for a canoe, the sun low, the woods dense and cool. I moved slowly, and presently heard near me a sound that was not quite the chirping of a bird; and looking over a bush, I saw—that romance was not dead after all. I thought that if I should tell Hebe's mother she would be glad to know the great spirit still moved in the land, even at the expense of a kiss in the woods. But I did not tell her, for she is a mother first, and a theorist afterward. I did not tell her even when that night, sitting next to her at dinner, I heard her complain again that: "young people no longer cared to be alone together."

THE FIELD OF ART

NATURE VS. ART

THOUGH there may be exceptions, cases where fine results have come into the work of men and women when the instinct or longing was to be at something else, they are but the proofs of the rule that conviction is at the root of successful effort. The doctor, the lawyer, the minister, even the financier, must have his call and be assured of it, in order to address his innermost and finest faculties to the work in hand; and human advancement, civilization itself, waits upon such effort. To know one's self, one's fitness, is the hardest of all secrets to guess. If only we could be sure, could have the certainty that all our effort was to go into the right channel, how few mistakes there would be, how much excellent work, and how few wasted days!

To concentrate and classify under such a law, if law it could be, what a relief from the misery of life's failures! This pulpit would be emptied, that stage with all its gilded show and painted puppets would be vacant, the depressing exhibits of pictures would become treasure-places of art. And it is in art that this selection or fitness of calling is hardest to advise about or to adjust, and hardest to be patient with, because work here has an objective result, a permanent, material thing to menace us at all times. It matters little that the would-be musician offends the ear. The sound passes and we may forget. Painting obtrudes itself, and no purging fires may sweep with selective blaze, ridding us of the bad, and leaving us to rejoice in the true.

How much of such a condition is due to the presence in the profession of men who are not of the calling, or of misdirected methods in the development of their talents, it is most difficult to say and a matter of interest to find out, for tendencies and conditions have as much to do with the art of painting as have the painters—perhaps more—because painters are most sensitive to environment.

The condition of our art here in America is confused and vague for the most part, with very little to say, if, being honest with ourselves, we will admit it; and in some quarters the criticism is harsher when it declares that we have no art at all. This opinion may be put aside as of no importance—valueless—but the iterated statement of many of our own

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people, indeed of our valued painters, that we are lost in commercialism, is profoundly worth consideration, and should be met, not so much in argument, as that it should be disproved in the character of the work.

If we have little to say, and there seems to be unity of opinion that there is justice in such a statement, what is the cause? or is there a cause? To answer this question, to make any statement that would seem to be an effort at final adjustment, would be almost an impertinence, since there are troubles enough, and no one thing may be entirely right.

In my own view, the over-worship of the model is, and has been, at the very centre of whatever inadequacy exists. Not solely the model as we understand the figure, posing for the painter, but the model in all those senses where the painter must, in his limitations, reproduce only the thing that is before his eyes. If reproduction of surface fact be the ultimate of the painter's mission, then is he of all men most petty and miserable—and one may venture further and say, with fairly good hope of proving the statement, that the greatest works of art have not rested on any such foundation. That we have not yet become masters, freed from the trammels of the schoolmen, but are still pupils—not students—(we must never cease to be that) who follow persistently those methods which are the only ones possible to schools, this is my meaning, though I speak in general terms. Is it not this very thing that forces itself upon us in nearly all our portraiture? And yet it is in portrait-painting that one pre-supposes the model. Are we not forever oppressed with the sense of the model-stand?—the sitter suffering in the throes of the daily sitting, the consciousness of "wink your eyes as often as you like," of the modern photographer?—the conviction that the painter has arranged things just so in the studio, background, lighting, and all accessories? Or, do we get the consciousness of personality, the profound interest of individuality both of sitter and painter—that the one is with us for a moment, is allowing us for a space to see into the inner secrets of self, and that the painter has received these impressions and passed them on to us reverently, and with those principles of selection which are quite apart from the cataloguing of planes or verities of outline, which principles can be applied and understood only by calm and continued contemplation quite away from the presence of objective reality? It would seem that something like this has been the practice of the great portrait-painters, and not the present-day pernicious habit of standing a man up and painting the life out of him, by painting surfaces onto him.

Is it not in this very quality that the work of Mr. John Sargent falls short of that of Velasquez? Virile and direct as it is, of an ability that is little short of miraculous, and in much of it the keen insight into character which proves the born portrait-painter, we are, none the less, forever contemplating the enormous skill of the brush, the veracity of planes, the certainty of form as expressed in a touch, and many other things which proclaim a most trained and able craft. We are also quite sure that the painter found every touch, every plane or line, on the sitter before him, that he busied himself with the registration of each one of them, and so successfully has he accomplished it that the observer, whether artist or layman, may trace the boundaries of each until he becomes lost in wonderment at such skill rather than in the beauty, or unity of the whole, which, it is trite to say, is an essential in a work of art. (May not Mr. Sargent be seeking relief from this perpetual registration of people's eyes, noses, and the rest of it, in his abandonment of portrait-painting, in order that he may more truly express himself?) In Velasquez no such interposition of skill disturbs us. It is all there, but so hidden, so modulated, so suavely are the planes merged, that we have no immediate inclination for their consideration, and none at all unless we be painters seeking to learn the methods of the masters. The craft has been so employed that we have the personality, character, the presence—whatever it may be called—and this is art, is portrait-painting supreme and unqualified.

The point here is, was this secured in the presence of the model or without it? Assuredly, in both ways. The portrait of Pope Innocent Tenth, in the Doria Gallery at Rome, one of the perfect masterpieces left us by the great Spaniard, is based on a study, a study that is well known and evidently was made directly from the sitter—sharp, incisive, exact, with line and plane superbly stated—now examine the Doria picture, how splendidly all is preserved and yet hidden; the grim, impressive personality is the one wonderful effect. It would be an impudent man indeed who could enter this presence, in that little room, hat on head and unimpressed. This is art achieved in moments of contemplation, with time to

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co-ordinate and merge and weld and select until there is but a single forceful effect—personality.

I am very far from saying here that painters should work without models. No one is more insistent upon their constant employment, but the results so obtained are for the portfolio, the painter's table—they are tools, implements, helps in the later development which is finally to be his picture, and this last, after its long thoughtful moulding, is the only thing which should appear as an expression of his art.

While I instance Mr. Sargent's art, and for its declamatory qualities have the highest opinion, recognizing that it is the result of such experience as few men have had, there are many others near us who, avowing themselves followers of Velasquez, with but little evidence of training, and none at all of reticence, proclaim the advent of a new school. Into a few doubtful strokes of paint we are to read infinities. Failing to do this, the matter is shouted at us. For certain of these young men we may feel concerned lest they misdirect their talents until it is too late; for others—small potatoes have many eyes!

Nor in any word here is there a plea for subject pictures, nor for a revival of old methods, nor for a renascence of the old masters. They can take care of themselves. We have matter enough to make masters of the new.

We know too well what the subject picture, as such, has done for the art of France, of England, of Germany. Mr. George Moore has very truthfully said, "It is like the potato blight, or phyloxera"; and again, in speaking of the subject picture, "Literature had wound round every branch of painting until painting seemed to disappear in the parasite like an oak under a cloud of ivy." He did not choose, apparently, to examine into the cause of its presence. Had he done so, I do not doubt he might have found, at least a contributing, if not the real cause in the methods of the schools. That pupils in the antique and life classes should busy themselves with the effort to draw is not for an instant to be questioned—daily, hourly, this should be striven for, since we all agree that drawing is at the core of all nobility in art; but drawing alone is not enough—certainly not the drawing of schools, for in both these classes the pupil should be content literally to reproduce the thing before him, no vague or fanciful interpretations should distract the attention from the main issue—the training of hand and eye and their mutual obligation to work together. And in the still-life classes, the business of learning the pigment, the resources of the palette, the value of brush-handling, questions of surface, of texture, of air, of plane, and a thousand other questions of fact, should hold the attention. But the great class of the art school should be the Composition Class, and if we are to escape the "blight" of literalness, of reportorial copy, of the arranged, literary subject picture with all its barrenness of art, we must teach self-expression—the power of selection, of arrangement, of taste (what a master of taste was Whistler!), and of all those sensitive matters of light and atmosphere, and of values. All the information gained in antique, life, and still-life classes should be brought to bear in the composition, for there only is a pupil made aware of how little he knows. And I am minded to say that the whole world of painters should be a great composition class. Thus a man might learn to compose, to select, to omit; might learn restraint, reserve, repose, rhythm—and to find all this he must have time to search his own soul. All these things in the presence of models of whatever sort are quite impossible to keep well in mind, and all are most essential in a work of art. The question of painting also appears. Quality, that most subtle and desirable thing in painting, is scarcely to be achieved when the objective reality, so dominant, so forceful, and so ugly (for beauty lies deeper than the surface), is obtruding itself.

The oft-repeated phrase, "Paint from nature," is a good one if properly understood: Paint from—in the sense of away—not by her, lest she has her way with you and not you with her. My meaning is made clear by quoting from one of our very distinguished artists—"What we want is less nature and more art."

To study nature at all times is the only hope of him who would be a painter of worth. These studies if done with paint and brush, or pencil, are, as I have said, for the painter's portfolio—that studio storehouse of information. The picture, the work of art, comes from the co-ordination of knowledge, the passing of all the study through the alembic of our own gifts, and its expression then, and then only, simply—even reverently. I cannot find myself interested in what any man sees with his eyes alone, my own are equally good as machines, provided time and the oculist have been kind; it is what he sees with his gifts, with

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his understanding, with his knowledge, what he interprets that interests me, and lifts the artist above the ordinary observer. I fully understand what Mr. Inness meant when he said to a painter who declared he had seen a thing in such and such a way—"The eyes are a pair of liars." Doubtless, and very frequent ones! To see well, with fine, discriminating taste, is a power more to be desired by the painter than great riches, and comes only with prudent, constant study, and intensest feeling. Once had, all things become beautiful, for we see beneath the fact to that thing Mr. Maurice Hewlett has called "the soul of a fact."

"I want a picture of the sea or the mountains seen in a better, finer way than I can see it myself," said a great surgeon to me one day. The criticism is as clean and incisive as his own knife.

It is the besetting need of a something to copy which sends men drifting about the world seeking the thing to paint; they travel hither and yon and bring to us sketches (pictures, they say!) done on the spot of things they saw but yesterday, and knew not at all. Strangers they came and strangers they go, for of the Infinite Presence which dwells everywhere they perceive nothing. Their burden and their gift to us can be but little more than the reporter's sheaf of leaves. In contrast to this may we not consider the work of many of our great landscape-painters?—Inness seems to have left treasure behind him of what he knew and felt of the fields and trees of Jersey. Nowhere is his art dependent upon the superficial aspect of a place. He said of it, "I paint by principles of my own," and, "I see my compositions in my own soul." To one who asked him where he got the study of a certain wonderful sunset which showed the sun setting beyond the far reaches of a river, he said, "Oh, I saw the sun at the end of my lane in Montclair, that was river enough for me!"

And of Wyant? Can we not understand in the beautiful works he has left us his supreme love of the hills and valleys of the Adirondacks? And are they not all impressions, emotions, the results of long and loving knowledge? That wonderful, frosty moonlight, which, in its beauty, is almost enough for any one life to have created, is it not the summing up of all the moonlights he had known?

And of Winslow Homer? Are not his great marines great because he knows in his deepest being the rock-bound coast of Maine, and the eternal strife of waters, and paints for us those impressions which have filled life for him? The list might be lengthened until it would come near to including all the names which have made landscape art what it is, and I think there will not be found one canvas making a lasting impress, having a real effect, that was done "on the spot," or which could be called a "study from nature."

Surrounded on every side with beautiful material for artistic interpretation, with a landscape opulent, tender, rugged, and vast, under such skies as nowhere else float over the homes of men; in our cities, surging with force that is titanic, streets, wharves, markets alive with emotion; with a woodland peopled anew by Pan and the nymphs (I see no reason for disbelief!); the minds of men fatigued in the hourly struggle for wealth and its keeping, seeking relief from the prosaic, ready to be led into the rich paths of romance, what is it we lack? What then but the interpreter? the man who will find beneath or within it all the spirit of life? The morgue, the gutter, and the slum are not significant of a people who are at once, clean, wholesome, and optimistic. These three words may well be a text for us. That we may think cleanly, paint wholesomely, with an optimism born of faith in a people who are the engrafted strength of many; and for a creed, that principle which is the first and last letter of Art—the Principle of Beauty.

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.

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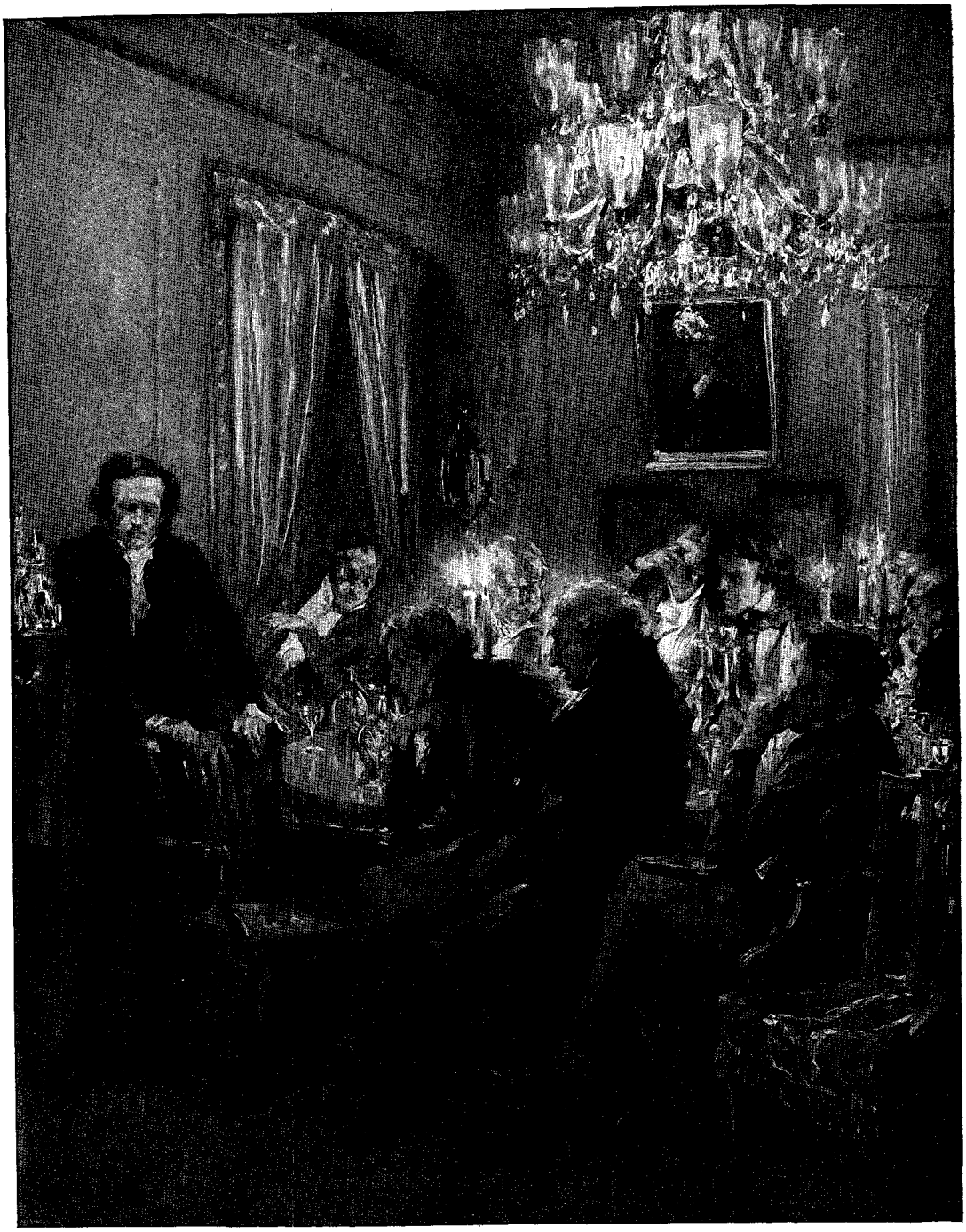

Drawn by A. I. Keller.

POE REPEATED THE LORD'S PRAYER TO THE END.

—"Kennedy Square," page 346.

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